Mrs. James E. Cam[illegible]

Songs of the Blood Washed

EDITED BY

ARTHUR F. INGLER

Compiled Especially for Camp Meetings and The Revival Service

Price, 15 cents a copy, - postpaid
$12.50 per hundred, - not prepaid

The Praise Publishing Company

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95 Dearborn St.
Chicago, Illinois

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PREFACE

"In compiling these gems of sacred song I have used the greatest care to glean only the very best from all sources. I believe the Master will greatly use these songs to His glory."

THE EDITOR.

WHAT SOME FOLKS SAY ABOUT THE BOOK

"Your SONGS OF THE BLOOD WASHED have just reached me, and I have taken time to examine it carefully, looking over each song, and I must say that I am greatly delighted with the same. It strikes me that you have a most excellent collection—a book that is certain to have a large sale by reason of its merit."

REV. C. W. RUTH,
Indianapolis, Ind.

"I want to compliment you on your fine collection of hymns. You certainly have a fine song book, and it ought to have a wide sale."

REV. CHAS. F. WEIGELE,
Pasadena, California

"I am giving your book a close examination, and like it very much indeed. I predict a liberal sale for SONGS OF THE BLOOD WASHED."

EVANGELIST A. H. JOHNSTON,
Akron, O.

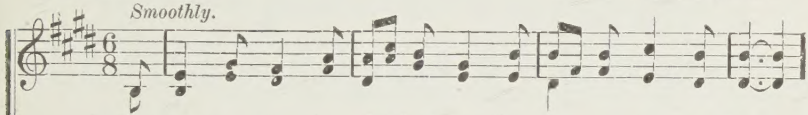
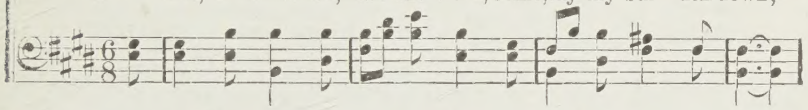
"I received a copy of your new book, SONGS OF THE BLOOD WASHED. As I look over the pages there springs up a joy in my heart, giving God the glory for such deep, rich and solid hymns."

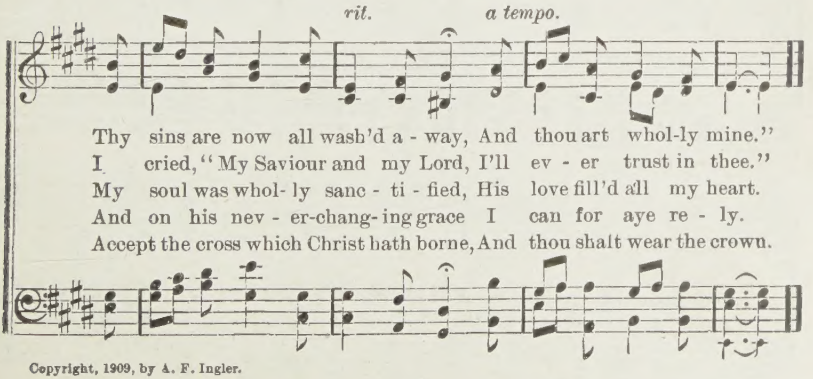
EVANGELIST E. DEARN,
Yarmouth, Nova Scotia

Songs of the Blood=Washed.

1 The Sweet, Old Story.

ARTHUR F. INGLER. MRS. ELIZABETH PETERS.

Smoothly.

1. I heard my dy - ing Sav-iour say, "My life I give fo thine;
2. I pon-dered o'er each lov- ing word, They seemed so sweet to me;
3. And then I felt his blood ap-plied, My in - bred sin de - part;
4. He fills me now with per-fect peace, My need he doth sup - ply;
5. O soul, so troub-led, sad and worn, Come, lay thy bur - den down;

Thy sins are now all wash'd a- way, And thou art whol - ly mine,
I cried, "My Saviour and my Lord, I'll ev - er trust in thee,
My soul was whol - ly sanc - ti - fied, His love fill'd all my heart,
And on his nev - er - changing grace I can for aye re - ly,
Ac-cept the cross which Christ hath borne, And thou shalt wear the crown,


rit.
a tempo.
Thy sins are now all wash'd a - way, And thou art whol-ly mine."
I cried, "My Saviour and my Lord, I'll ev - er trust in thee."
My soul was whol- ly sanc - ti - fied, His love fill'd all my heart.
And on his nev - er-chang- ing grace I can for aye re - ly.
Accept the cross which Christ hath borne, And thou shalt wear the crown.

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I Will Trust Jesus.

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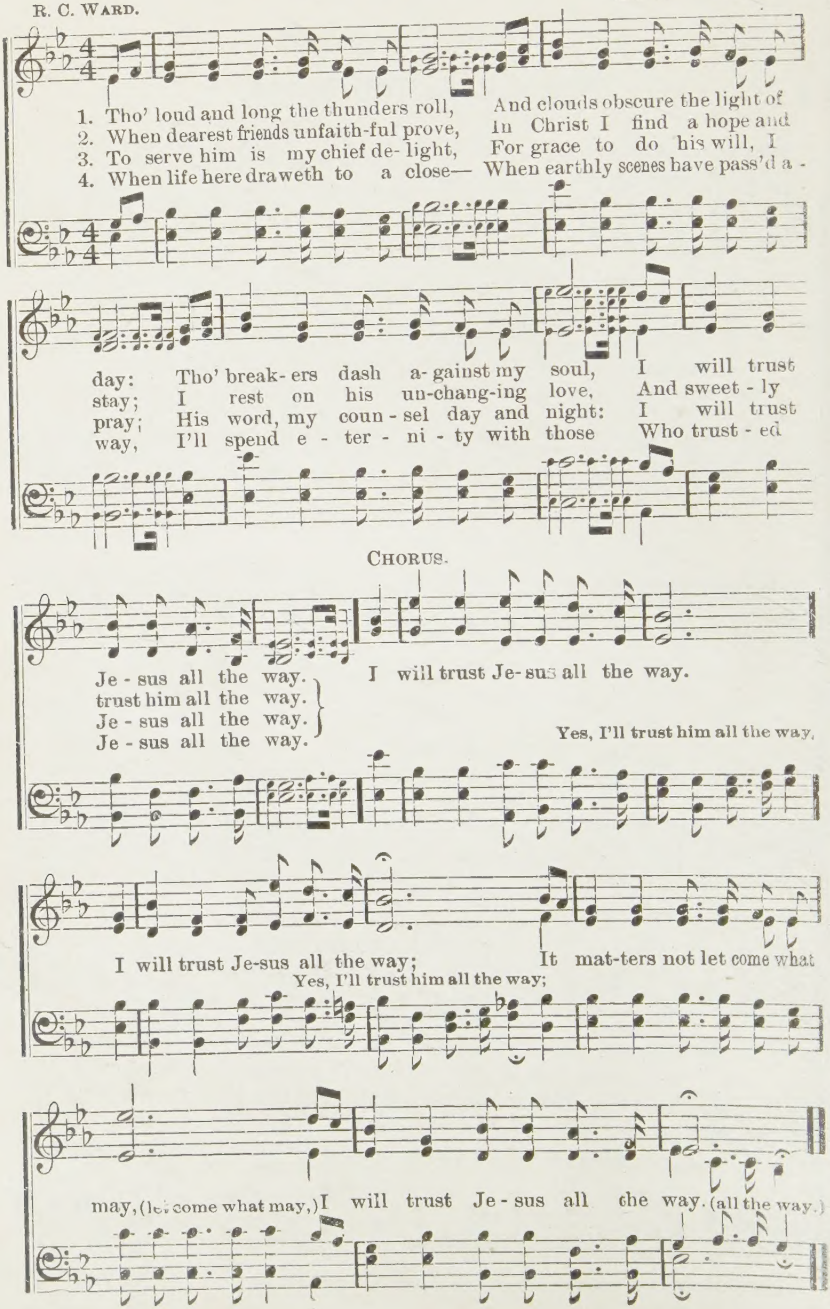
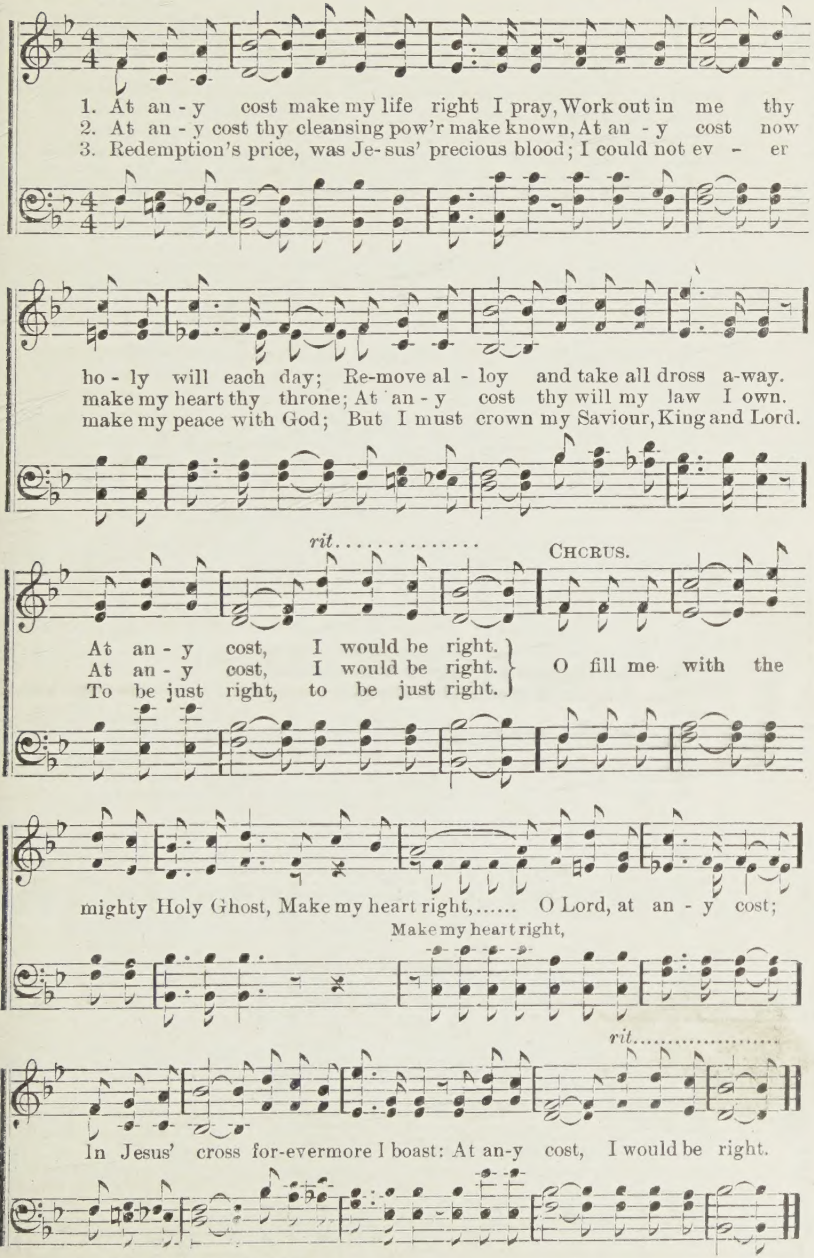
R. C. WARD. ROLLIN C. WARD.

1. Tho' loud and long the thunders roll, And clouds obscure the light of
2. When dearest friends unfaith-ful prove, In Christ I find a hope and
3. To serve him is my chief de- light, For grace to do his will, I
4. When life here draweth to a close— When earthly scenes have pass'd a -
day: Tho' break- ers dash a- gainst my soul, I will trust
stay; I rest on his un-chang-ing love, And sweet - ly
pray; His word, my coun - sel day and night: I will trust
way, I'll spend e - ter - ni - ty with those Who trust - ed
CHORUS.
Je - sus all the way.
trust him all the way.
Je - sus all the way.
Je - sus all the way.
I will trust Je- sus all the way.
Yes, I'll trust him all the way.
I will trust Je-sus all the way;
Yes, I'll trust him all the way;
It mat-ters not let come what
may, (let come what may,) I will trust Je - sus all the way. (all the way.)

At Any Cost.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.


1. At an - y cost make my life right I pray, Work out in me thy
2. At an - y cost thy cleansing pow'r make known, At an - y cost now
3. Redemption's price, was Je-sus' precious blood; I could not ev - er
ho - ly will each day; Re-move al - loy and take all dross a-way.
make my heart thy throne; At an - y cost thy will my law I own.
make my peace with God; But I must crown my Saviour, King and Lord.
rit.
CHORUS.
At an - y cost, I would be right.
At an - y cost, I would be right.
To be just right, to be just right.
O fill me with the
mighty Holy Ghost, Make my heart right, O Lord, at an - y cost;
Make my heart right,
rit.
In Jesus' cross for-evermore I boast: At an-y cost, I would be right.

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I Want My Saviour Near Me.

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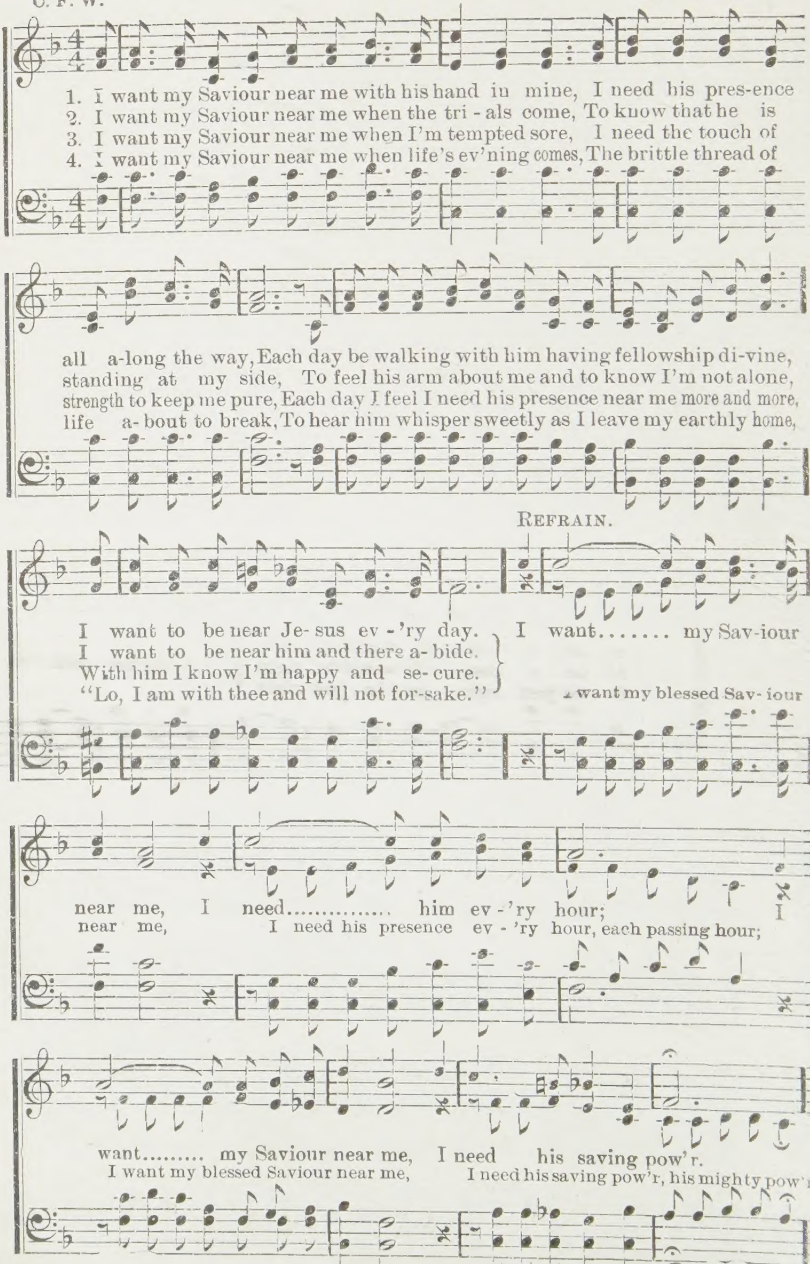
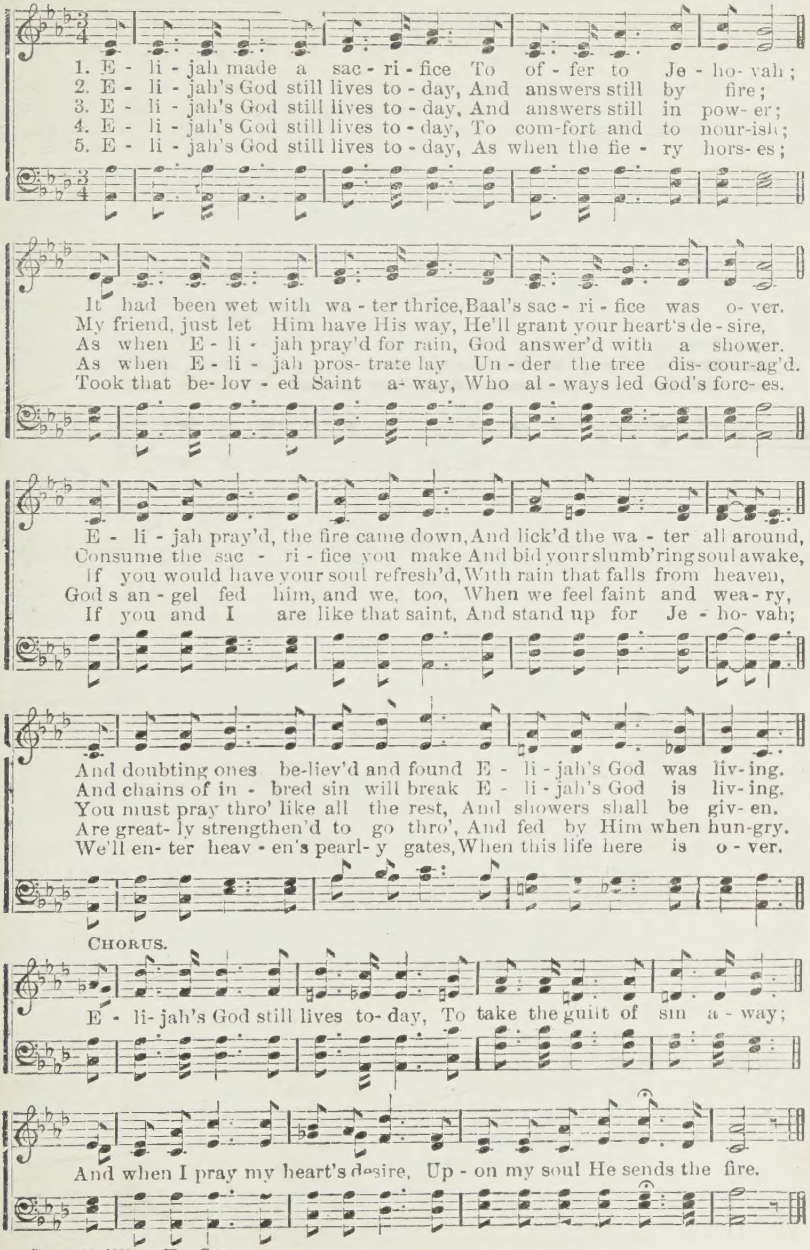
C. F. W. C. F. WEIGELE.


1. I want my Saviour near me with his hand in mine, I need his pres-ence
2. I want my Saviour near me when the tri-als come, To know that he is
3. I want my Saviour near me when I'm tempted sore, I need the touch of
4. I want my Saviour near me when life's ev'ning comes, The brittle thread of
all a-long the way, Each day be walking with him having fellowship di-vine,
standing at my side, To feel his arm about me and to know I'm not alone,
strength to keep me pure, Each day I feel I need his presence near me more and more,
life a-bout to break, To hear him whisper sweetly as I leave my earthly home,
REFRAIN.
I want to be near Je-sus ev-'ry day.
I want to be near him and there a-bide.
With him I know I'm happy and se-cure.
"Lo, I am with thee and will not for-sake."
I want..... my Sav-iour
I want my blessed Sav-iour
near me, I need..... him ev-'ry hour;
near me, I need his presence ev-'ry hour, each passing hour;
I want..... my Saviour near me, I need his saving pow'r.
I want my blessed Saviour near me, I need his saving pow'r, his mighty pow'r.

Elijah's God Still Lives.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending.—Rev. 1: 8.

W. G. Rev. William Grum.

1. E - li - jah made a sac - ri - fice To of - fer to Je - ho- vah;
2. E - li - jah's God still lives to - day, And answers still by fire;
3. E - li - jah's God still lives to - day, And answers still in pow- er;
4. E - li - jah's God still lives to - day, To com-fort and to nour-ish;
5. E - li - jah's God still lives to - day, As when the fie - ry hors- es;
It had been wet with wa - ter thrice, Baal's sac - ri - fice was o- ver.
My friend, just let Him have His way, He'll grant your heart's de - sire,
As when E - li - jah pray'd for rain, God answer'd with a shower.
As when E - li - jah pros- trate lay Un - der the tree dis- cour-ag'd.
Took that be- lov - ed Saint a- way, Who al - ways led God's forc- es.
E - li - jah pray'd, the fire came down, And lick'd the wa - ter all around,
Consume the sac - ri - fice you make And bid your slumb'ring soul awake,
If you would have your soul refresh'd, With rain that falls from heaven,
God s an - gel fed him, and we, too, When we feel faint and wea - ry,
If you and I are like that saint, And stand up for Je - ho- vah;
And doubting ones be-liev'd and found E - li - jah's God was liv- ing.
And chains of in - bred sin will break E - li - jah's God is liv- ing.
You must pray thro' like all the rest, And showers shall be giv- en.
Are great- ly strengthen'd to go thro', And fed by Him when hun-gry.
We'll en- ter heav - en's pearl- y gates, When this life here is o - ver.
Chorus.
E - li- jah's God still lives to- day, To take the guilt of sin a - way;
And when I pray my heart's desire, Up - on my soul He sends the fire.

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Sweet Peace.

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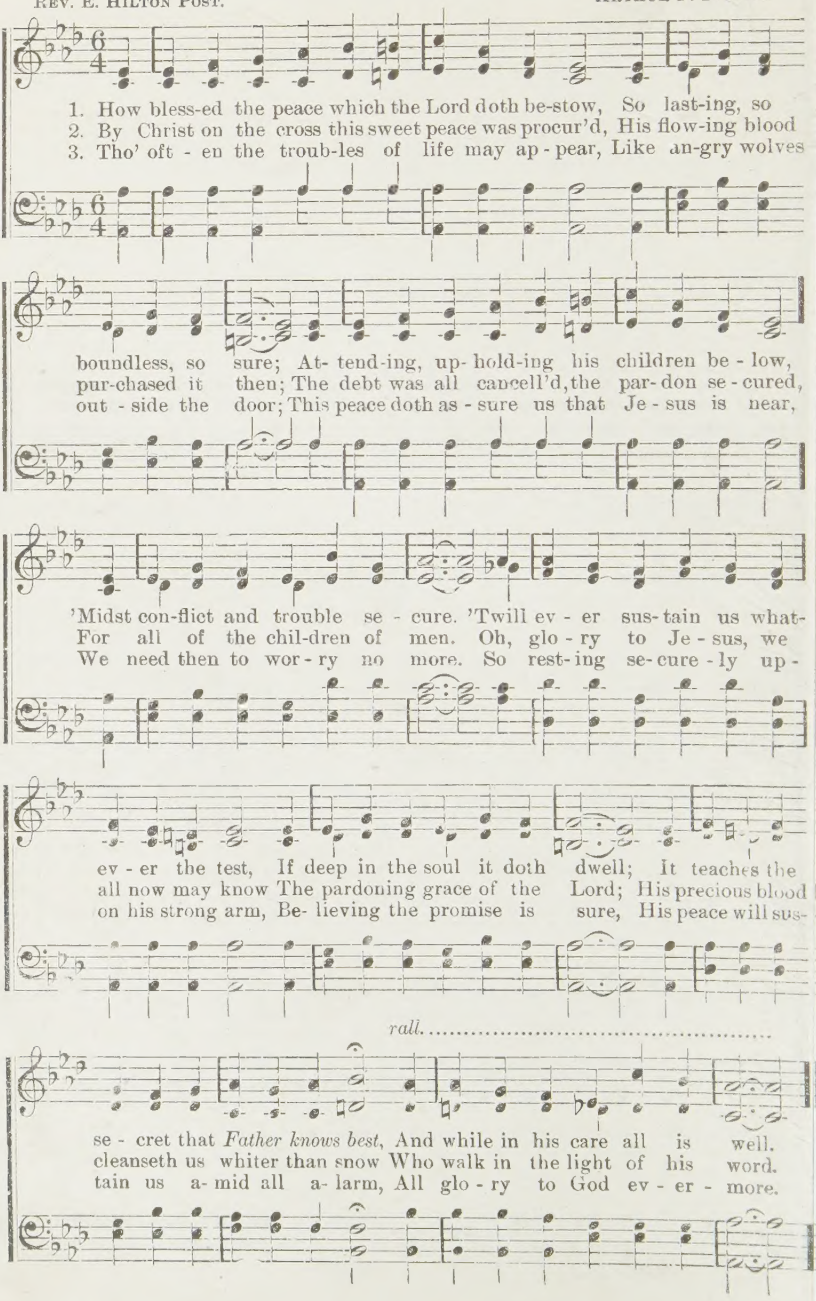
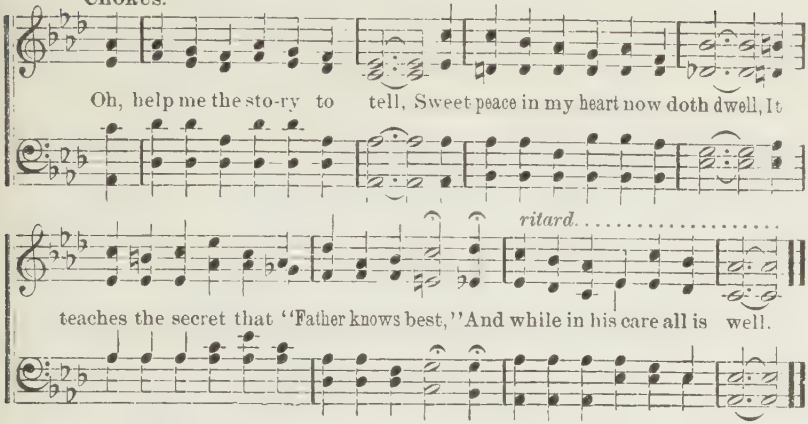
REV. E. HILTON POST. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

1. How bless-ed the peace which the Lord doth be-stow, So last-ing, so
2. By Christ on the cross this sweet peace was procur'd, His flow-ing blood
3. Tho' oft - en the troub-les of life may ap - pear, Like an-gry wolves
boundless, so sure; At- tend-ing, up- hold-ing his children be - low,
pur-chased it then; The debt was all cancell'd, the par-don se - cured,
out - side the door; This peace doth as - sure us that Je - sus is near,
'Midst con-flict and trouble se - cure. 'Twill ev - er sus-tain us what-
For all of the chil-dren of men. Oh, glo - ry to Je - sus, we
We need then to wor - ry no more. So rest-ing se-cure - ly up -
ev - er the test, If deep in the soul it doth dwell; It teaches the
all now may know The pardoning grace of the Lord; His precious blood
on his strong arm, Be- lieving the promise is sure, His peace will sus-
rall.
se - cret that *Father knows best*, And while in his care all is well.
cleanseth us whiter than snow Who walk in the light of his word.
tain us a- mid all a- larm, All glo - ry to God ev - er - more.

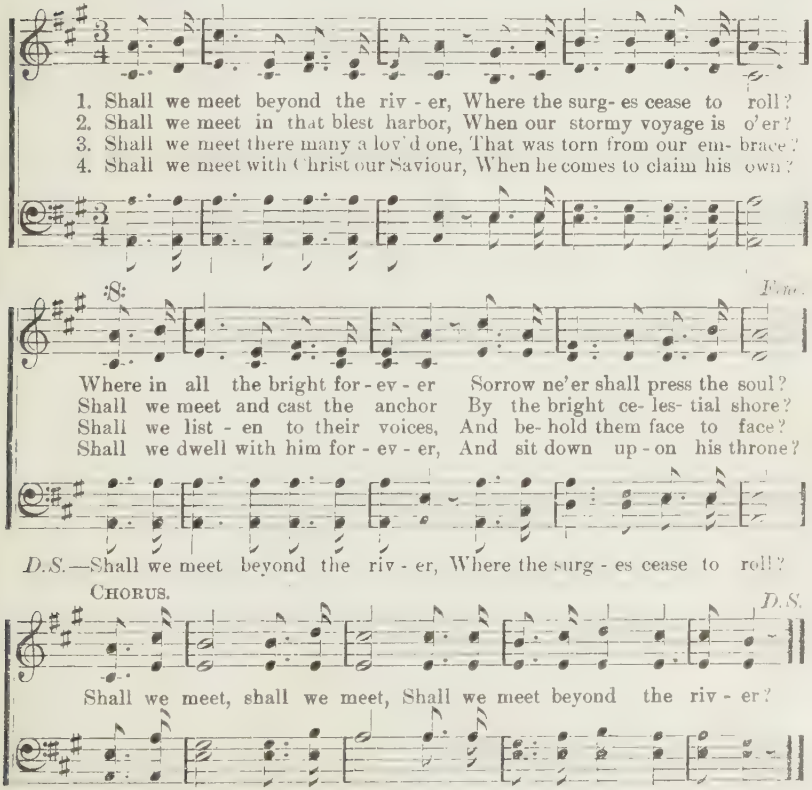
Sweet Peace.—Concluded.

CHORUS.


Oh, help me the sto-ry to tell, Sweet peace in my heart now doth dwell, It
ritard.
teaches the secret that "Father knows best," And while in his care all is well.

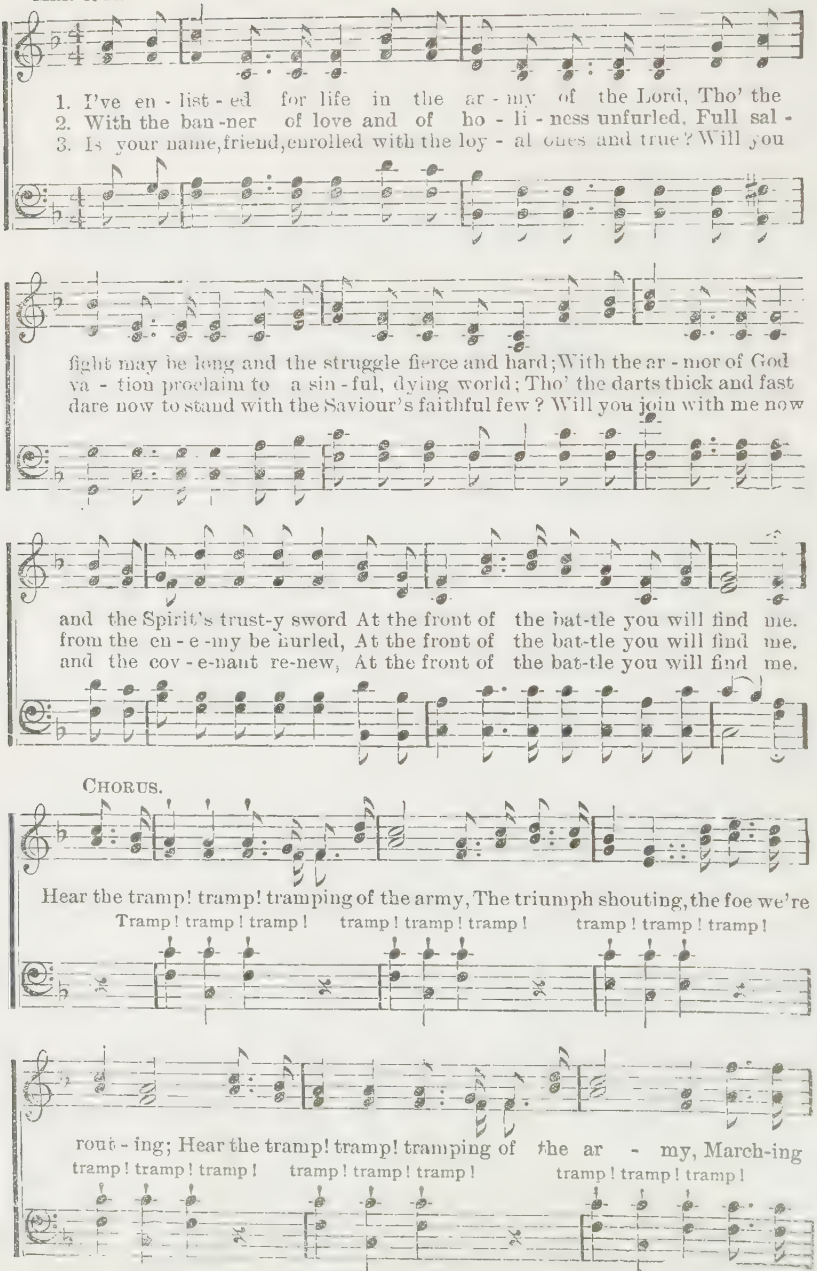
7

Shall We Meet.

H. L. HASTINGS. ELISHA S. RICE.

1. Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the surg- es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet there many a lov'd one, That was torn from our em- brace?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When he comes to claim his own?
:S:
Fine.
Where in all the bright for - ev - er Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the bright ce- les- tial shore?
Shall we list - en to their voices, And be- hold them face to face?
Shall we dwell with him for - ev - er, And sit down up - on his throne?
D.S.—Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
CHORUS.
D.S.
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the riv - er?

At the Battle's Front.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.


1. I've en - list - ed for life in the ar - my of the Lord, Tho' the
2. With the ban - ner of love and of ho - li - ness unfurled, Full sal -
3. Is your name, friend, enrolled with the loy - al ones and true? Will you
fight may be long and the struggle fierce and hard; With the ar - mor of God
va - tion proclaim to a sin - ful, dying world; Tho' the darts thick and fast
dare now to stand with the Saviour's faithful few? Will you join with me now
and the Spirit's trust-y sword At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
from the en - e - my be hurled, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
and the cov - e-nant re-new, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
CHORUS.
Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the army, The triumph shouting, the foe we're
Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!
rout - ing; Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, March-ing
tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

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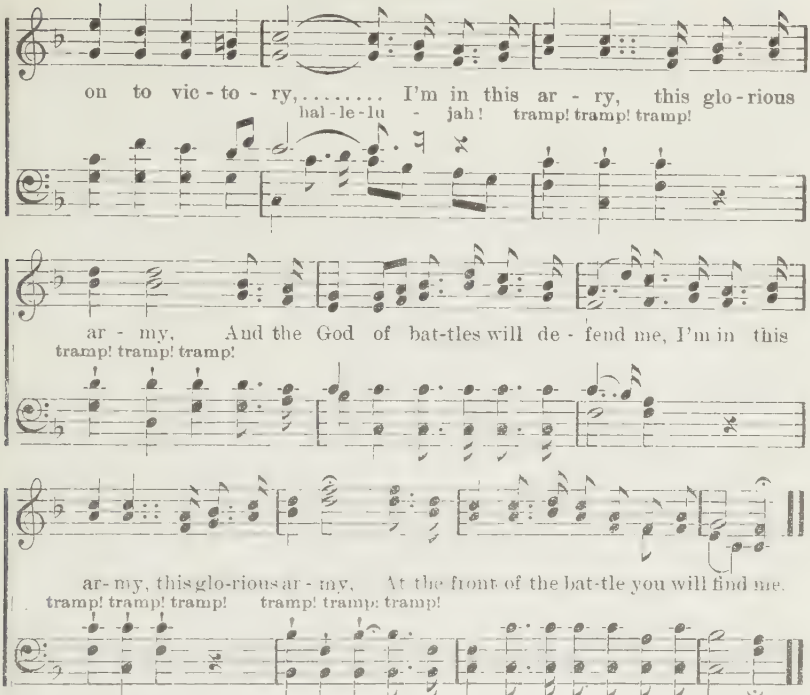
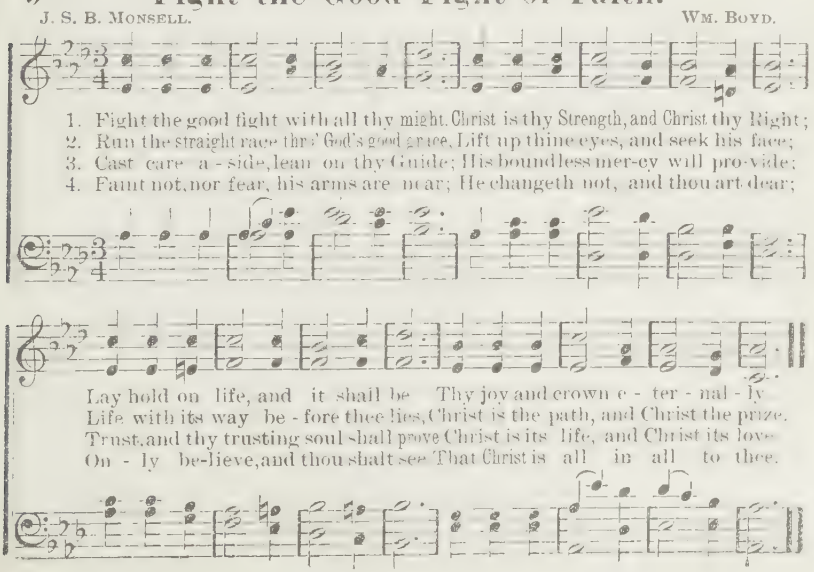
At the Battle's Front.—Concluded.

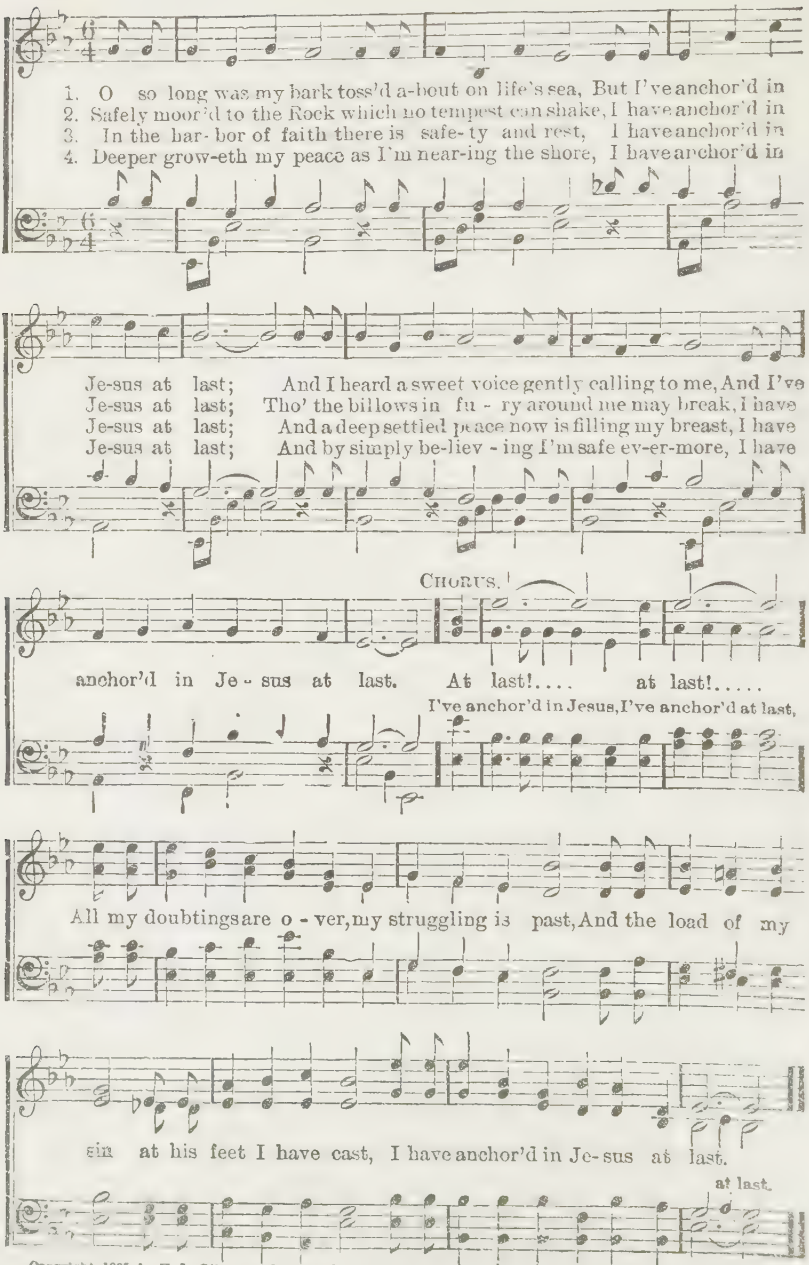

on to vic - to - ry, ... I'm in this ar - ry, this glo - rious
hal - le - lu - jah! tramp! tramp! tramp!
ar - my, And the God of bat-tles will de - fend me, I'm in this
tramp! tramp! tramp!
ar- my, this glo-rious ar - my, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

9 Fight the Good Fight of Faith.

J. S. B. Monsell. Wm. Boyd.


1. Fight the good fight with all thy might. Christ is thy Strength, and Christ thy Right;
2. Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
3. Cast care a - side, lean on thy Guide; His boundless mer-cy will pro-vide;
4. Faint not, nor fear, his arms are near; He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly
Life with its way be - fore thee lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love
On - ly be-lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee.

Anchored At Last.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. O so long was my bark toss'd a-bout on life's sea, But I've anchor'd in
2. Safely moor'd to the Rock which no tempest can shake, I have anchor'd in
3. In the har- bor of faith there is safe- ty and rest, I have anchor'd in
4. Deeper grow-eth my peace as I'm near-ing the shore, I have anchor'd in
Je-sus at last; And I heard a sweet voice gently calling to me, And I've
Je-sus at last; Tho' the billows in fu - ry around me may break, I have
Je-sus at last; And a deep settled peace now is filling my breast, I have
Je-sus at last; And by simply be-liev - ing I'm safe ev-er-more, I have
Chorus.
anchor'd in Je - sus at last. At last!.... at last!.....
I've anchor'd in Jesus, I've anchor'd at last,
All my doubtings are o - ver, my struggling is past, And the load of my
sin at his feet I have cast, I have anchor'd in Je- sus at last.
at last.

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God's Grace Imparted.

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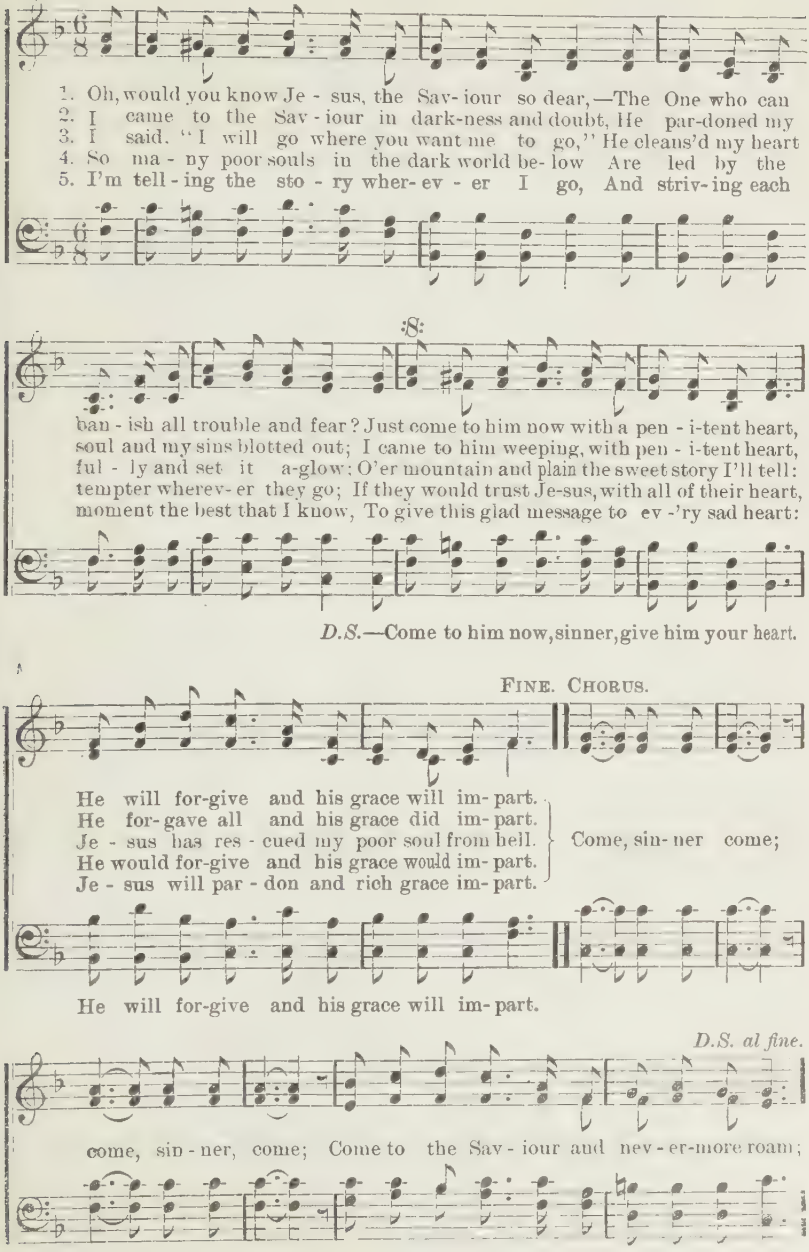
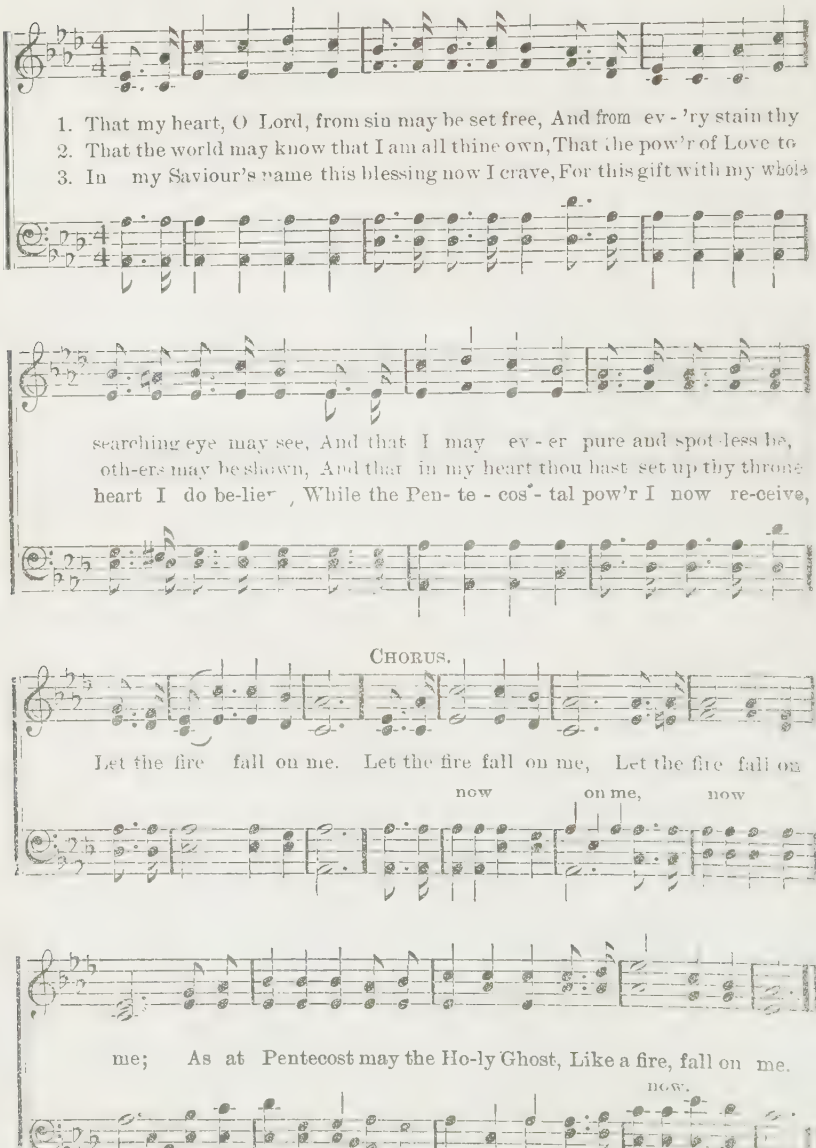
S. M. SHEDD. ARTHUR F. INGLER.


1. Oh, would you know Je - sus, the Sav - iour so dear,—The One who can
2. I came to the Sav - iour in dark-ness and doubt, He par-doned my
3. I said, "I will go where you want me to go," He cleans'd my heart
4. So ma - ny poor souls in the dark world be - low Are led by the
5. I'm tell - ing the sto - ry wher- ev - er I go, And striv - ing each
ban - ish all trouble and fear? Just come to him now with a pen - i-tent heart,
soul and my sins blotted out; I came to him weeping, with pen - i-tent heart,
ful - ly and set it a-glow: O'er mountain and plain the sweet story I'll tell:
tempter wherev- er they go; If they would trust Je-sus, with all of their heart,
moment the best that I know, To give this glad message to ev -'ry sad heart:
D.S.—Come to him now, sinner, give him your heart.
FINE. CHORUS.
He will for-give and his grace will im- part.
He for- gave all and his grace did im- part.
Je - sus has res - cued my poor soul from hell.
He would for-give and his grace would im- part.
Je - sus will par - don and rich grace im- part.
Come, sin- ner come;
He will for-give and his grace will im- part.
D.S. al fine.
come, sin - ner, come; Come to the Sav - iour and nev - er-more roam;

Let the Fire Fall On Me.

Dedicated to Miss Minnie Shay.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.


1. That my heart, O Lord, from sin may be set free, And from ev - 'ry stain thy
2. That the world may know that I am all thine own, That the pow'r of Love to
3. In my Saviour's name this blessing now I crave, For this gift with my whole
searching eye may see, And that I may ev - er pure and spot - less be,
oth-ers may be shown, And that in my heart thou hast set up thy throne
heart I do be-lieve, While the Pen- te - cos - tal pow'r I now re-ceive,
CHORUS.
Let the fire fall on me. Let the fire fall on me, Let the fire fall on
now on me, now
me; As at Pentecost may the Ho-ly Ghost, Like a fire, fall on me.
now.
on me.

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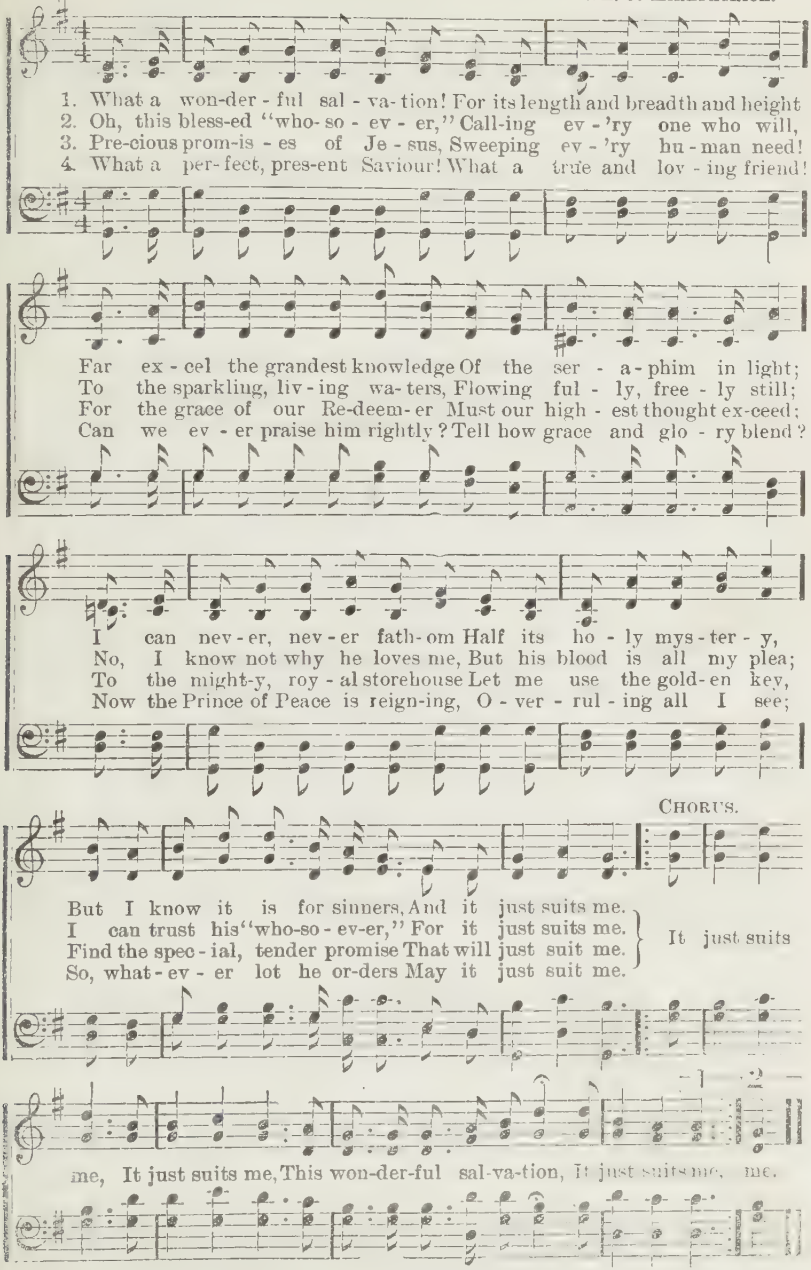
It Just Suits Me.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. What a won-der-ful sal-va-tion! For its length and breadth and height
Far ex-cel the grandest knowledge Of the ser-a-phim in light;
I can nev-er, nev-er fath-om Half its ho-ly mys-ter-y,
Chorus.
But I know it is for sinners, And it just suits me.
2. Oh, this bless-ed "who-so-ev-er," Call-ing ev-'ry one who will,
To the sparkling, liv-ing wa-ters, Flowing ful-ly, free-ly still;
No, I know not why he loves me, But his blood is all my plea;
I can trust his "who-so-ev-er," For it just suits me.
3. Pre-cious prom-is-es of Je-sus, Sweeping ev-'ry hu-man need!
For the grace of our Re-deem-er Must our high-est thought ex-ceed;
To the might-y, roy-al storehouse Let me use the gold-en key,
Find the spec-ial, tender promise That will just suit me.
4. What a per-fect, pres-ent Saviour! What a true and lov-ing friend!
Can we ev-er praise him rightly? Tell how grace and glo-ry blend?
Now the Prince of Peace is reign-ing, O-ver-rul-ing all I see;
So, what-ev-er lot he or-ders May it just suit me.
It just suits
me, It just suits me, This won-der-ful sal-va-tion, It just suits me, me.

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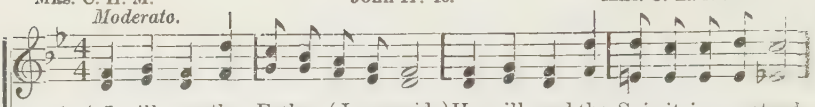
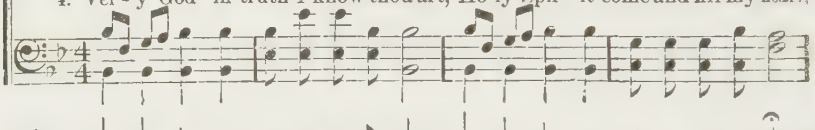
He Has Come to Abide.

MRS. C. H. M. John 14: 16. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

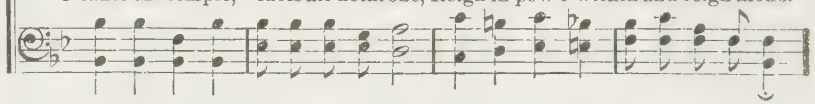
Moderato.



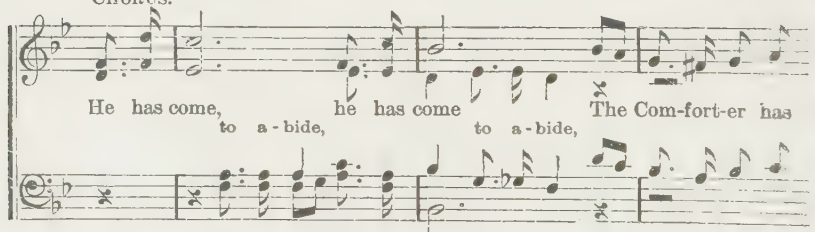
1. "I will pray the Father, (Jesus said,) He will send the Spir-it in my stead;
2. He in love and nev-er-failing grace, Makes the heart his chosen dwelling place;
3. For this fulness all my being cries; On the al - tar is my sac - ri-fice,
4. Ver - y God in truth I know thou art, Ho-ly Spir - it come and fill my heart;



Answered is his condescending pray'r: He has come the promised Comforter.
Wondrous temples of the Holy Ghost, Cleansed and saved to the ut-termost.
All I am, or have, or hope to be, Thine, O Lord, henceforth, eter-nal-ly.
Cleanse the temple, idols all dethrone, Reign in pow'r within and reign alone.



CHORUS.



He has come, he has come to a-bide, to a-bide, The Com-fort-er has come to a - bide;..... Bid him wel - come to - day, ev - 'ry door o - pen wide, For the Com-fort - er has come to a - bide.

cres.

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The Secret of the Lord.

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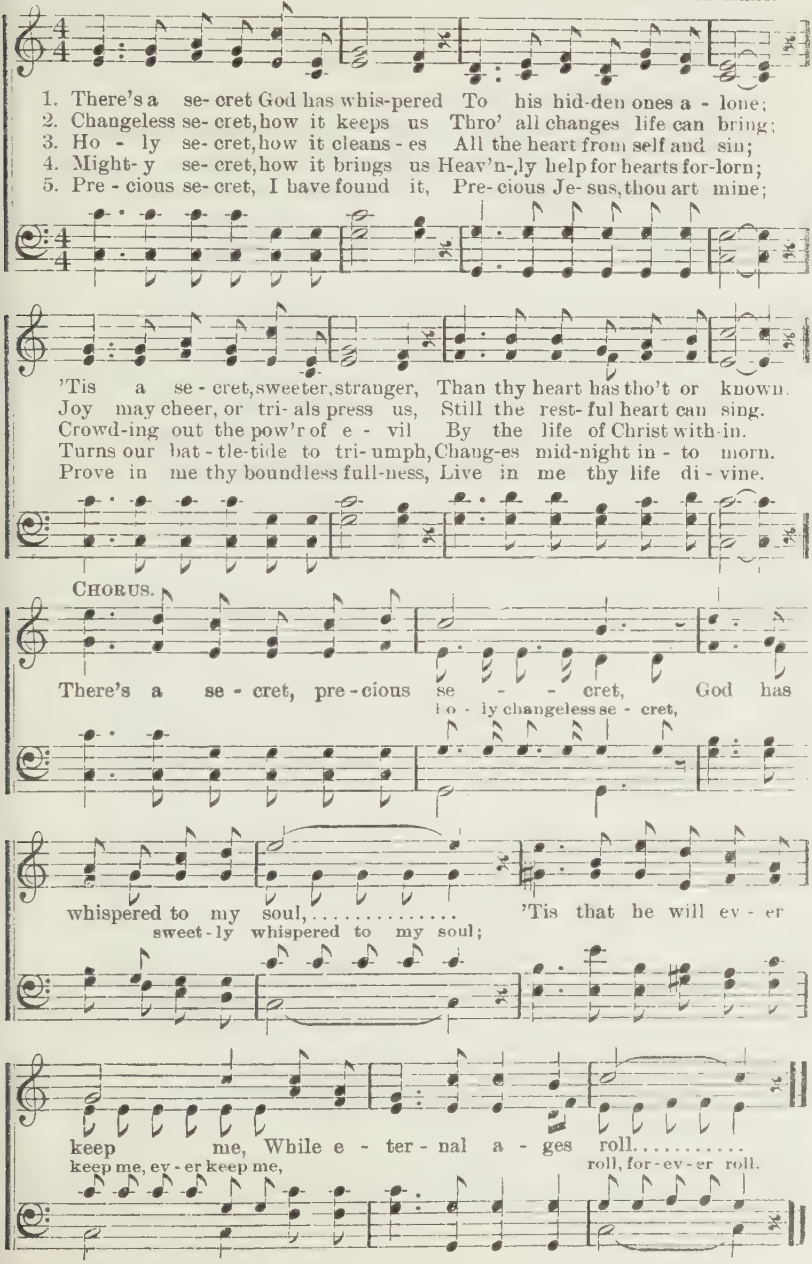
REV. A. B. SIMPSON. MAUD ANITA HART.

1. There's a se-cret God has whis-pered To his hid-den ones a-lone;
2. Changeless se-cret, how it keeps us Thro' all changes life can bring;
3. Ho-ly se-cret, how it cleans-es All the heart from self and sin;
4. Might-y se-cret, how it brings us Heav'n-ly help for hearts for-lorn;
5. Pre-cious se-cret, I have found it, Pre-cious Je-sus, thou art mine;
'Tis a se-cret, sweeter, stranger, Than thy heart has tho't or known.
Joy may cheer, or tri-als press us, Still the rest-ful heart can sing.
Crowd-ing out the pow'r of e-vil By the life of Christ with-in.
Turns our bat-tle-tide to tri-umph, Chang-es mid-night in-to morn.
Prove in me thy boundless full-ness, Live in me thy life di-vine.
CHORUS.
There's a se-cret, pre-cious se-cret, God has
ho-ly changeless se-cret,
whispered to my soul, 'Tis that he will ev-er
sweet-ly whispered to my soul;
keep me, While e-ter-nal a-ges roll.
keep me, ev-er keep me, roll, for-ev-er roll.

I'm Glad I Came Home.

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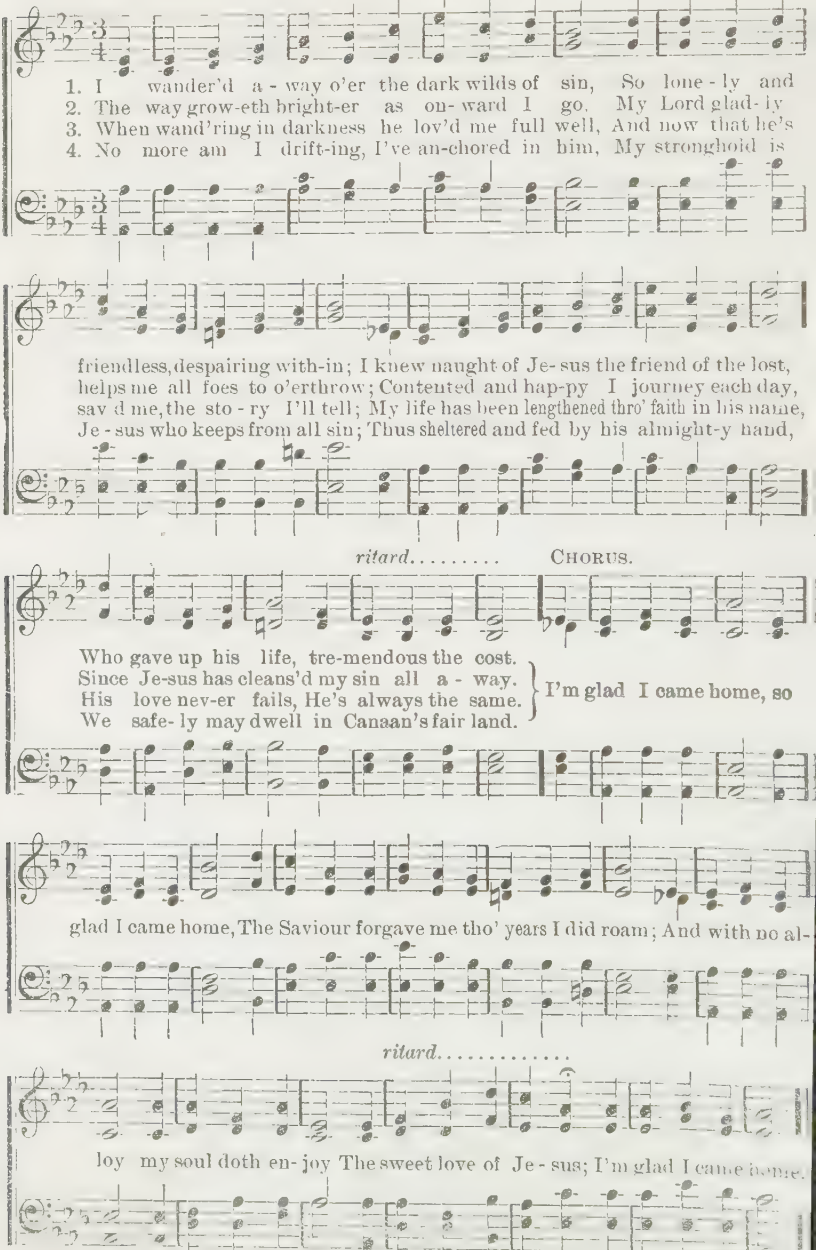
Words and Melody by WM. O. JONES. Harmony by W. A. GALLAHER.


1. I wander'd a - way o'er the dark wilds of sin, So lone - ly and
2. The way grow-eth bright-er as on- ward I go, My Lord glad- ly
3. When wand'ring in darkness he lov'd me full well, And now that he's
4. No more am I drift-ing, I've an-chored in him, My stronghold is
friendless, despairing with-in; I knew naught of Je- sus the friend of the lost,
helps me all foes to o'erthrow; Contented and hap-py I journey each day,
sav d me, the sto - ry I'll tell; My life has been lengthened thro' faith in his name,
Je - sus who keeps from all sin; Thus sheltered and fed by his almight-y hand,
ritard.....
CHORUS.
Who gave up his life, tre-mendous the cost.
Since Je-sus has cleans'd my sin all a - way.
His love nev-er fails, He's always the same.
We safe- ly may dwell in Canaan's fair land.
I'm glad I came home, so
glad I came home, The Saviour forgave me tho' years I did roam; And with no al-
ritard.....
joy my soul doth en- joy The sweet love of Je - sus; I'm glad I came home.

It's All Gone Now!

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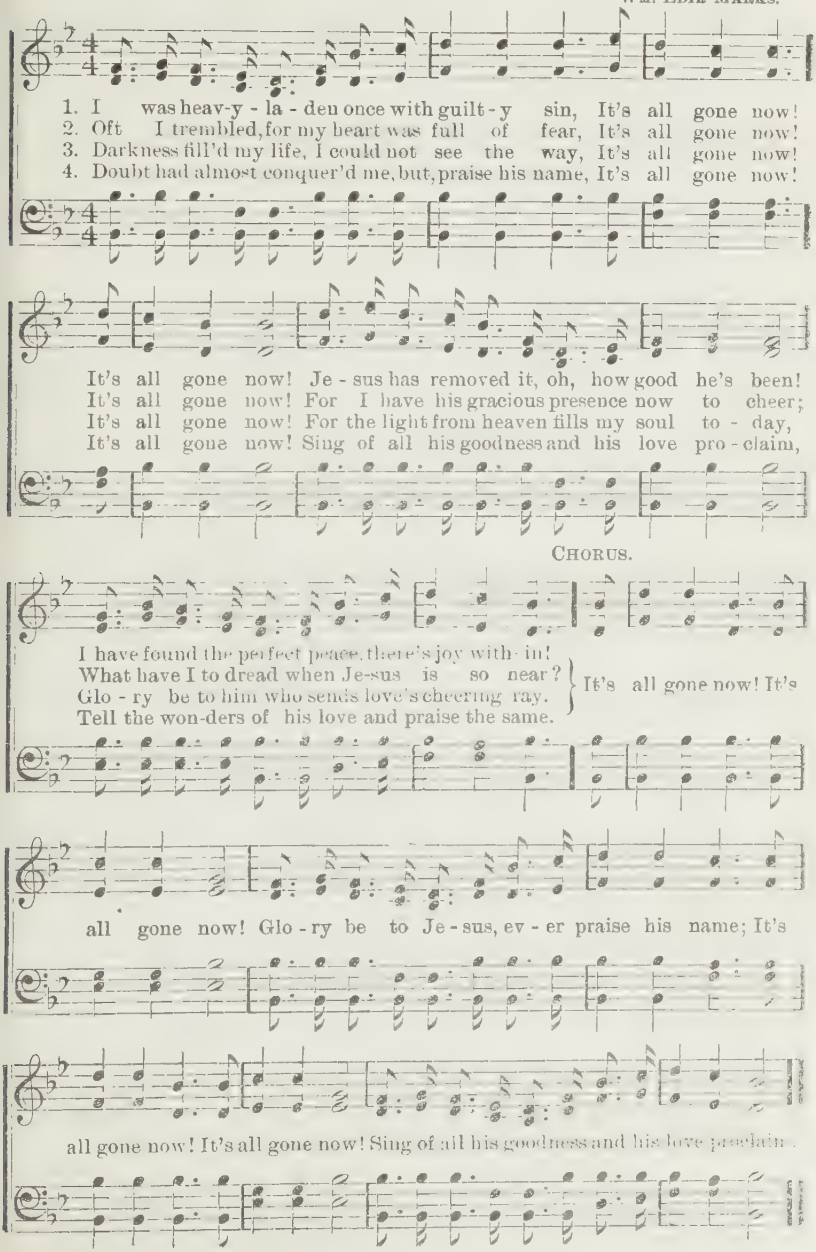
E. Dee. Wm. Edie Marks.

1. I was heav-y - la - den once with guilt - y sin, It's all gone now!
2. Oft I trembled, for my heart was full of fear, It's all gone now!
3. Darkness fill'd my life, I could not see the way, It's all gone now!
4. Doubt had almost conquer'd me, but, praise his name, It's all gone now!
It's all gone now! Je - sus has removed it, oh, how good he's been!
It's all gone now! For I have his gracious presence now to cheer;
It's all gone now! For the light from heaven fills my soul to - day,
It's all gone now! Sing of all his goodness and his love pro - claim,
Chorus.
I have found the perfect peace, there's joy with - in!
What have I to dread when Je-sus is so near?
Glo - ry be to him who sends love's cheering ray.
Tell the won-ders of his love and praise the same.
It's all gone now! It's
all gone now! Glo - ry be to Je - sus, ev - er praise his name; It's
all gone now! It's all gone now! Sing of all his goodness and his love proclaim.

Whiter than Snow.

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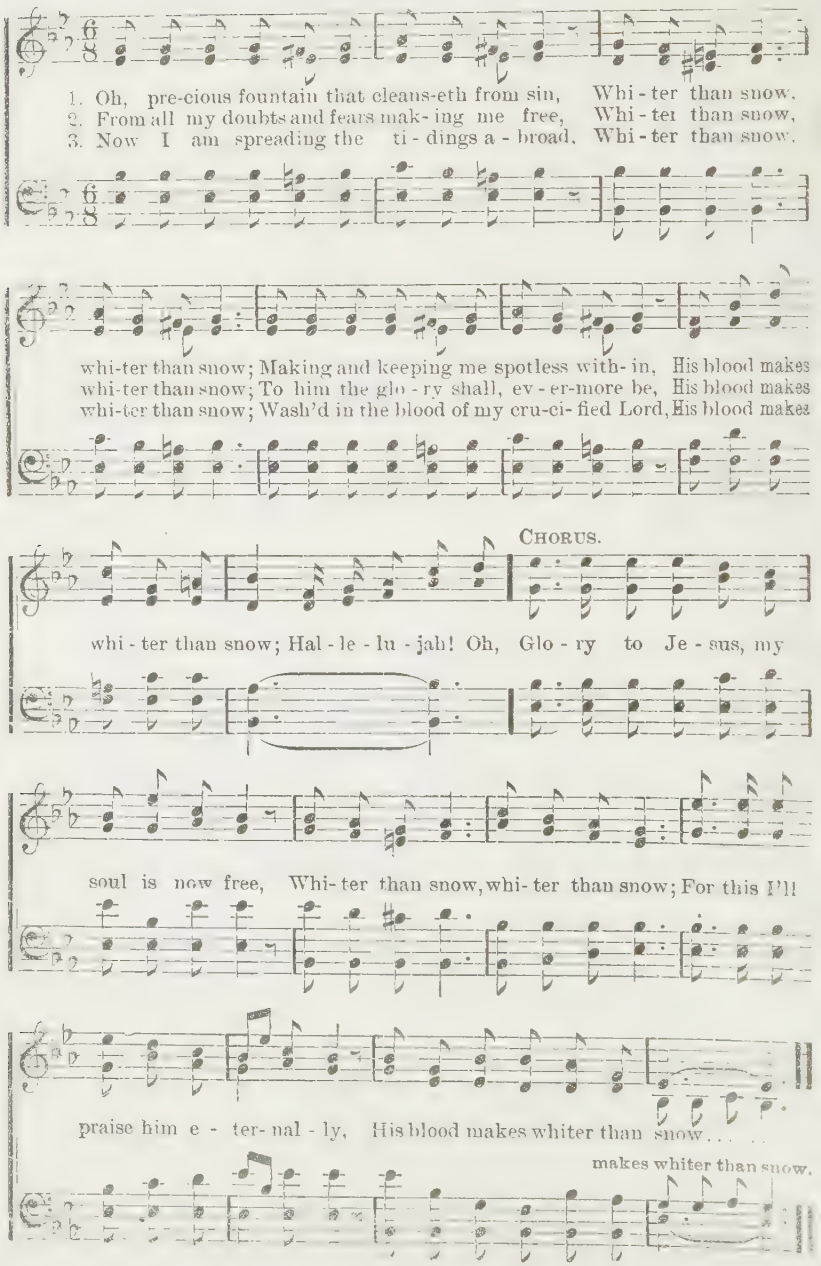
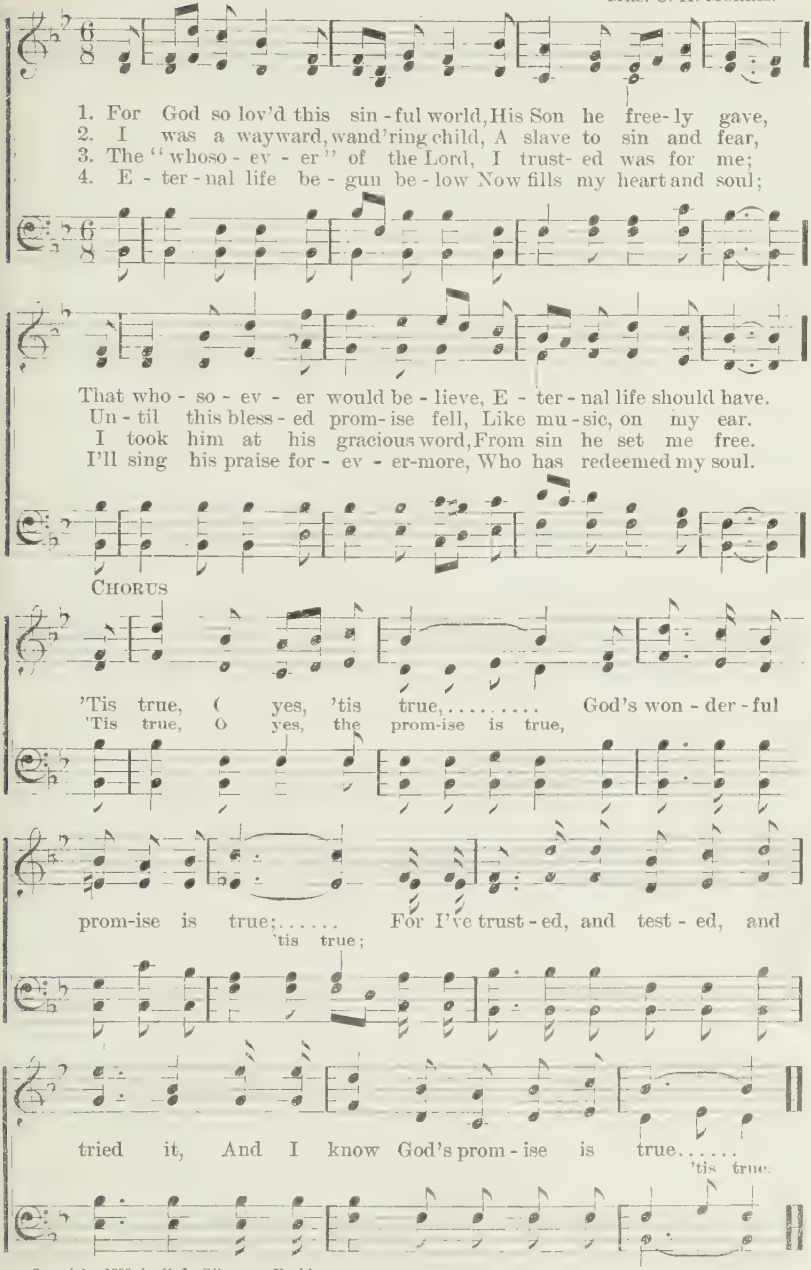
E. H. P. REV. E. HILTON POST.

1. Oh, pre-cious fountain that cleans-eth from sin, Whi-ter than snow.
2. From all my doubts and fears mak-ing me free, Whi-ter than snow,
3. Now I am spreading the ti-dings a-broad, Whi-ter than snow.
whi-ter than snow; Making and keeping me spotless with-in, His blood makes
whi-ter than snow; To him the glo-ry shall, ev-er-more be, His blood makes
whi-ter than snow; Wash'd in the blood of my cru-ci-fied Lord, His blood makes
CHORUS.
whi-ter than snow; Hal-le-lu-jah! Oh, Glo-ry to Je-sus, my
soul is now free, Whi-ter than snow, whi-ter than snow; For this I'll
praise him e-ter-nal-ly, His blood makes whiter than snow. . . .
makes whiter than snow.

I Know God's Promise is True.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. For God so lov'd this sin-ful world, His Son he free-ly gave,
2. I was a wayward, wand'ring child, A slave to sin and fear,
3. The "whoso-ev-er" of the Lord, I trust-ed was for me;
4. E-ter-nal life be-gun be-low Now fills my heart and soul;
That who-so-ev-er would be-lieve, E-ter-nal life should have.
Un-til this bless-ed prom-ise fell, Like mu-sic, on my ear.
I took him at his gracious word, From sin he set me free.
I'll sing his praise for-ev-er-more, Who has redeemed my soul.
CHORUS
'Tis true, O yes, 'tis true, God's won-der-ful
'Tis true, O yes, the prom-ise is true,
prom-ise is true; For I've trust-ed, and test-ed, and
'tis true;
tried it, And I know God's prom-ise is true.
'tis true.

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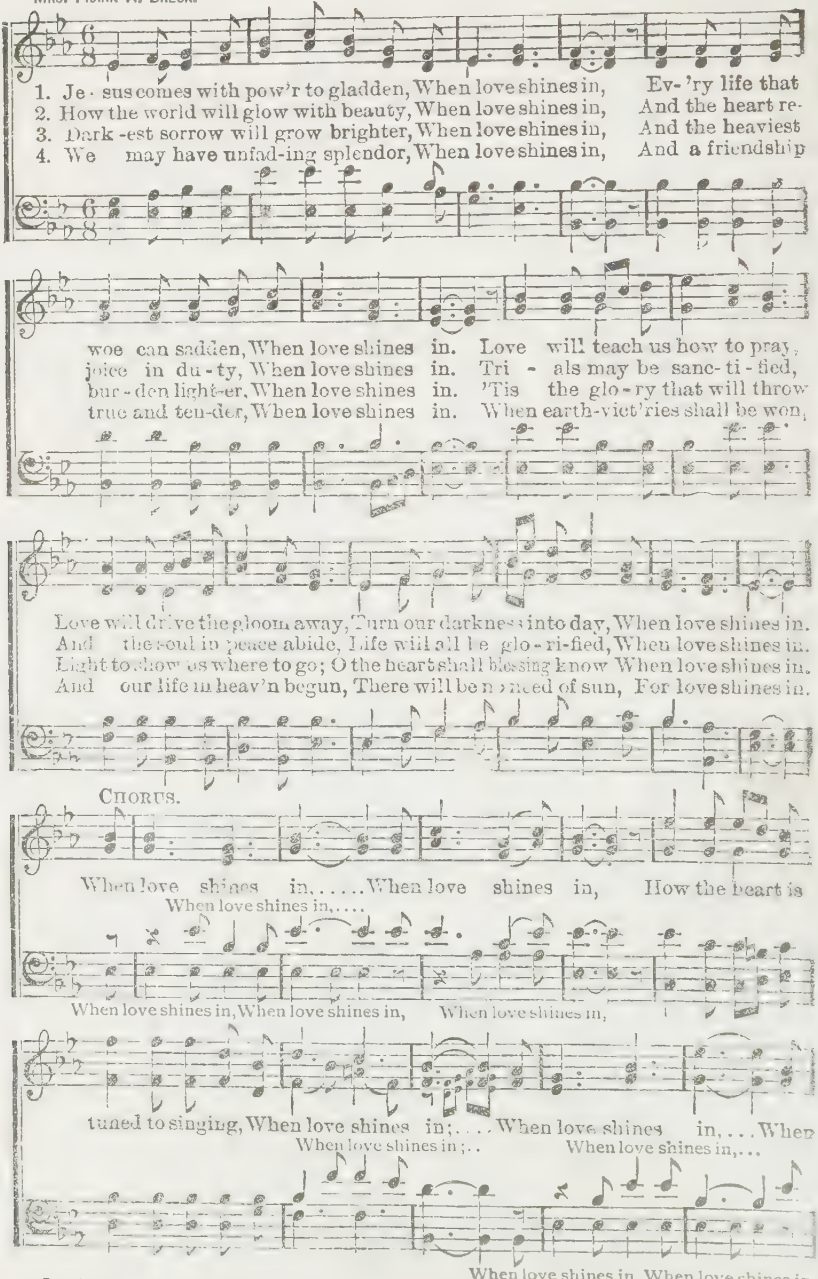
When Love Shines In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev-'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sorrow will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest
4. We may have unfad-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship
woe can sadden, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du-ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc-ti-fied,
bur-den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo-ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,
Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.
Chorus.
When love shines in,.....When love shines in, How the heart is
When love shines in,.....
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,
tuned to singing, When love shines in;.....When love shines in,...When
When love shines in;.. When love shines in,...
When love shines in. When love shines in.

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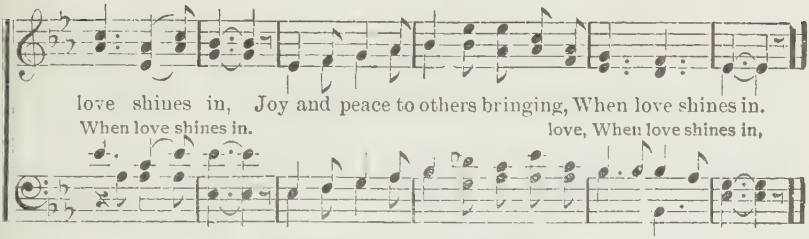
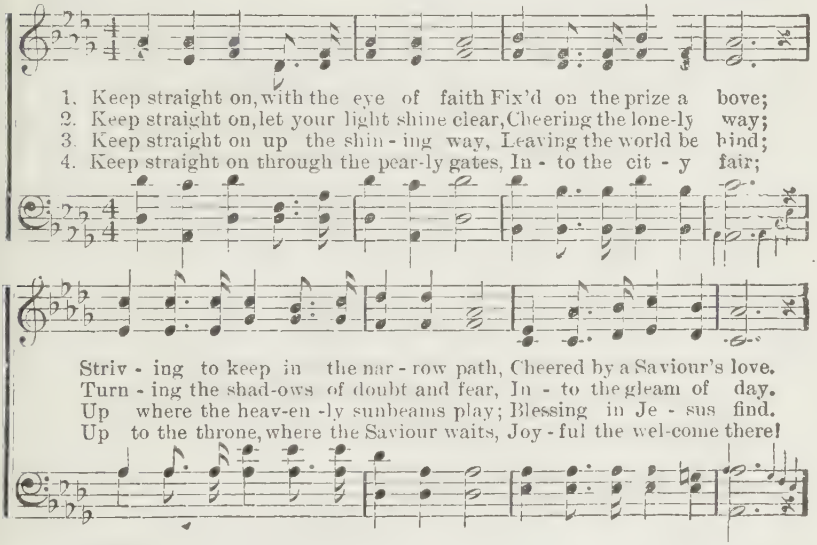
When Love Shines In.—Concluded.

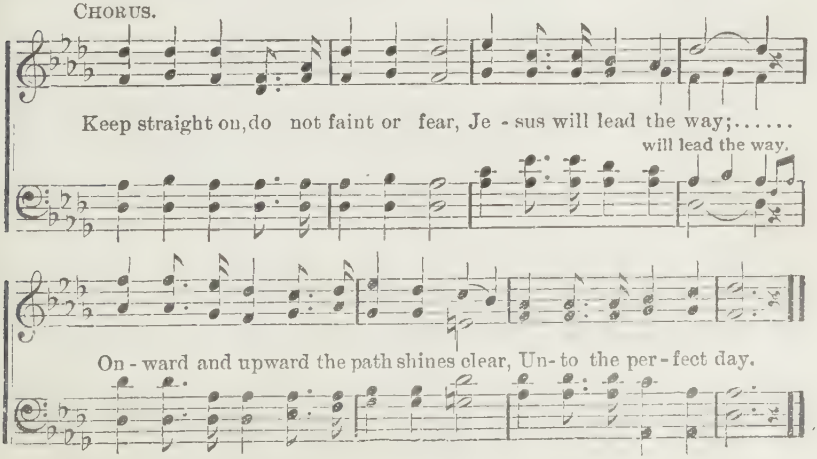


21 Keep Straight On.

R. C. W. R. C. WARD.


1. Keep straight on, with the eye of faith Fix'd on the prize a bove;
2. Keep straight on, let your light shine clear, Cheering the lone-ly way;
3. Keep straight on up the shin - ing way, Leaving the world be hind;
4. Keep straight on through the pear-ly gates, In - to the cit - y fair;
Striv - ing to keep in the nar - row path, Cheered by a Saviour's love.
Turn - ing the shad-ows of doubt and fear, In - to the gleam of day.
Up where the heav-en -ly sunbeams play; Blessing in Je - sus find.
Up to the throne, where the Saviour waits, Joy - ful the wel-come there!

CHORUS.


Keep straight on, do not faint or fear, Je - sus will lead the way;.....
will lead the way.
On - ward and upward the path shines clear, Un - to the per - fect day.

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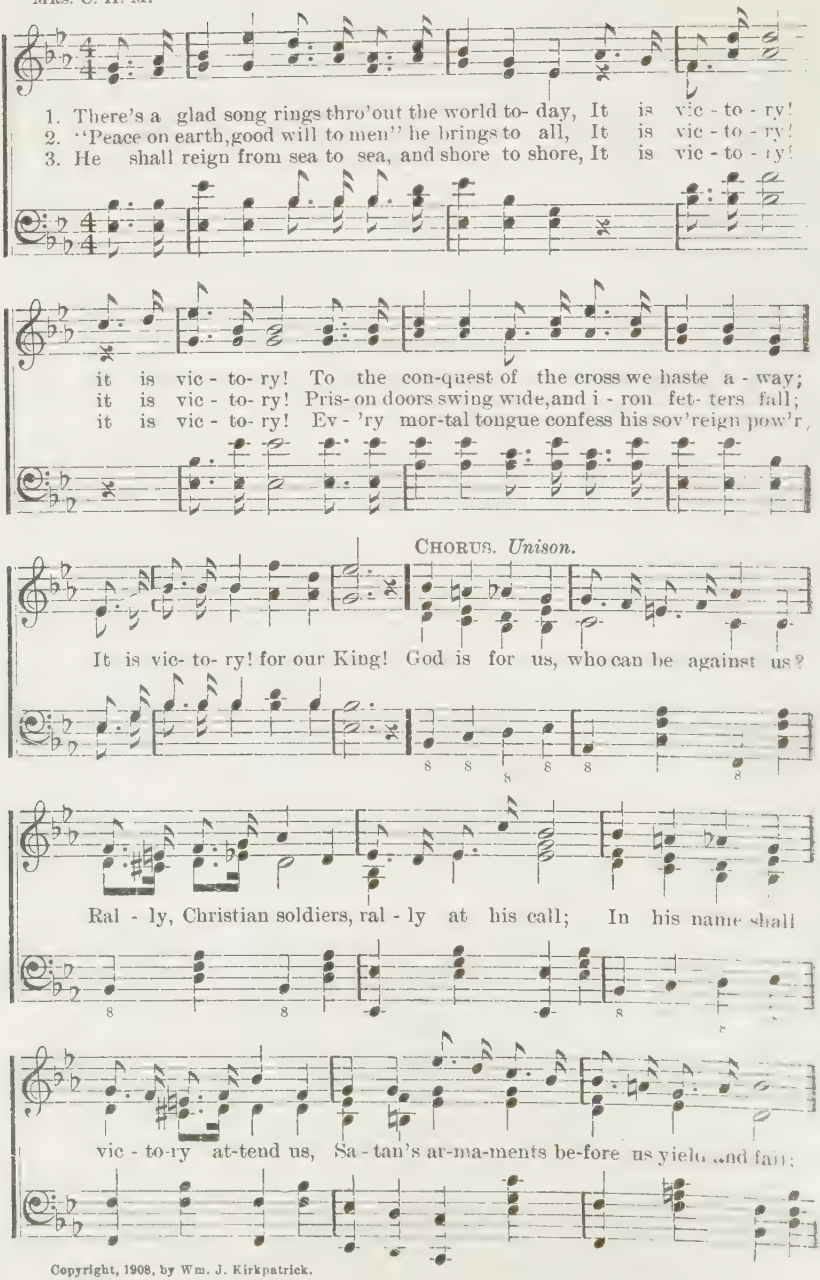
God Is For Us.

MRS. C. H. M. ROMANS 8: 31. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.


1. There's a glad song rings thro'out the world to- day, It is vic - to - ry!
2. "Peace on earth, good will to men" he brings to all, It is vic - to - ry!
3. He shall reign from sea to sea, and shore to shore, It is vic - to - ry!
it is vic - to- ry! To the con-quest of the cross we haste a - way;
it is vic - to- ry! Pris- on doors swing wide, and i - ron fet- ters fall;
it is vic - to- ry! Ev - 'ry mor-tal tongue confess his sov'reign pow'r,
CHORUS. Unison.
It is vic- to- ry! for our King! God is for us, who can be against us?
Ral - ly, Christian soldiers, ral - ly at his call; In his name shall
vic - to-ry at-tend us, Sa - tan's ar-ma-ments be-fore us yield and fall;

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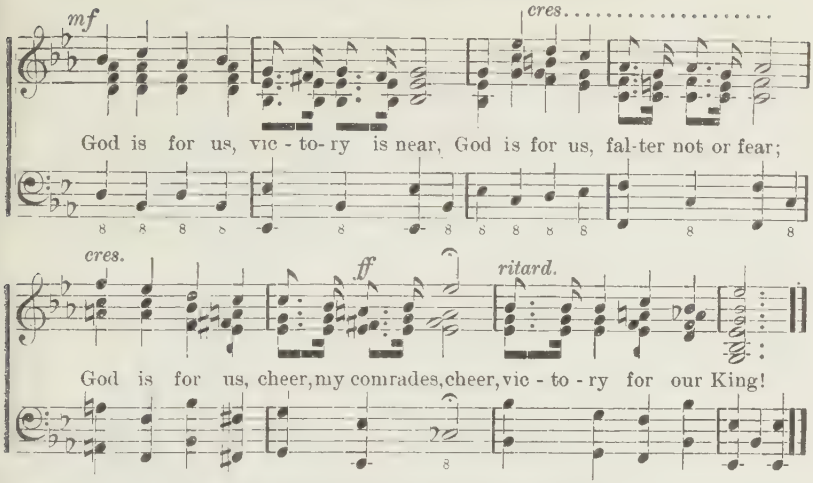
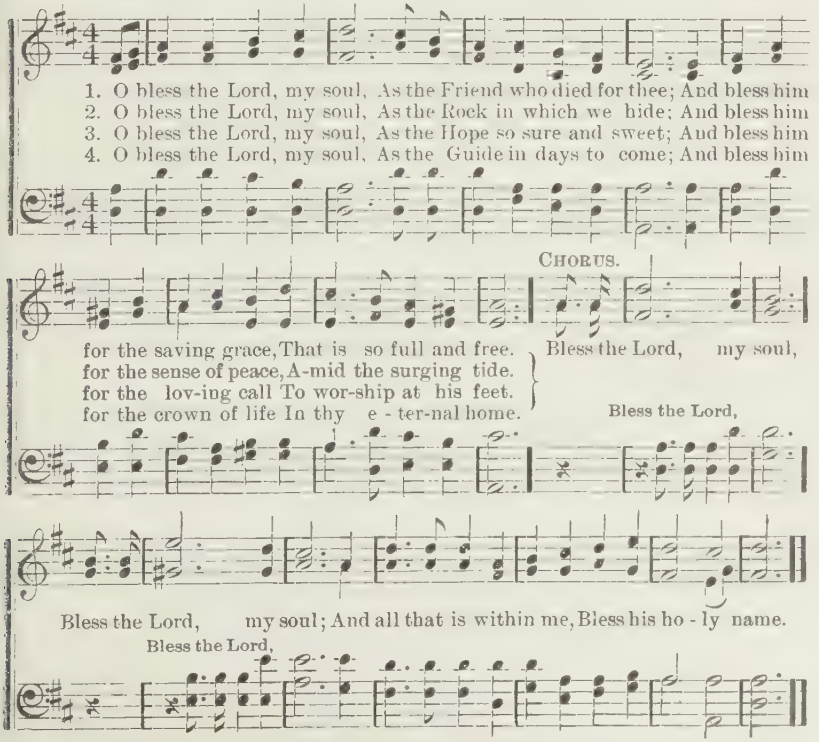
God Is For Us.—Concluded.


mf
cres.
God is for us, vic - to- ry is near, God is for us, fal-ter not or fear;
cres.
ff
ritard.
God is for us, cheer, my comrades, cheer, vic - to - ry for our King!

23 Bless the Lord, My Soul.

E. A. Barnes. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Friend who died for thee; And bless him
2. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Rock in which we hide; And bless him
3. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Hope so sure and sweet; And bless him
4. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Guide in days to come; And bless him
Chorus.
for the saving grace, That is so full and free.
for the sense of peace, A-mid the surging tide.
for the lov-ing call To wor-ship at his feet.
for the crown of life In thy e - ter-nal home.
Bless the Lord, my soul,
Bless the Lord,
Bless the Lord, my soul; And all that is within me, Bless his ho - ly name.
Bless the Lord,

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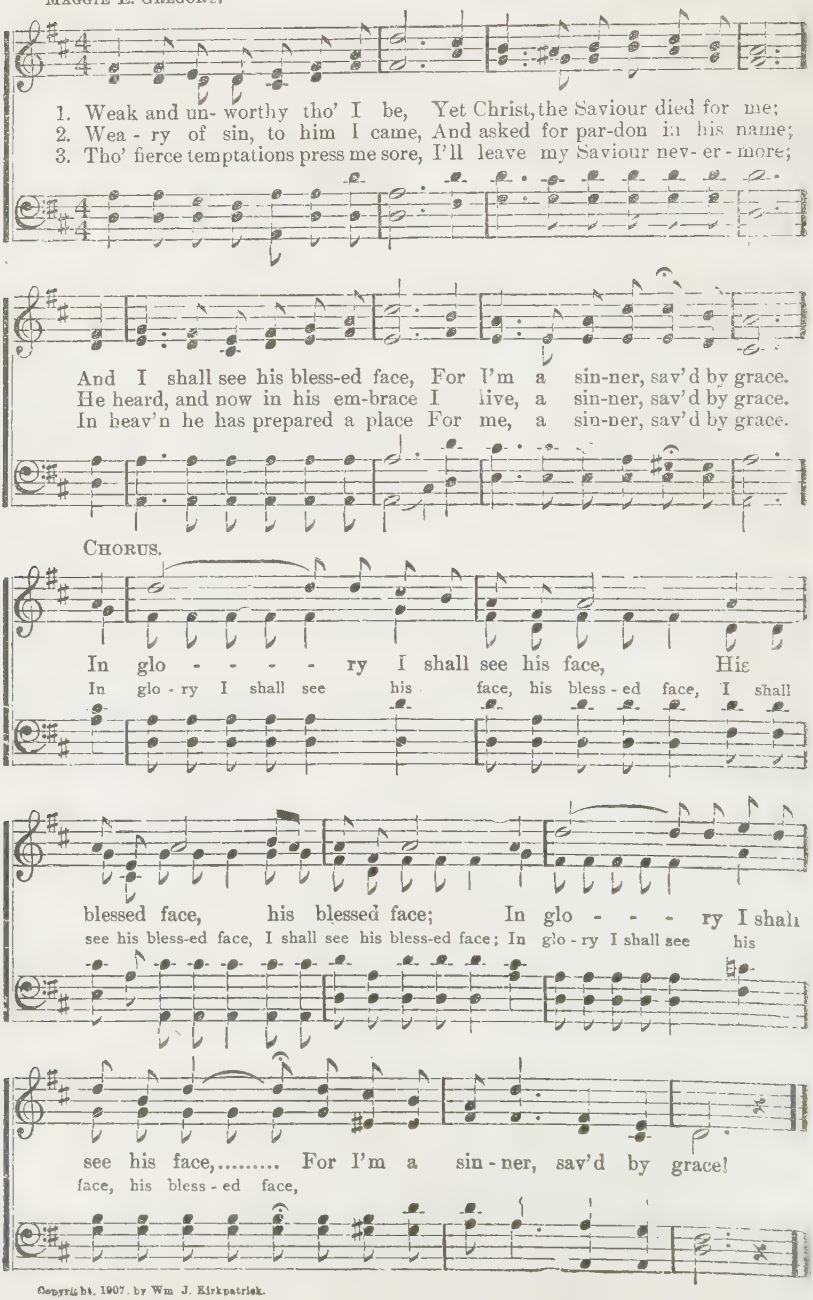
A Sinner, Saved by Grace.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Weak and un- worthy tho' I be, Yet Christ, the Saviour died for me;
2. Wea - ry of sin, to him I came, And asked for par-don in his name;
3. Tho' fierce temptations press me sore, I'll leave my Saviour nev- er - more;
And I shall see his bless-ed face, For I'm a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.
He heard, and now in his em-brace I live, a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.
In heav'n he has prepared a place For me, a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.
CHORUS.
In glo - - - - - ry I shall see his face, His
In glo - ry I shall see his face, his bless - ed face, I shall
blessed face, his blessed face; In glo - - - ry I shall
see his bless-ed face, I shall see his bless-ed face; In glo - ry I shall see his
see his face,..... For I'm a sin - ner, sav'd by grace!
face, his bless - ed face,

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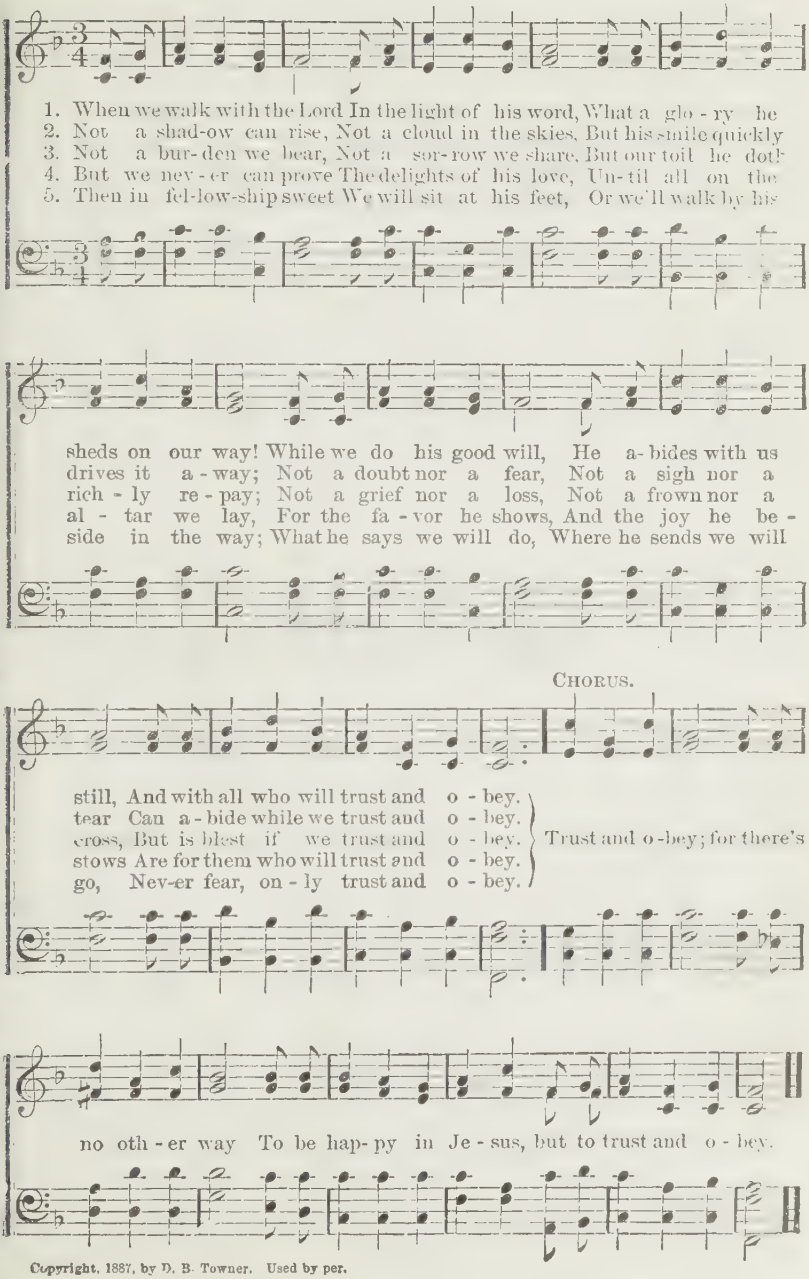
25 Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.


1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glo - ry he
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil he doth
4. But we nev-er can prove The delights of his love, Un-til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at his feet, Or we'll walk by his
sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a-bides with us
drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
al-tar we lay, For the fa-vor he shows, And the joy he be-
side in the way; What he says we will do, Where he sends we will
Chorus.
still, And with all who will trust and o-bey.
tear Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey.
stows Are for them who will trust and o-bey.
go, Nev-er fear, on-ly trust and o-bey.
Trust and o-bey; for there's
no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus, but to trust and o-bey.

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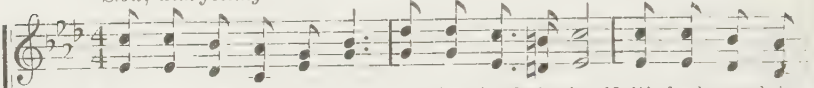
"Wake Them Up!"

Copyright, 1902, by A. F. Ingler. Words used by per.

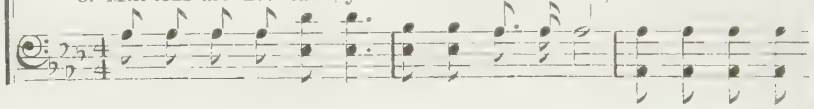
Among the last words of Martin Wells Knapp was this thrilling exhortation: "Wake them up! Wake them up! Lost souls on their way to hell!"

W. L. PHILLIPS. Arr. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

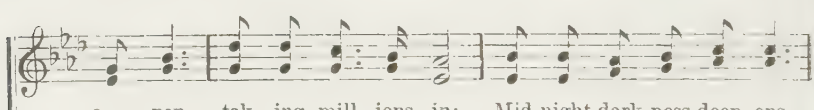
Slow, with feeling.



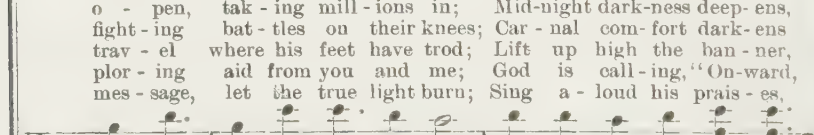
1. Mill-ions now are dy - ing, dy - ing in their sin; Hell's foul mouth is
2. Mill-ions now are sleep-ing, sleep-ing at their ease, While the few are
3. Mill-ions in the homeland, far a- way from God, They will nev - er
4. Mill-ions are in dark-ness, far a - cross the sea, Anx-ious - ly im -
5. Mill-ions are not read - y for our Lord's return; On-ward with the



o - pen, tak - ing mill - ions in; Mid-night dark-ness deep- ens,
fight - ing bat - tles on their knees; Car - nal com- fort dark- ens
trav - el where his feet have trod; Lift up high the ban - ner,
plor - ing aid from you and me; God is call - ing, "On-ward,
mes - sage, let the true light burn; Sing a - loud his prais - es,



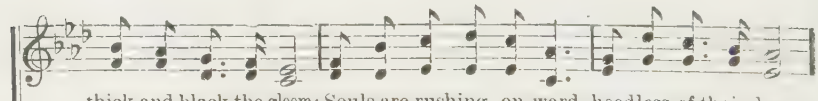
thick and black the gloom; Souls are rushing on-ward, heedless of their doom.
ev - 'ry ray of light—Oh, their souls are rushing on to end-less night!
"Je - sus saves from sin;" O- pen wide the por- tal, bid them en- ter in.
On - ward in the fight!" Tell the gos- pel sto - ry, shed a-broad its light.
send it o'er the wing, Je - sus Christ of Naz'reth is our com-ing King.



REFRAIN.

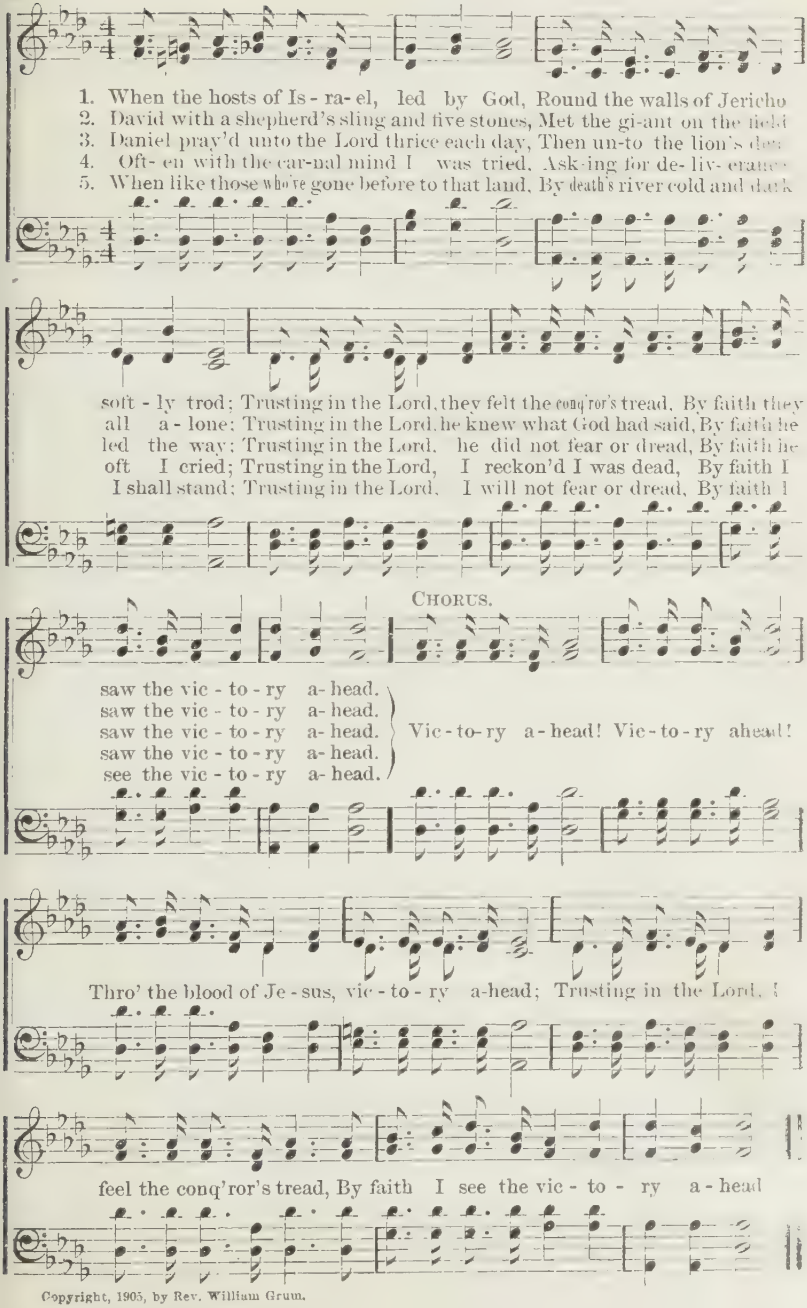
f *ff* *dim.*

1–4. "Wake them up! wake them up!" Shout salvation's song! Pass this message on.
5. "Wake them up! wake them up!" Hast'ning to their doom; Christ is com-ing soon.



Victory Ahead.

W. G. Rev. WILLIAM GRUM.


1. When the hosts of Is - ra - el, led by God, Round the walls of Jericho
2. David with a shepherd's sling and five stones, Met the gi-ant on the field
3. Daniel pray'd unto the Lord thrice each day, Then un-to the lion's den
4. Oft- en with the car-nal mind I was tried, Ask-ing for de- liv- erance
5. When like those who've gone before to that land, By death's river cold and dark
soft - ly trod; Trusting in the Lord, they felt the conq'ror's tread, By faith they
all a - lone; Trusting in the Lord, he knew what God had said, By faith he
led the way; Trusting in the Lord, he did not fear or dread, By faith he
oft I cried; Trusting in the Lord, I reckon'd I was dead, By faith I
I shall stand; Trusting in the Lord, I will not fear or dread, By faith I
CHORUS.
saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
saw the vic - to - ry a - head.
see the vic - to - ry a - head.
Vic - to - ry a - head! Vic - to - ry ahead!
Thro' the blood of Je - sus, vic - to - ry a-head; Trusting in the Lord, I
feel the conq'ror's tread, By faith I see the vic - to - ry a - head

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The Pearly-White City.

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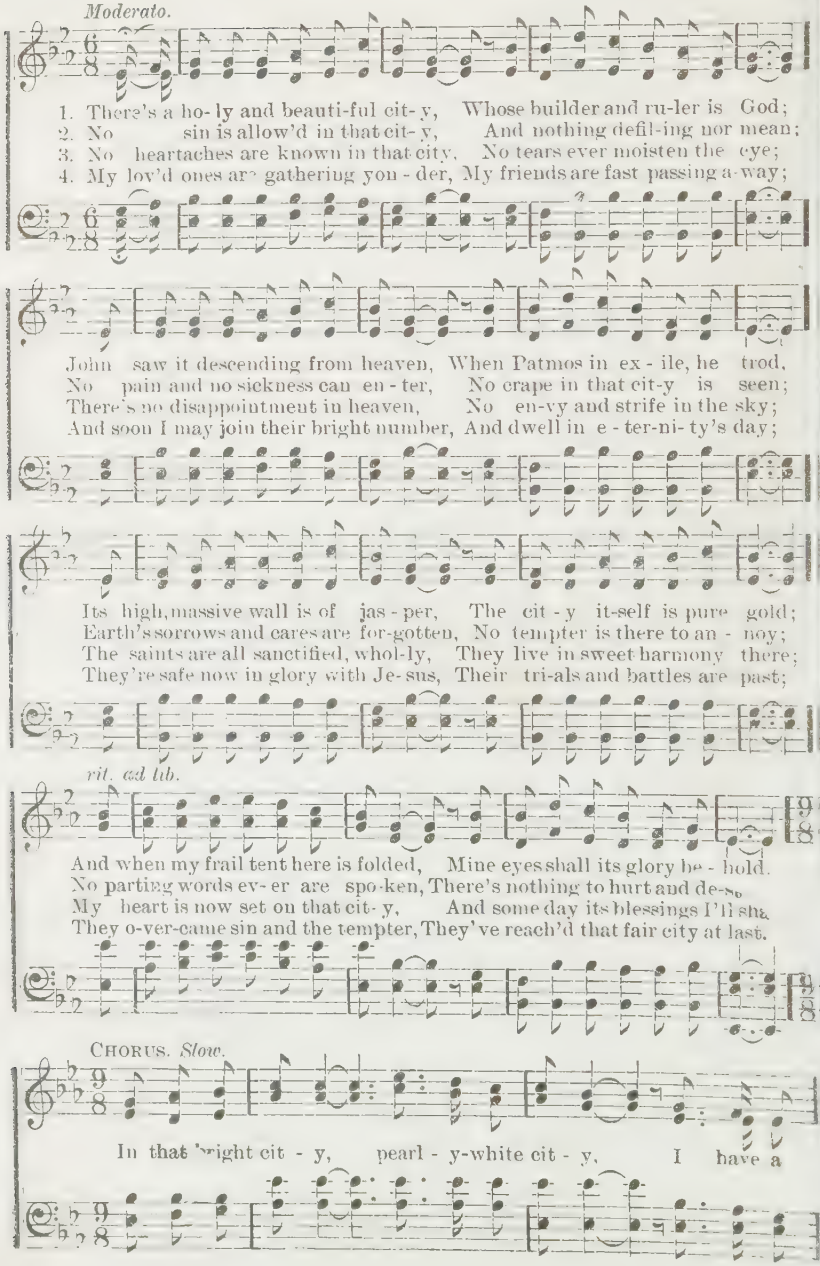
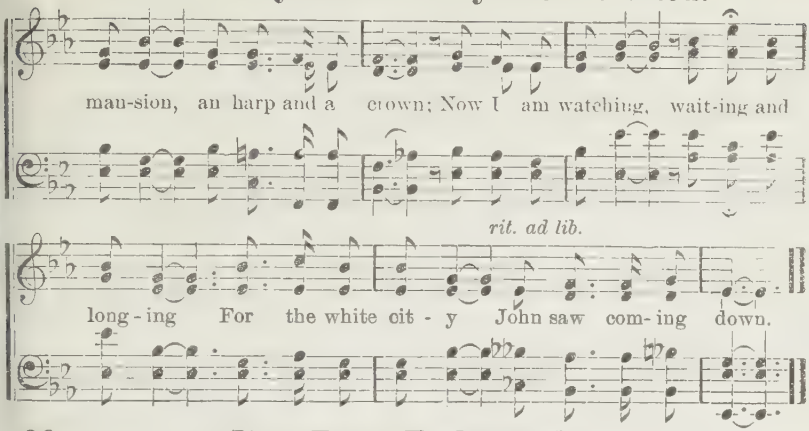
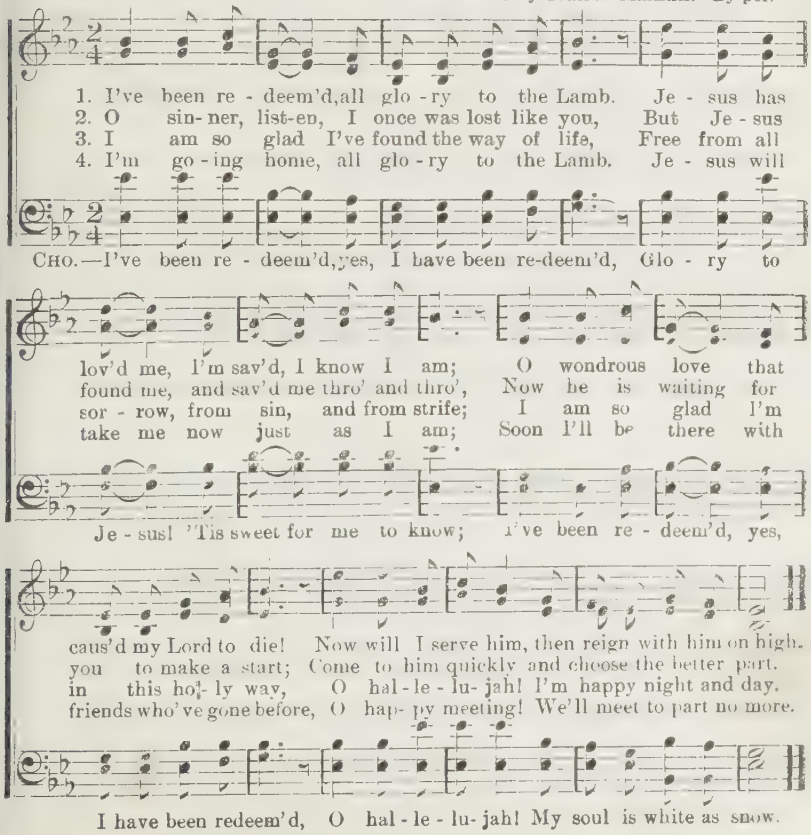
A. F. I. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

Moderato.

1. There's a ho- ly and beauti-ful cit- y, Whose builder and ru-ler is God;
2. No sin is allow'd in that cit- y, And nothing defil-ing nor mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that city, No tears ever moisten the eye;
4. My lov'd ones are gathering yon - der, My friends are fast passing a-way;
John saw it descending from heaven, When Patmos in ex - ile, he trod,
No pain and no sickness can en - ter, No crape in that cit-y is seen;
There's no disappointment in heaven, No en-vy and strife in the sky;
And soon I may join their bright number, And dwell in e - ter-ni- ty's day;
Its high, massive wall is of jas - per, The cit - y it-self is pure gold;
Earth's sorrows and cares are for-gotten, No tempter is there to an - noy;
The saints are all sanctified, whol-ly, They live in sweet harmony there;
They're safe now in glory with Je- sus, Their tri-als and battles are past;
rit. ad lib.
And when my frail tent here is folded, Mine eyes shall its glory be - hold.
No parting words ev- er are spo-ken, There's nothing to hurt and de-s
My heart is now set on that cit- y, And some day its blessings I'll sha
They o-ver-came sin and the tempter, They've reach'd that fair city at last.
CHORUS. Slow.
In that bright cit - y, pearl - y-white cit - y, I have a

The Pearly-White City.—Concluded.

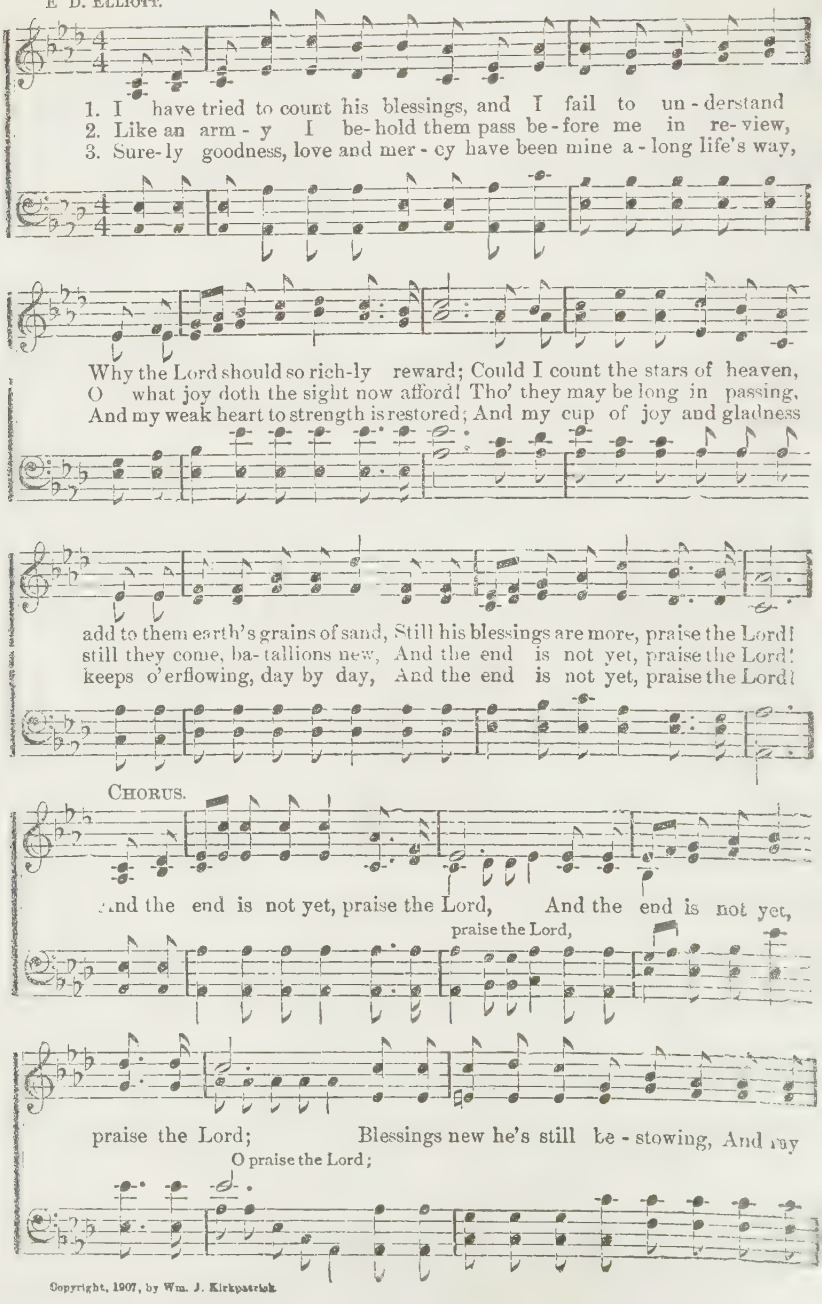


29 I've Been Redeemed.

FRANK GRAHAM. Arr. by FRANK GRAHAM. By per.

1. I've been re-deem'd, all glo-ry to the Lamb. Je-sus has
2. O sin-ner, list-en, I once was lost like you, But Je-sus
3. I am so glad I've found the way of life, Free from all
4. I'm go-ing home, all glo-ry to the Lamb. Je-sus will
CHO.—I've been re-deem'd, yes, I have been re-deem'd, Glo-ry to
lov'd me, I'm sav'd, I know I am; O wondrous love that
found me, and sav'd me thro' and thro', Now he is waiting for
sor-row, from sin, and from strife; I am so glad I'm
take me now just as I am; Soon I'll be there with
Je-sus! 'Tis sweet for me to know; I've been re-deem'd, yes,
caus'd my Lord to die! Now will I serve him, then reign with him on high.
you to make a start; Come to him quickly and choose the better part.
in this ho-ly way, O hal-le-lu-jah! I'm happy night and day.
friends who've gone before, O hap-py meeting! We'll meet to part no more.
I have been redeem'd, O hal-le-lu-jah! My soul is white as snow.

The End is Not Yet.

E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.


1. I have tried to count his blessings, and I fail to un - derstand
2. Like an arm - y I be-hold them pass be-fore me in re-view,
3. Sure-ly goodness, love and mer - cy have been mine a - long life's way,
Why the Lord should so rich-ly reward; Could I count the stars of heaven,
O what joy doth the sight now afford! Tho' they may be long in passing.
And my weak heart to strength is restored; And my cup of joy and gladness
add to them earth's grains of sand, Still his blessings are more, praise the Lord!
still they come, ba-tallions new, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!
keeps o'erflowing, day by day, And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!
CHORUS.
And the end is not yet, praise the Lord, And the end is not yet,
praise the Lord,
praise the Lord; Blessings new he's still be - stowing, And my
O praise the Lord;

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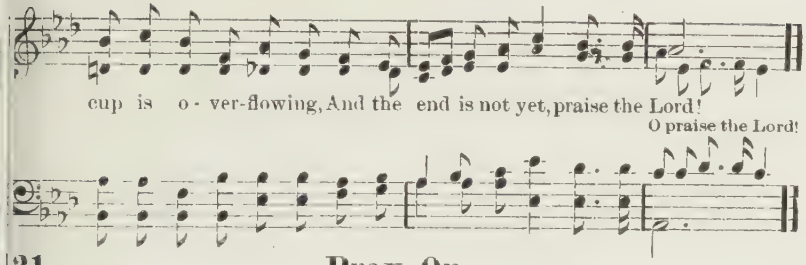
The End is Not Yet.—Concluded.



31 Pray On.

A. F. I.

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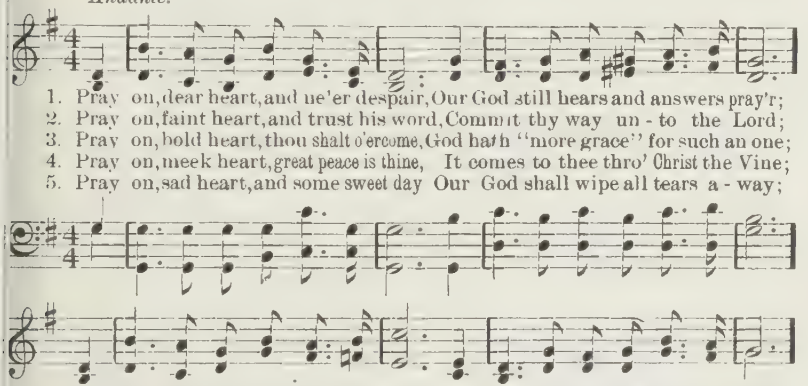
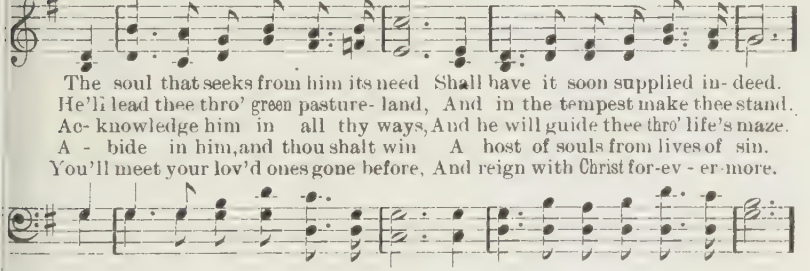
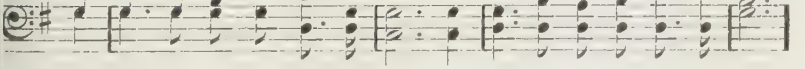
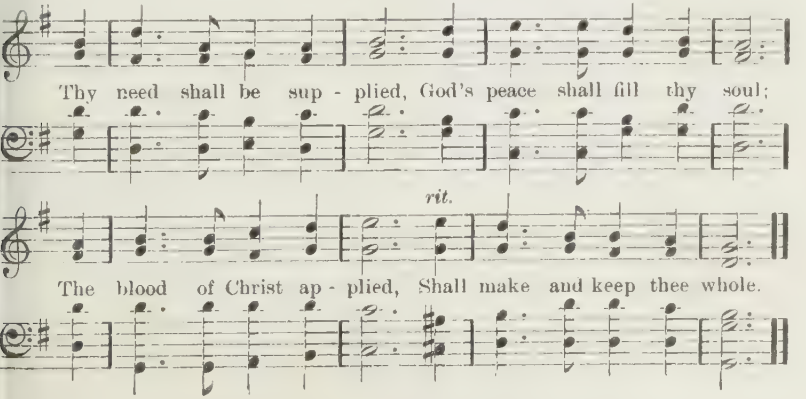
ARTHUR F. INGLER.

Andante.


1. Pray on, dear heart, and ne'er despair, Our God still hears and answers pray'r;
2. Pray on, faint heart, and trust his word, Commit thy way un - to the Lord;
3. Pray on, bold heart, thou shalt o'ercome, God hath "more grace" for such an one;
4. Pray on, meek heart, great peace is thine, It comes to thee thro' Christ the Vine;
5. Pray on, sad heart, and some sweet day Our God shall wipe all tears a - way;


The soul that seeks from him its need Shall have it soon supplied in - deed.
He'll lead thee thro' green pasture - land, And in the tempest make thee stand.
Ac - knowledge him in all thy ways, And he will guide thee thro' life's maze.
A - bide in him, and thou shalt win A host of souls from lives of sin.
You'll meet your lov'd ones gone before, And reign with Christ for-ev - er-more.



CHORUS.

He is Mine and I Am His.

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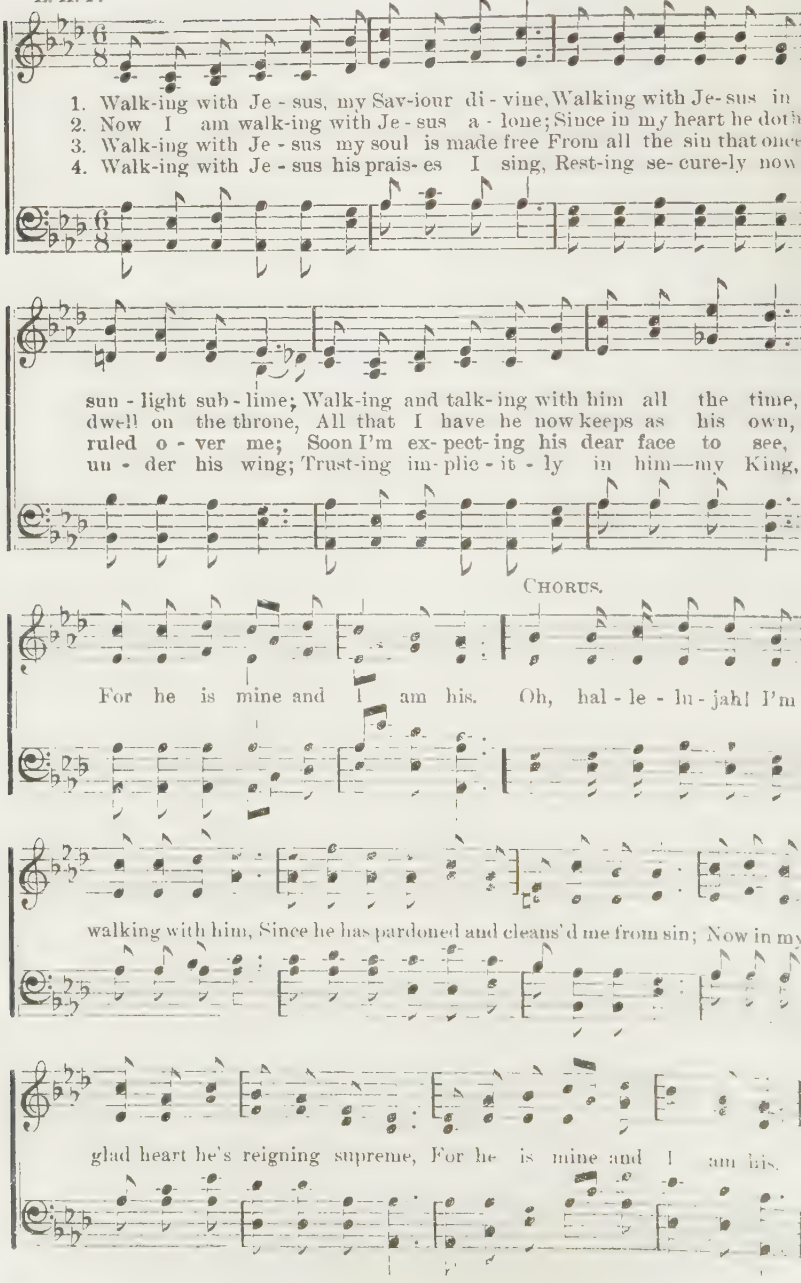
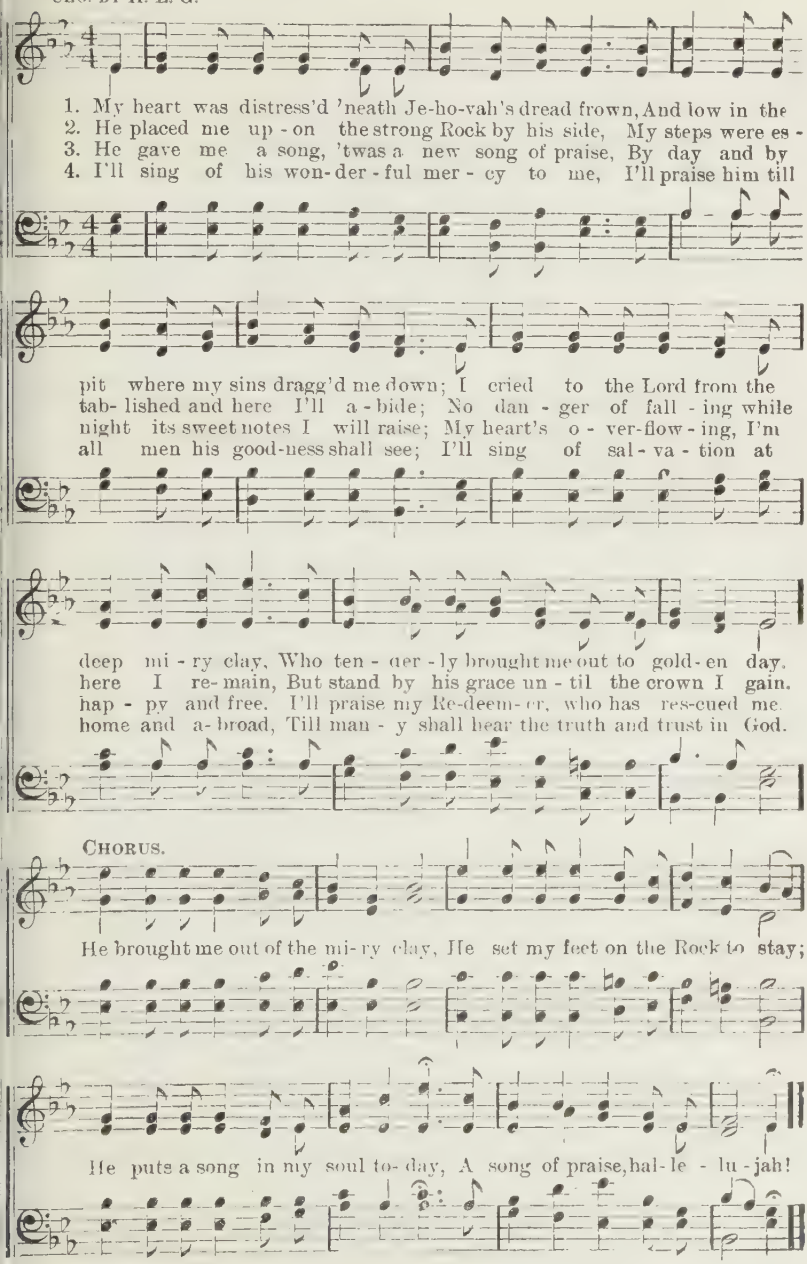
E. H. P. REV. E. HILTON POST.


1. Walk-ing with Je - sus, my Sav-iour di - vine, Walking with Je-sus in
2. Now I am walk-ing with Je - sus a - lone; Since in my heart he doth
3. Walk-ing with Je - sus my soul is made free From all the sin that once
4. Walk-ing with Je - sus his prais- es I sing, Rest-ing se- cure-ly now
sun - light sub - lime; Walk-ing and talk-ing with him all the time,
dwell on the throne, All that I have he now keeps as his own,
ruled o - ver me; Soon I'm ex-pect-ing his dear face to see,
un - der his wing; Trust-ing im-plic - it - ly in him—my King,
CHORUS.
For he is mine and I am his. Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm
walking with him, Since he has pardoned and cleans'd me from sin; Now in my
glad heart he's reigning supreme, For he is mine and I am his.

33 He Brought Me Out.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.
CHO. BY H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.


1. My heart was distress'd 'neath Je-ho-vah's dread frown, And low in the
pit where my sins dragg'd me down; I cried to the Lord from the
deep mi - ry clay, Who ten - der - ly brought me out to gold - en day.
CHORUS.
He brought me out of the mi - ry clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay;
He puts a song in my soul to - day, A song of praise, hal - le - lu - jah!
2. He placed me up - on the strong Rock by his side, My steps were es -
tab - lished and here I'll a - bide; No dan - ger of fall - ing while
here I re - main, But stand by his grace un - til the crown I gain.
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by
night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o - ver-flow - ing, I'm
hap - py and free. I'll praise my Re-deem - er, who has res-cued me.
4. I'll sing of his won-der - ful mer - cy to me, I'll praise him till
all men his good-ness shall see; I'll sing of sal - va - tion at
home and a - broad, Till man - y shall hear the truth and trust in God.

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34 Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

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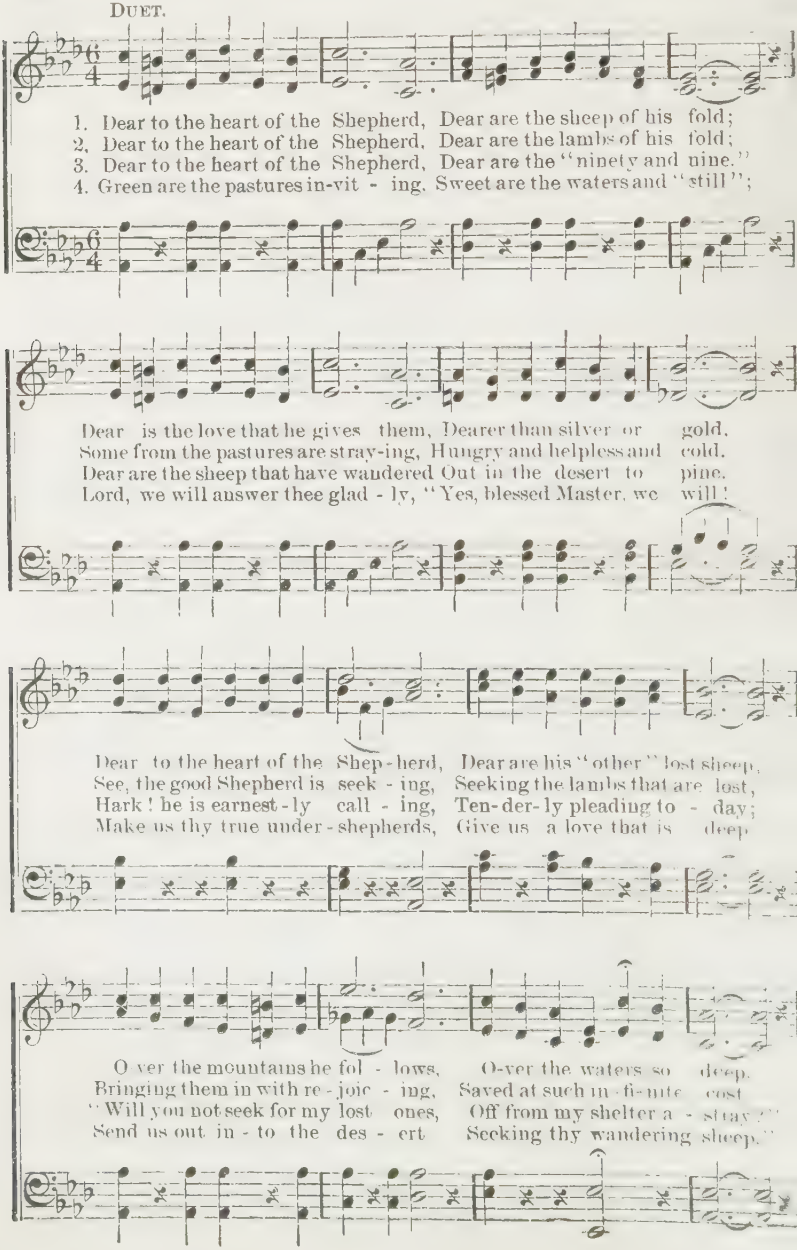
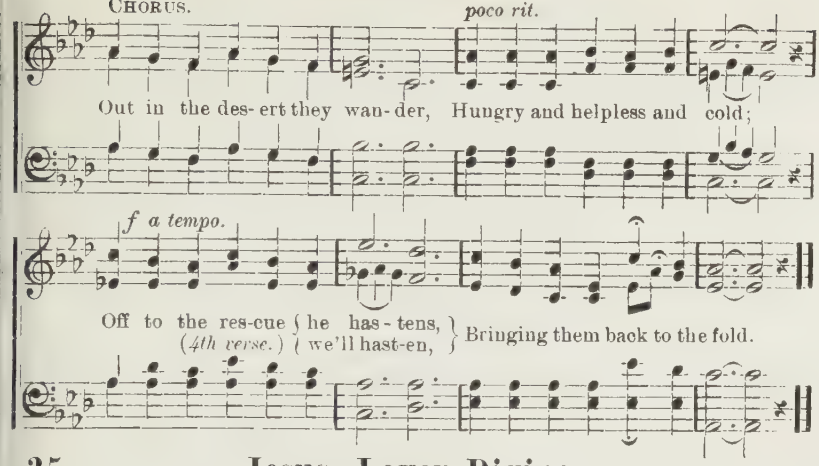
MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET.

1. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the sheep of his fold;
2. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the lambs of his fold;
3. Dear to the heart of the Shepherd, Dear are the "ninety and nine."
4. Green are the pastures in-vit - ing, Sweet are the waters and "still";
Dear is the love that he gives them, Dearer than silver or gold.
Some from the pastures are stray-ing, Hungry and helpless and cold.
Dear are the sheep that have wandered Out in the desert to pine.
Lord, we will answer thee glad - ly, "Yes, blessed Master, we will!
Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are his "other" lost sheep,
See, the good Shepherd is seek - ing, Seeking the lambs that are lost,
Hark! he is earnest-ly call - ing, Ten-der-ly pleading to - day;
Make us thy true under-shepherds, Give us a love that is deep
O-ver the mountains he fol - lows, O-ver the waters so deep.
Bringing them in with re - joic - ing, Saved at such in-fi-nite cost
"Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my shelter a - stray?"
Send us out in - to the des - ert Seeking thy wandering sheep."

Dear to the Heart, etc.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
poco rit.
Out in the des-ert they wan-der, Hungry and helpless and cold;
f a tempo.
Off to the res-cue { he has-tens, / (4th verse.) { we'll hast-en, } Bringing them back to the fold.

35 Jesus, Lover Divine.

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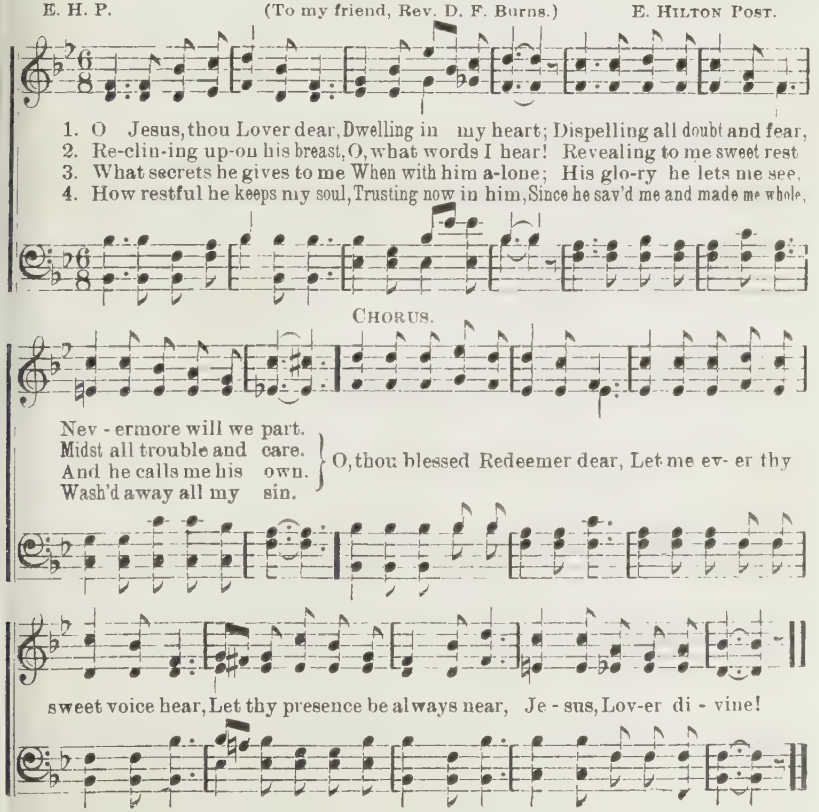
E. H. P. (To my friend, Rev. D. F. Burns.) E. HILTON POST.


1. O Jesus, thou Lover dear, Dwelling in my heart; Dispelling all doubt and fear,
2. Re-clin-ing up-on his breast, O, what words I hear! Revealing to me sweet rest
3. What secrets he gives to me When with him a-lone; His glo-ry he lets me see,
4. How restful he keeps my soul, Trusting now in him, Since he sav'd me and made me whole,
CHORUS.
Nev-ermore will we part. Midst all trouble and care. And he calls me his own. Wash'd away all my sin. } O, thou blessed Redeemer dear, Let me ev-er thy
sweet voice hear, Let thy presence be always near, Je-sus, Lov-er di-vine!

No Wishful Glances.

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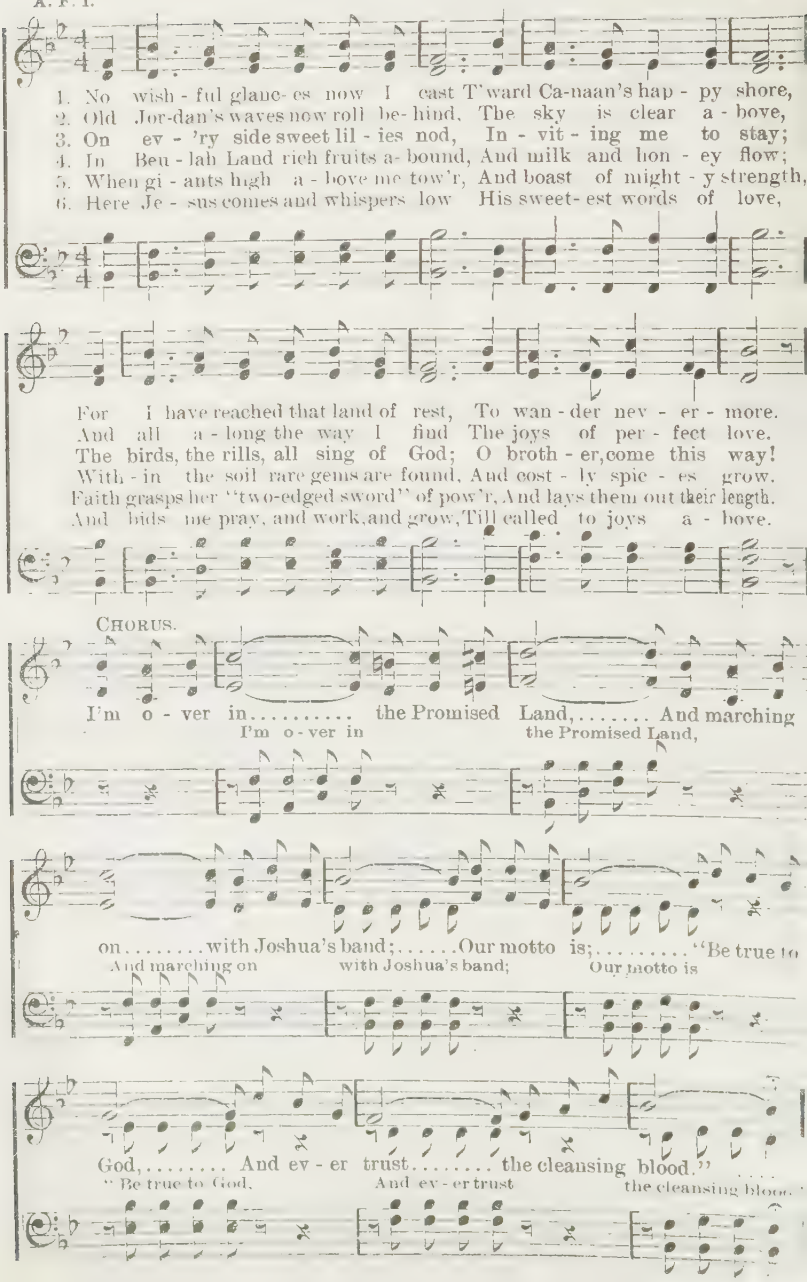
A. F. I.

ARTHUR F. INGLER.

1. No wish - ful glanc- es now I cast T'ward Ca-naan's hap - py shore,
2. Old Jor-dan's waves now roll be- hind, The sky is clear a - bove,
3. On ev - 'ry side sweet lil - ies nod, In - vit - ing me to stay;
4. In Beu - lah Land rich fruits a- bound, And milk and hon - ey flow;
5. When gi - ants high a - bove me tow'r, And boast of might - y strength,
6. Here Je - sus comes and whispers low His sweet- est words of love,
For I have reached that land of rest, To wan - der nev - er - more.
And all a - long the way I find The joys of per - fect love.
The birds, the rills, all sing of God; O broth - er, come this way!
With - in the soil rare gems are found, And cost - ly spic - es grow.
Faith grasps her "two-edged sword" of pow'r, And lays them out their length.
And bids me pray, and work, and grow, Till called to joys a - bove.
CHORUS.
I'm o - ver in..... the Promised Land,..... And marching
I'm o - ver in the Promised Land,
on.....with Joshua's band;.....Our motto is;....."Be true to
And marching on with Joshua's band; Our motto is
God,..... And ev - er trust..... the cleansing blood."
"Be true to God, And ev - er trust the cleansing blood.

I Will Praise Him.

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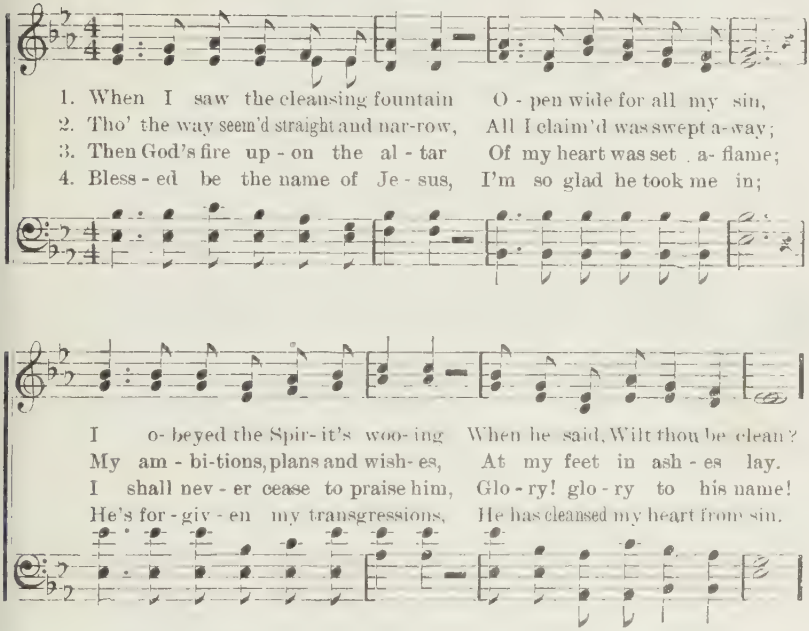
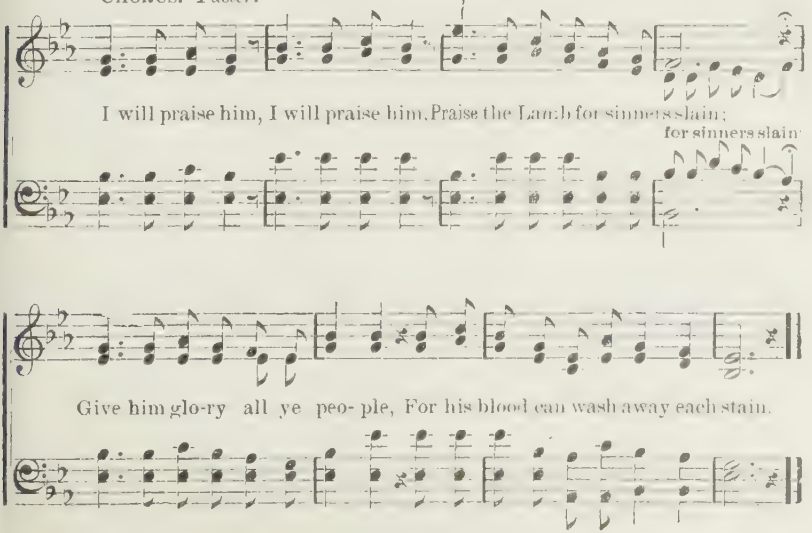
(Dedicated to my Friend, Miss Gertrude Bartholomew.)

M. J. H. MRS. M. J. HARRIS.


1. When I saw the cleansing fountain O - pen wide for all my sin,
2. Tho' the way seem'd straight and nar-row, All I claim'd was swept a-way;
3. Then God's fire up - on the al - tar Of my heart was set a- flame;
4. Bless - ed be the name of Je - sus, I'm so glad he took me in;
I o- beyed the Spir- it's woo- ing When he said, Wilt thou be clean?
My am - bi-tions, plans and wish- es, At my feet in ash - es lay.
I shall nev - er cease to praise him, Glo - ry! glo - ry to his name!
He's for - giv - en my transgressions, He has cleansed my heart from sin.

CHORUS. *Faster.*


I will praise him, I will praise him, Praise the Lamb for sinners slain;
for sinners slain
Give him glo-ry all ye peo- ple, For his blood can wash away each stain.

The Church is Marching On.

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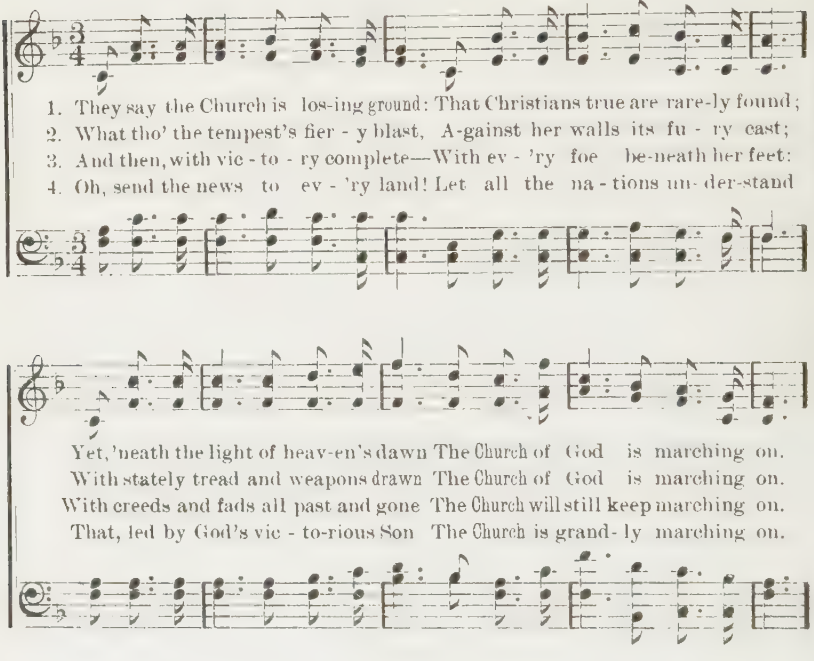
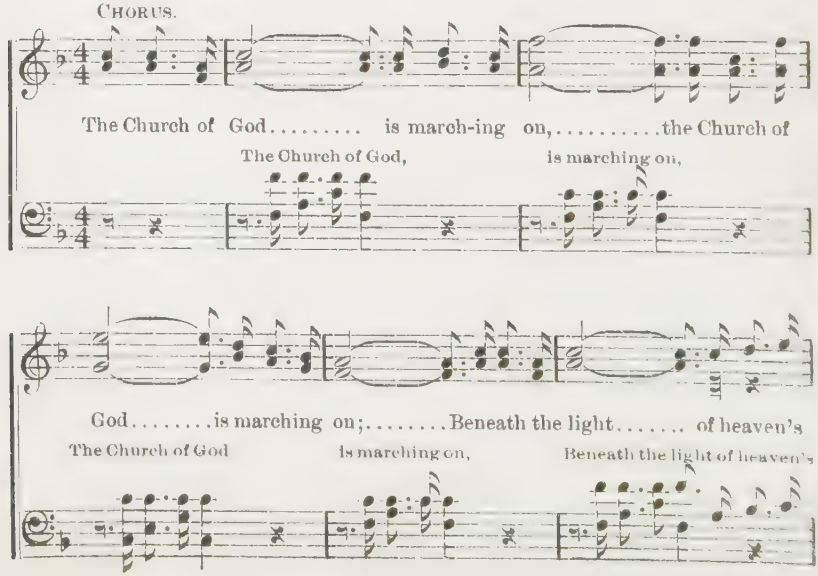
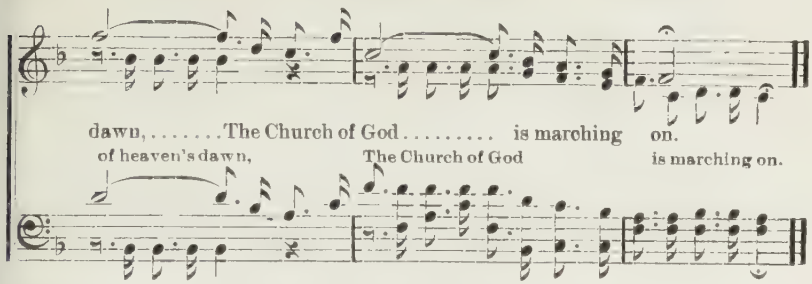
R. C. W. ROLLIN C. WARD.


1. They say the Church is los-ing ground: That Christians true are rare-ly found;
2. What tho' the tempest's fier - y blast, A-gainst her walls its fu - ry cast;
3. And then, with vic - to - ry complete—With ev - 'ry foe be-neath her feet:
4. Oh, send the news to ev - 'ry land! Let all the na - tions un- der-stand
Yet, 'neath the light of heav-en's dawn The Church of God is marching on.
With stately tread and weapons drawn The Church of God is marching on.
With creeds and fads all past and gone The Church will still keep marching on.
That, led by God's vic - to-rious Son The Church is grand- ly marching on.

CHORUS.


The Church of God..... is march-ing on,.....the Church of
The Church of God, is marching on,
God.....is marching on;.....Beneath the light..... of heaven's
The Church of God is marching on, Beneath the light of heaven's

The Church is Marching On.—Concluded.



39 Full Redemption.

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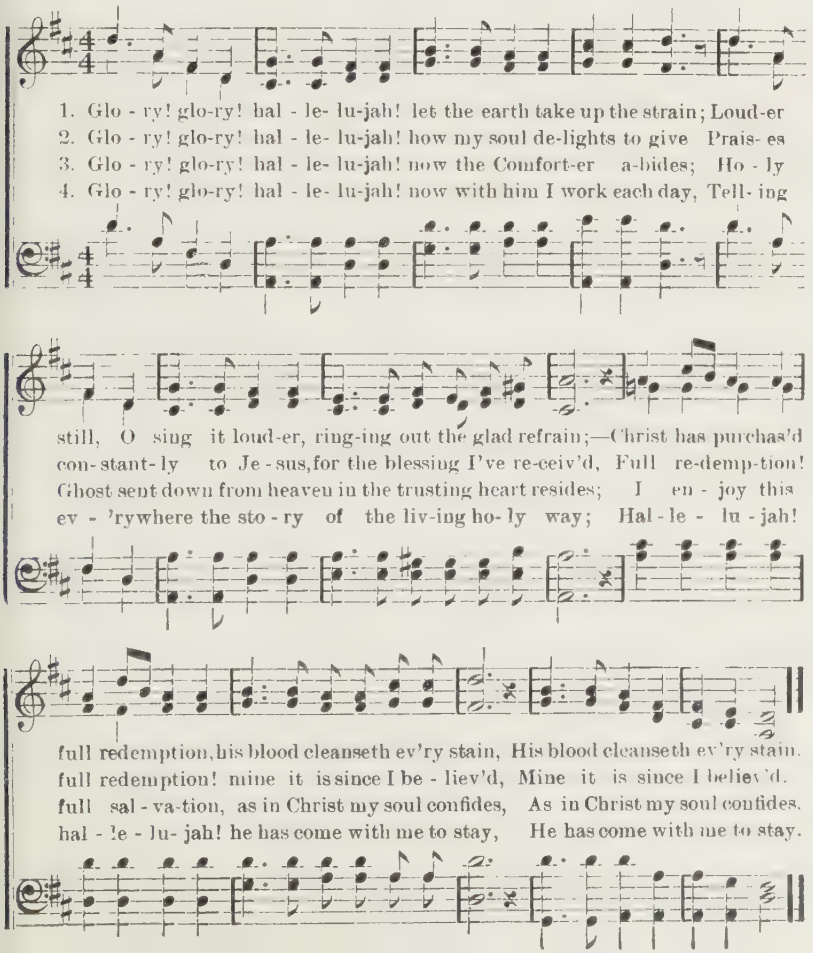
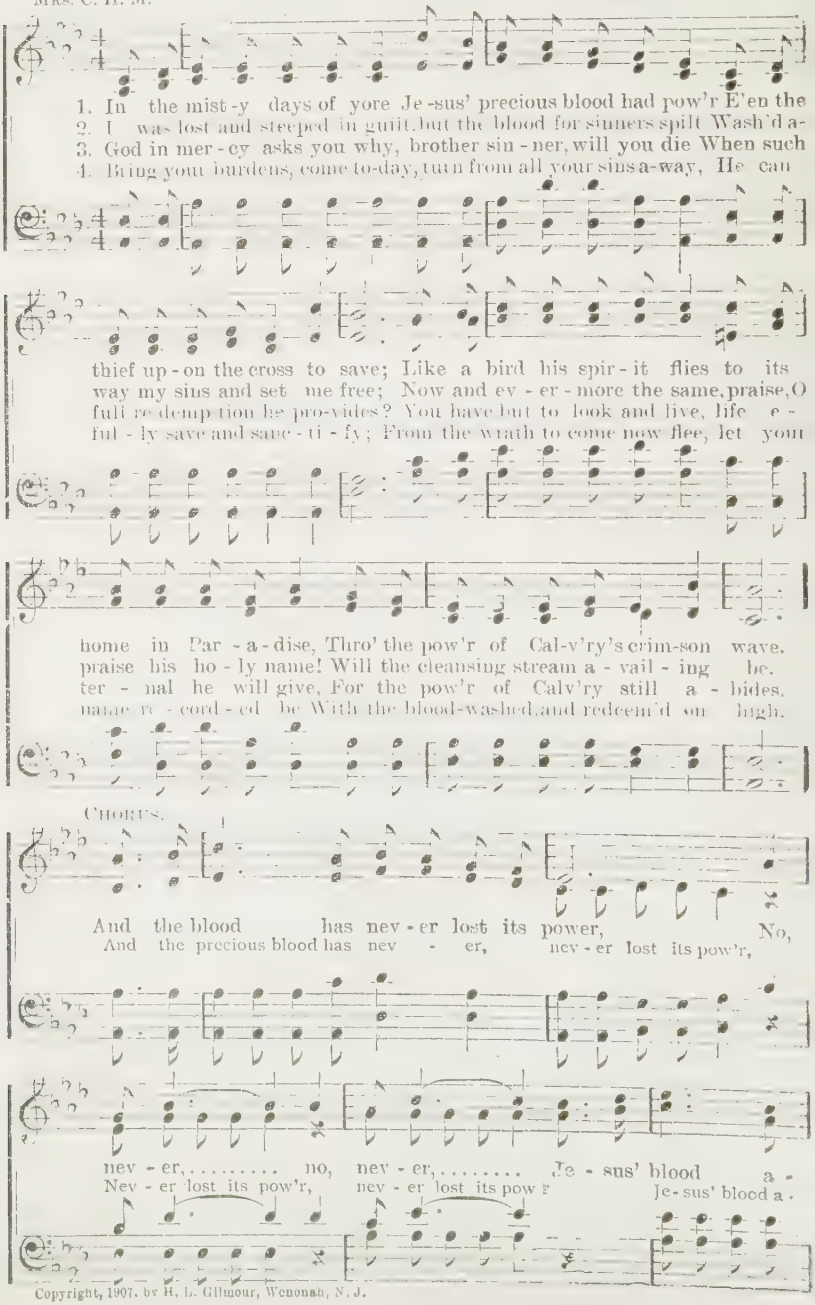
E. H. P. Rev. E. H. Post.


1. Glo - ry! glo-ry! hal - le- lu-jah! let the earth take up the strain; Loud-er still, O sing it loud-er, ring-ing out the glad refrain;—Christ has purchas'd full redemption, his blood cleanseth ev'ry stain, His blood cleanseth ev'ry stain.
2. Glo - ry! glo-ry! hal - le- lu-jah! how my soul de-lights to give Prais- es con- stant- ly to Je - sus, for the blessing I've re-ceiv'd, Full re-demp-tion! full redemption! mine it is since I be - liev'd, Mine it is since I believ'd.
3. Glo - ry! glo-ry! hal - le- lu-jah! now the Comfort-er a-bides; Ho - ly Ghost sent down from heaven in the trusting heart resides; I en - joy this full sal - va-tion, as in Christ my soul confides, As in Christ my soul confides.
4. Glo - ry! glo-ry! hal - le- lu-jah! now with him I work each day, Tell- ing ev - 'rywhere the sto - ry of the liv-ing ho- ly way; Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu- jah! he has come with me to stay, He has come with me to stay.

40 The Blood Has Never Lost Its Power.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. In the mist-y days of yore Je-sus' precious blood had pow'r E'en the
2. I was lost and steeped in guilt, but the blood for sinners spilt Wash'd a-
3. God in mer-cy asks you why, brother sin-ner, will you die When such
4. Bring your burdens, come to-day, turn from all your sins a-way, He can
thief up-on the cross to save; Like a bird his spir-it flies to its
way my sins and set me free; Now and ev-er-more the same, praise, O
full re-demp-tion he pro-vides? You have but to look and live, life e-
ful-ly save and save-ti-fy; From the wrath to come now flee, let your
home in Par-a-dise, Thro' the pow'r of Cal-v'ry's crim-son wave.
praise his ho-ly name! Will the cleansing stream a-vail-ing be.
ter-nal he will give, For the pow'r of Calv'ry still a-bides.
name re-cord-ed be With the blood-washed and redeem'd on high.
CHORUS.
And the blood has nev-er lost its power, No,
And the precious blood has nev-er, nev-er lost its pow'r,
nev-er, ... no, nev-er, ... Je-sus' blood a-
Nev-er lost its pow'r, nev-er lost its pow'r Je-sus' blood a-

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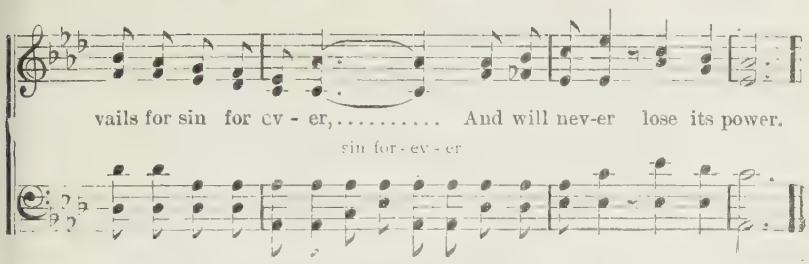
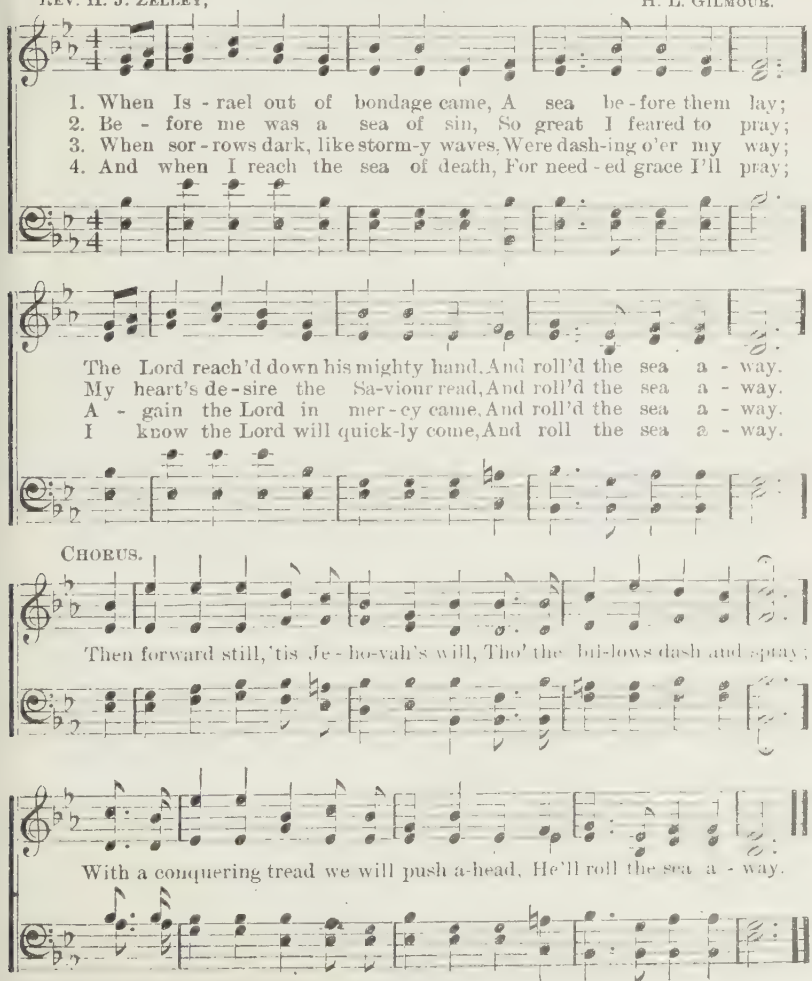
The Blood Has Never Lost Its Power.—Concluded.



41 He Rolled the Sea Away.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY, H. L. GILMOUR.


1. When Is - rael out of bondage came, A sea be - fore them lay;
2. Be - fore me was a sea of sin, So great I feared to pray;
3. When sor - rows dark, like storm-y waves, Were dash-ing o'er my way;
4. And when I reach the sea of death, For need - ed grace I'll pray;
The Lord reach'd down his mighty hand, And roll'd the sea a - way.
My heart's de - sire the Sa-viour read, And roll'd the sea a - way.
A - gain the Lord in mer - cy came, And roll'd the sea a - way.
I know the Lord will quick-ly come, And roll the sea a - way.
CHORUS.
Then forward still, 'tis Je - ho-vah's will, Tho' the bil-lows dash and spray;
With a conquering tread we will push a-head, He'll roll the sea a - way.

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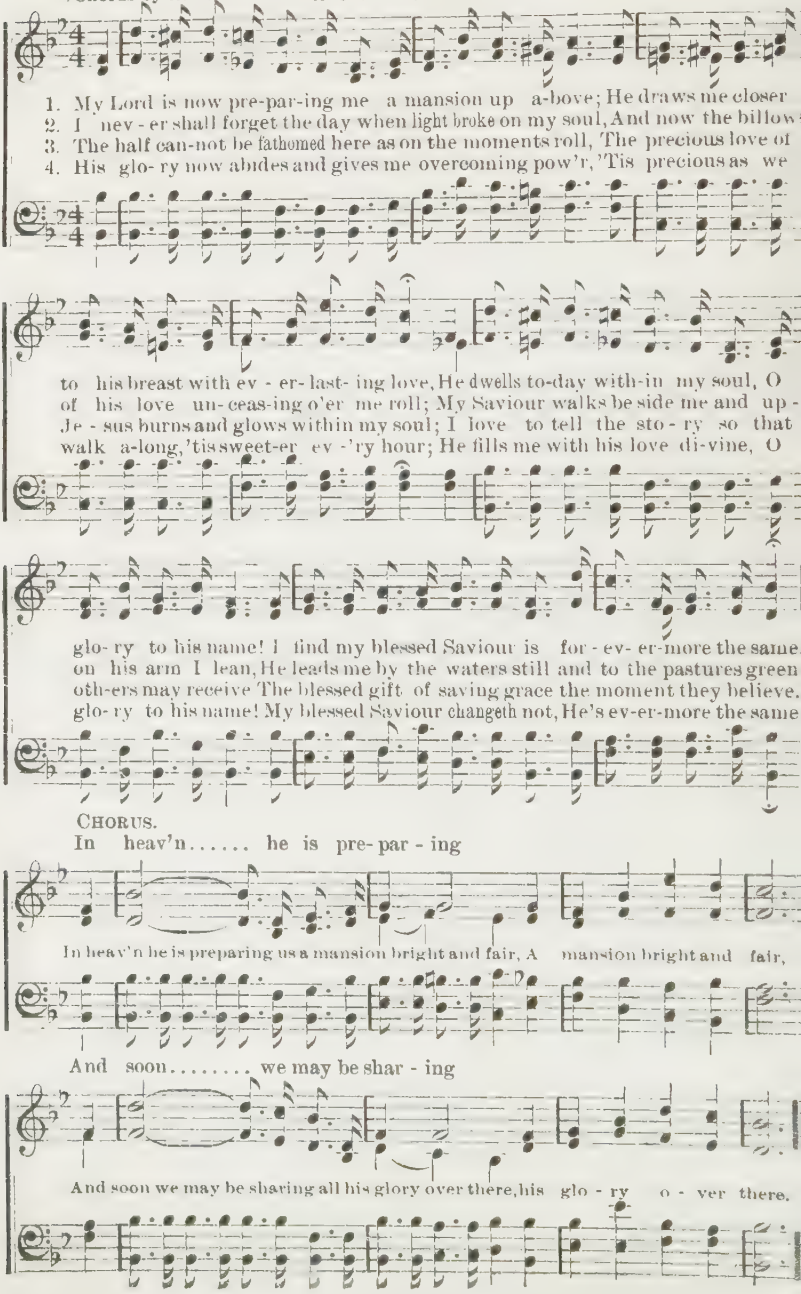
42 The Mansion Bright and Fair.

Words and melody by WM. O. JONES. Harmony by W. A. GALLAHER.
Chorus by A. F. I. Copyright, 1909, by A. F. Ingler.

1. My Lord is now pre-par-ing me a mansion up a-bove; He draws me closer
2. I nev-er shall forget the day when light broke on my soul, And now the billow
3. The half can-not be fathomed here as on the moments roll, The precious love of
4. His glo-ry now abides and gives me overcoming pow'r, 'Tis precious as we
to his breast with ev-er-last-ing love, He dwells to-day with-in my soul, O
of his love un-ceas-ing o'er me roll; My Saviour walks be side me and up-
Je-sus burns and glows within my soul; I love to tell the sto-ry so that
walk a-long, 'tis sweet-er ev-'ry hour; He fills me with his love di-vine, O
glo-ry to his name! I find my blessed Saviour is for-ev-er-more the same
on his arm I lean, He leads me by the waters still and to the pastures green
oth-ers may receive The blessed gift of saving grace the moment they believe.
glo-ry to his name! My blessed Saviour changeth not, He's ev-er-more the same
CHORUS.
In heav'n..... he is pre-par-ing
In heav'n he is preparing us a mansion bright and fair, A mansion bright and fair,
And soon..... we may be shar-ing
And soon we may be sharing all his glory over there, his glo-ry o-ver there.

He's Coming Some Day.

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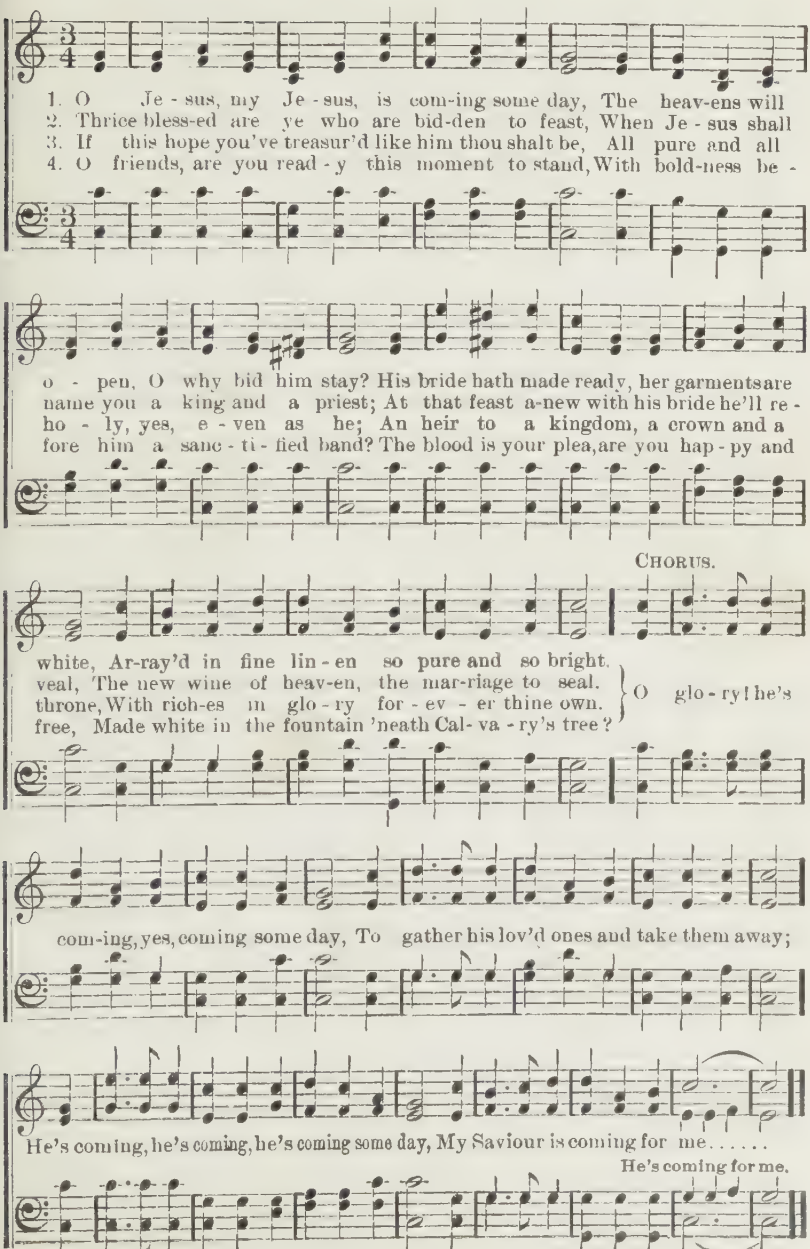
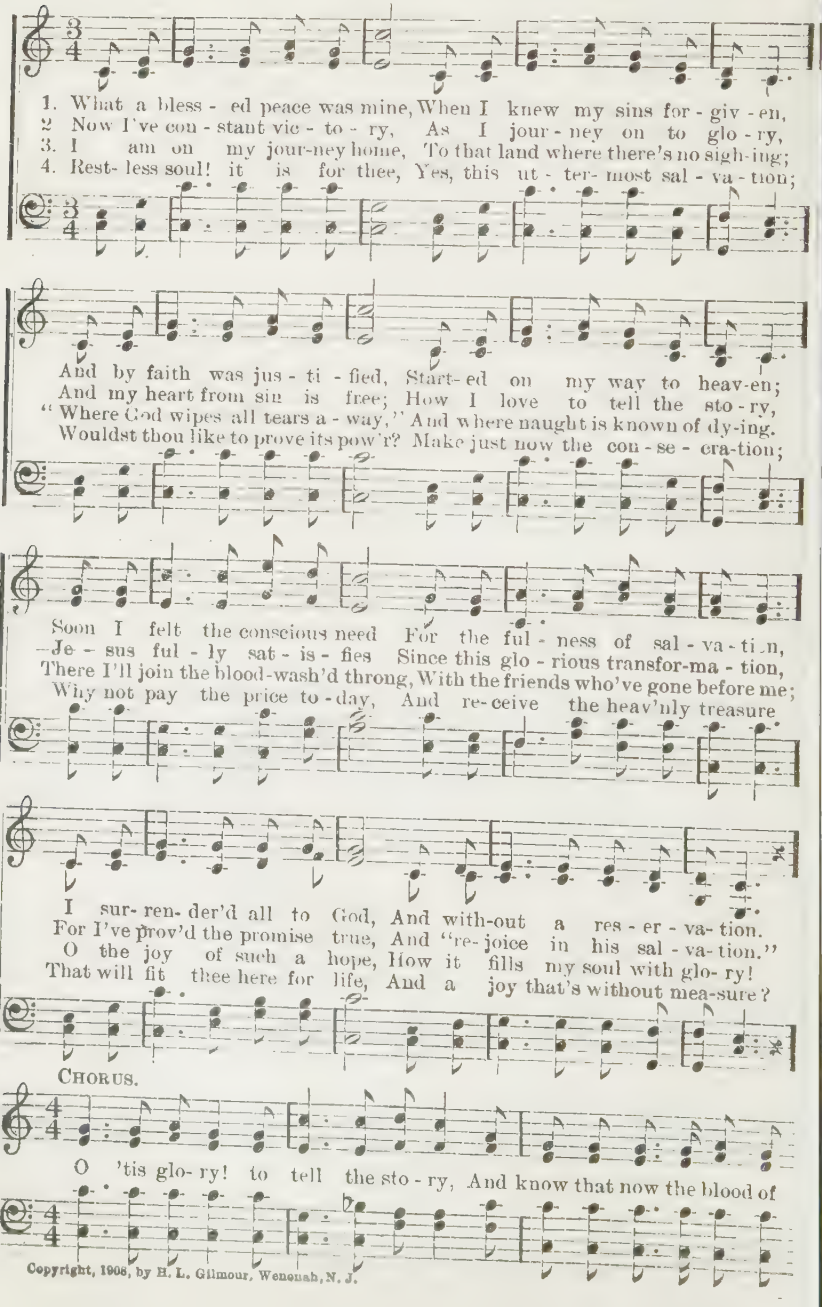
E. A. KILBOURNE. A. F. INGLER.

1. O Je - sus, my Je - sus, is com-ing some day, The heav-ens will
2. Thrice bless-ed are ye who are bid-den to feast, When Je - sus shall
3. If this hope you've treasur'd like him thou shalt be, All pure and all
4. O friends, are you read - y this moment to stand, With bold-ness be -
o - pen, O why bid him stay? His bride hath made ready, her garments are
name you a king and a priest; At that feast a-new with his bride he'll re -
ho - ly, yes, e - ven as he; An heir to a kingdom, a crown and a
fore him a sanc - ti - fied band? The blood is your plea, are you hap - py and
CHORUS.
white, Ar-ray'd in fine lin - en so pure and so bright.
veal, The new wine of heav-en, the mar-riage to seal.
throne, With rich-es in glo - ry for - ev - er thine own.
free, Made white in the fountain 'neath Cal- va - ry's tree?
O glo - ry! he's
com-ing, yes, coming some day, To gather his lov'd ones and take them away;
He's coming, he's coming, he's coming some day, My Saviour is coming for me.....
He's coming for me.

The Fulness of Blessing.

H. L.

H. Lopez.
Arr. by Pauline Gilmour Hatch.

1. What a bless - ed peace was mine, When I knew my sins for - giv - en,
2 Now I've con - stant vic - to - ry, As I jour - ney on to glo - ry,
3. I am on my jour-ney home, To that land where there's no sigh-ing;
4. Rest- less soul! it is for thee, Yes, this ut - ter- most sal - va - tion;
And by faith was jus - ti - fied, Start-ed on my way to heav-en;
And my heart from sin is free; How I love to tell the sto - ry,
"Where God wipes all tears a - way," And where naught is known of dy-ing.
Wouldst thou like to prove its pow'r? Make just now the con - se - cra-tion;
Soon I felt the conscious need For the ful - ness of sal - va - tion,
Je - sus ful - ly sat - is - fies Since this glo - rious transfor-ma - tion,
There I'll join the blood-wash'd throng, With the friends who've gone before me;
Why not pay the price to - day, And re- ceive the heav'nly treasure
I sur- ren- der'd all to God, And with-out a res - er - va- tion.
For I've prov'd the promise true, And "re- joice in his sal - va- tion."
O the joy of such a hope, How it fills my soul with glo- ry!
That will fit thee here for life, And a joy that's without mea-sure?
Chorus.
O 'tis glo- ry! to tell the sto - ry, And know that now the blood of

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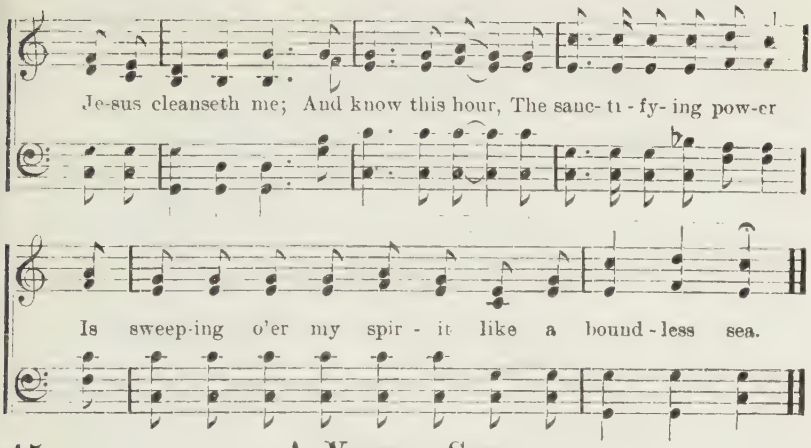
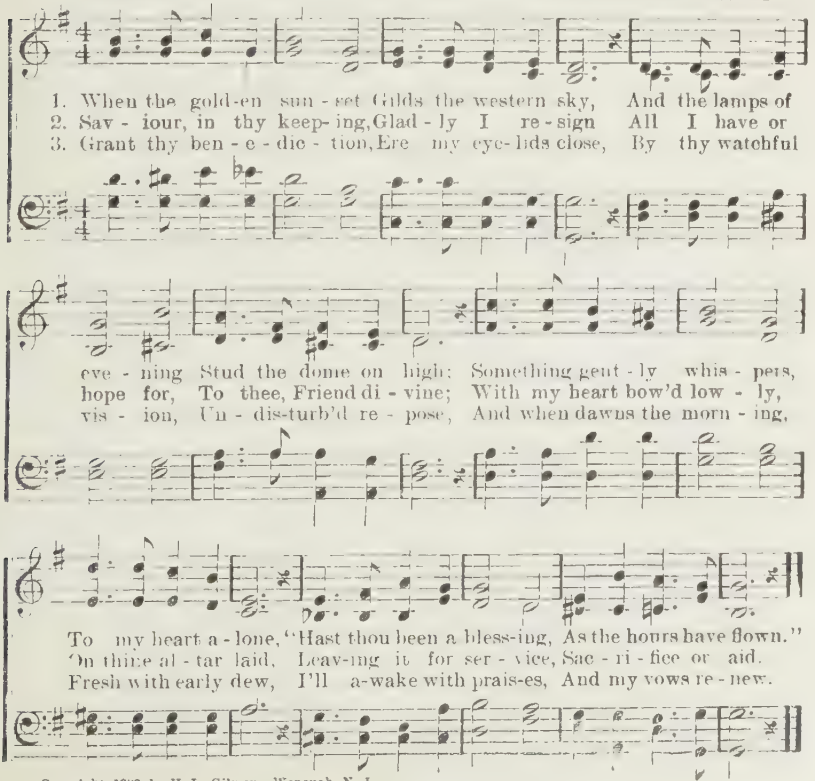


45 A Vesper Song.

"At evening time it shall be light."—Zech. 14: 7.

H. L. GILMOUR. PAULINE GILMOUR HATCH.

1. When the gold-en sun-set Gilds the western sky, And the lamps of
2. Sav-iour, in thy keep-ing, Glad-ly I re-sign All I have or
3. Grant thy ben-e-dic-tion, Ere my eye-lids close, By thy watchful
eve-ning Stud the dome on high; Something gent-ly whis-pers,
hope for, To thee, Friend di-vine; With my heart bow'd low-ly,
vis-ion, Un-dis-turb'd re-pose, And when dawns the morn-ing,
To my heart a-lone, "Hast thou been a bless-ing, As the hours have flown."
On thine al-tar laid, Leav-ing it for ser-vice, Sac-ri-fice or aid.
Fresh with early dew, I'll a-wake with prais-es, And my vows re-new.

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The River of Life.

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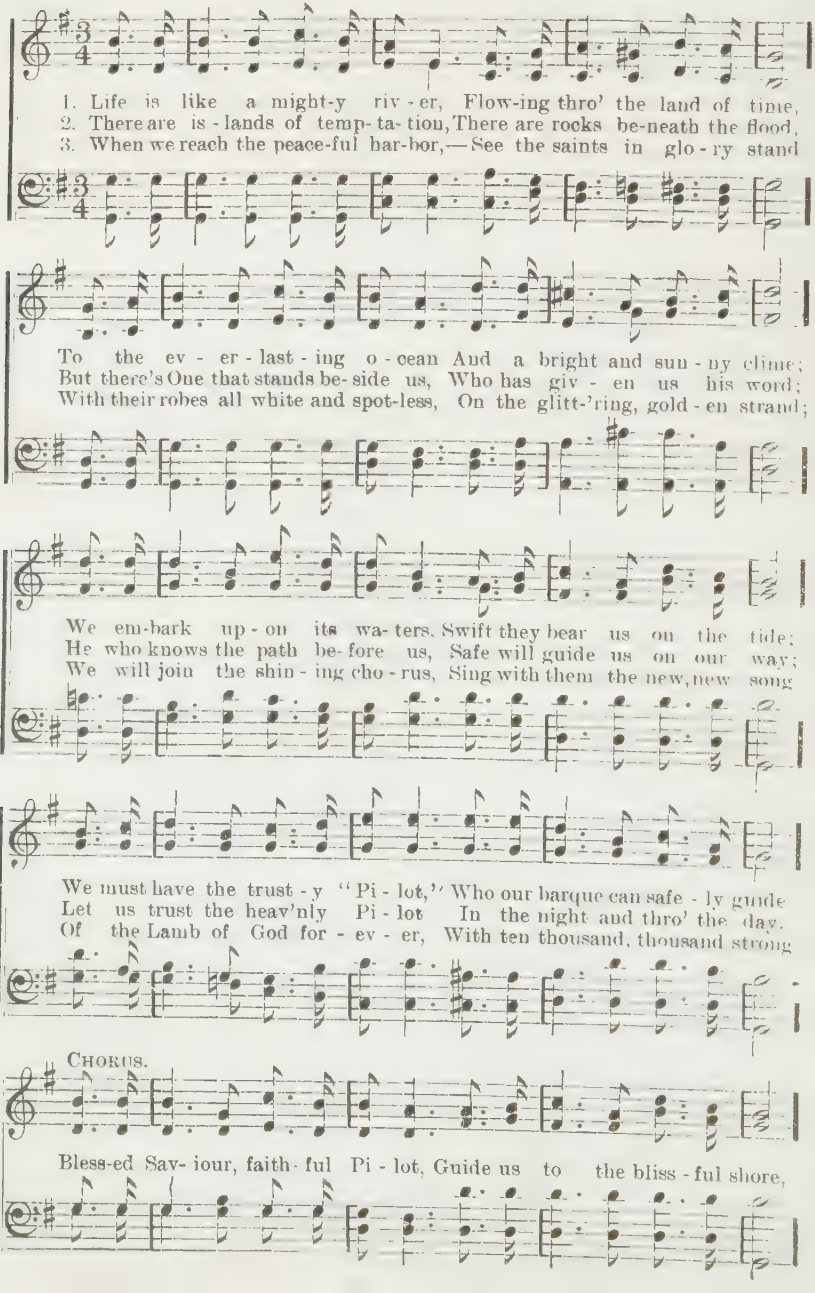
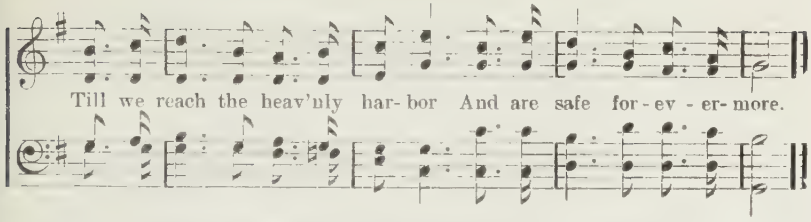
R. F. Reynolds. Arthur F. Ingler.

1. Life is like a might-y riv - er, Flow-ing thro' the land of time,
2. There are is - lands of temp- ta- tion, There are rocks be-neath the flood,
3. When we reach the peace-ful har-bor,—See the saints in glo - ry stand
To the ev - er - last - ing o - cean And a bright and sun - ny clime;
But there's One that stands be- side us, Who has giv - en us his word;
With their robes all white and spot-less, On the glitt-'ring, gold - en strand;
We em-bark up - on its wa- ters. Swift they bear us on the tide;
He who knows the path be- fore us, Safe will guide us on our way;
We will join the shin - ing cho - rus, Sing with them the new, new song
We must have the trust - y "Pi - lot," Who our barque can safe - ly guide
Let us trust the heav'nly Pi - lot In the night and thro' the day.
Of the Lamb of God for - ev - er, With ten thousand, thousand strong
Chorus.
Bless-ed Sav- iour, faith- ful Pi - lot, Guide us to the bliss - ful shore,

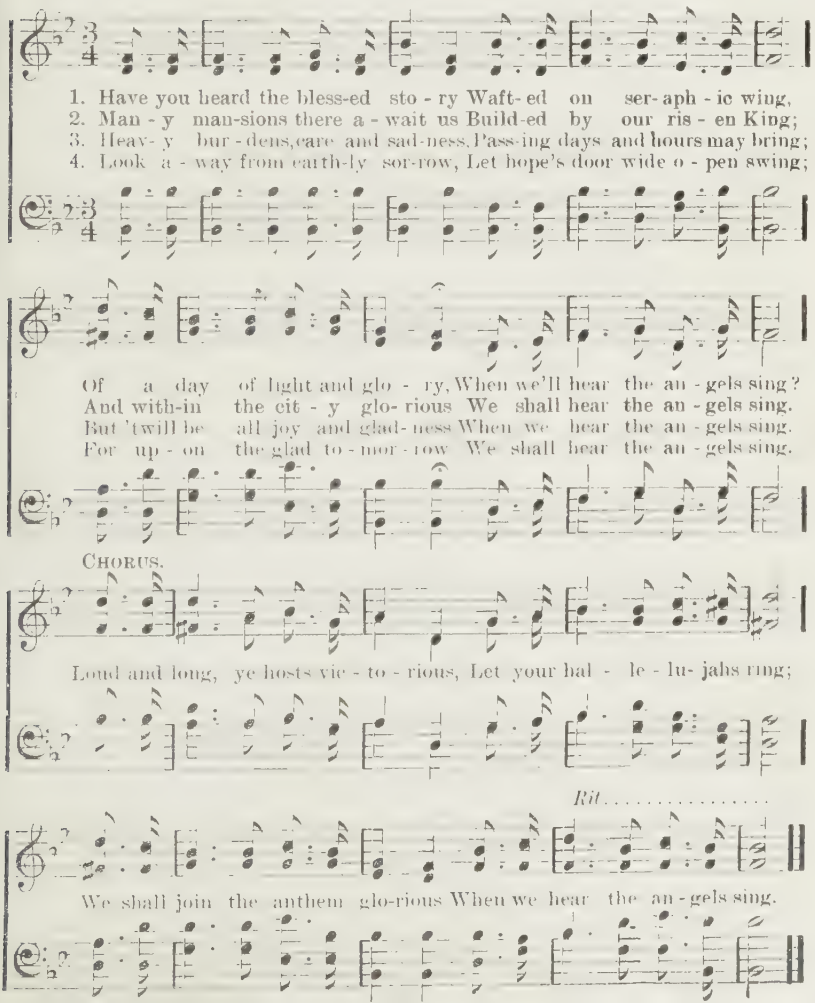
The River of Life.—Concluded.



47 When We Hear the Angels Sing.

Copyright, 1909, by A. F. Ingler.

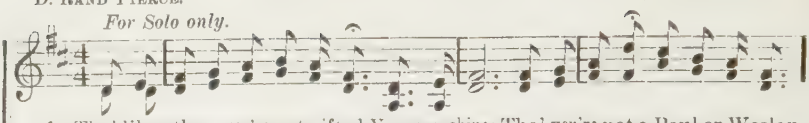
R. C. W. R. C. WARD.


1. Have you heard the bless-ed sto-ry Waft-ed on ser-aph-ic wing,
2. Man-y man-sions there a-wait us Build-ed by our ris-en King;
3. Heav-y bur-dens, care and sad-ness, Pass-ing days and hours may bring;
4. Look a-way from earth-ly sor-row, Let hope's door wide o-pen swing;
Of a day of light and glo-ry, When we'll hear the an-gels sing?
And with-in the cit-y glo-rious We shall hear the an-gels sing.
But 'twill be all joy and glad-ness When we hear the an-gels sing.
For up-on the glad to-mor-row We shall hear the an-gels sing.
CHORUS.
Loud and long, ye hosts vic-to-rious, Let your hal-le-lu-jahs ring;
Rit.
We shall join the anthem glo-rious When we hear the an-gels sing.

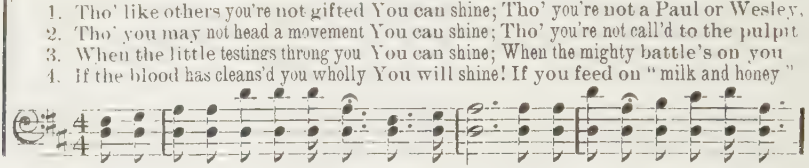
You Will Shine!

D. Rand Pierce. T. E. Killgrove.

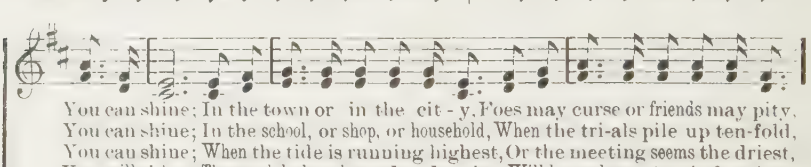
For Solo only.



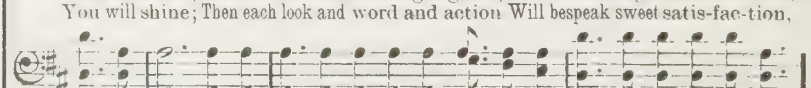
1. Tho' like others you're not gifted You can shine; Tho' you're not a Paul or Wesley,
2. Tho' you may not head a movement You can shine; Tho' you're not call'd to the pulpit
3. When the little testings throng you You can shine; When the mighty battle's on you
4. If the blood has cleans'd you wholly You will shine! If you feed on "milk and honey"



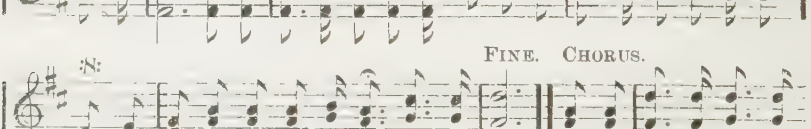
You can shine; In the town or in the cit - y, Foes may curse or friends may pity,
You can shine; In the school, or shop, or household, When the tri-als pile up ten-fold,
You can shine; When the tide is running highest, Or the meeting seems the driest,
You will shine; Then each look and word and action Will bespeak sweet satis-fac-tion,

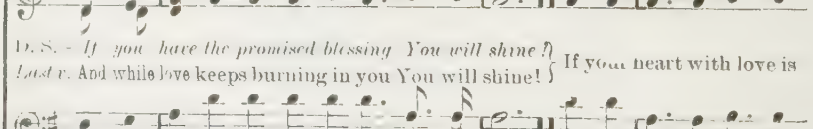


Fine. Chorus.

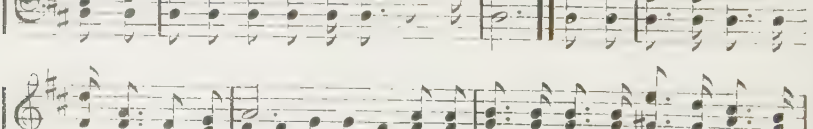


D. S. - *If you have the promised blessing You will shine!*
Last v. And while love keeps burning in you You will shine!

If your heart with love is

burning you will shine, And your dai - ly life re-flect a light di -
yes, you will shine,



D.S.

vine; If your all is on the al- tar and the Comfort-er a-bides—
a light di-vine;

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Let Your Light Shine.

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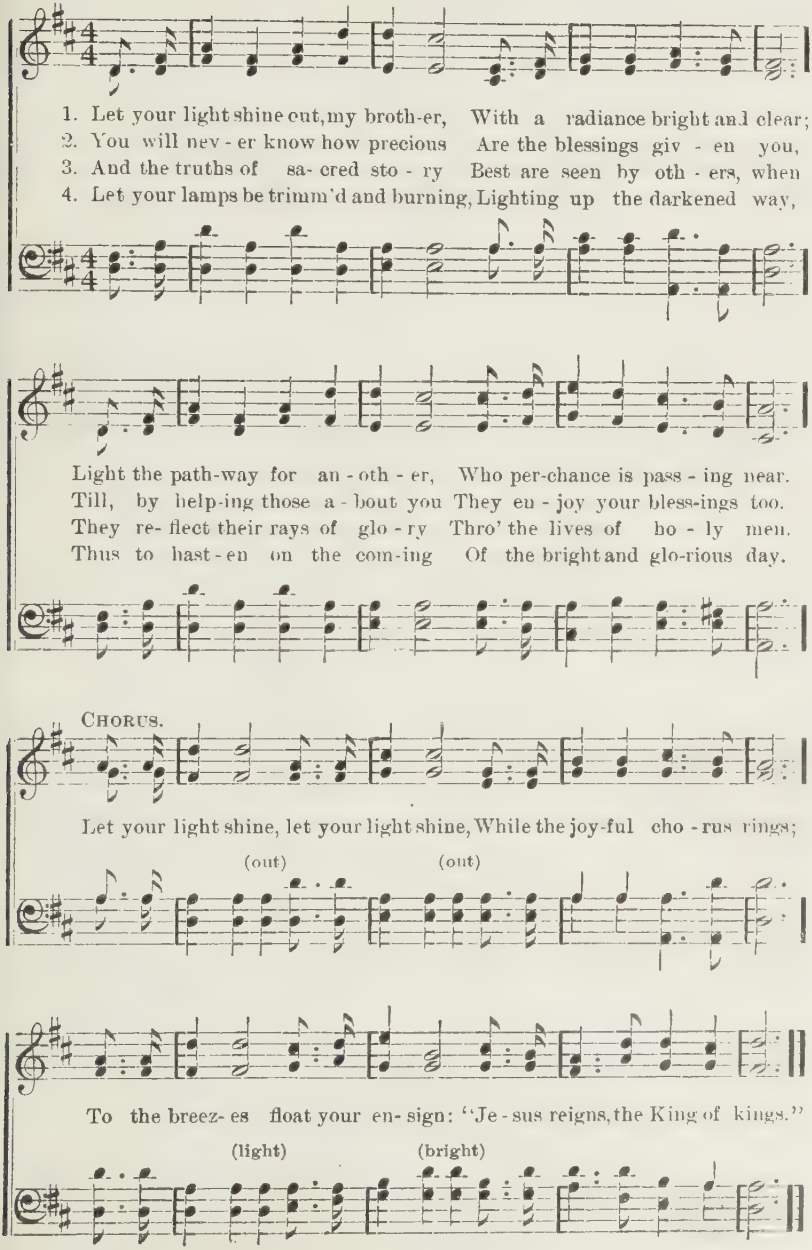
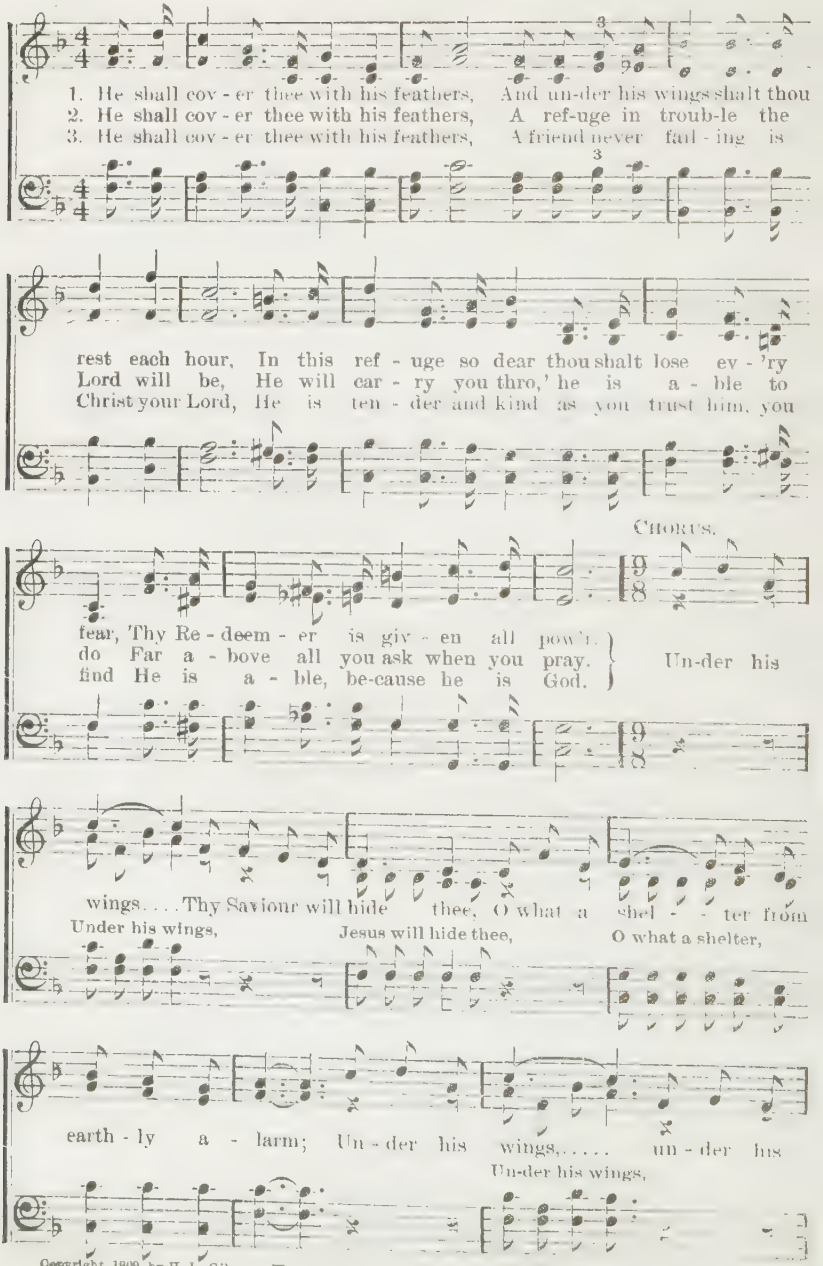
R. C. W. R. C. Ward


1. Let your light shine out, my broth-er, With a radiance bright and clear;
2. You will nev - er know how precious Are the blessings giv - en you,
3. And the truths of sa- cred sto - ry Best are seen by oth - ers, when
4. Let your lamps be trimm'd and burning, Lighting up the darkened way,
Light the path-way for an - oth - er, Who per-chance is pass - ing near.
Till, by help-ing those a - bout you They en - joy your bless-ings too.
They re- flect their rays of glo - ry Thro' the lives of ho - ly men.
Thus to hast-en on the com-ing Of the bright and glo-rious day.
Chorus.
Let your light shine, let your light shine, While the joy-ful cho - rus rings;
(out)
(out)
To the breez- es float your en- sign: "Je - sus reigns, the King of kings."
(light)
(bright)

Under His Wings.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. He shall cov - er thee with his feathers, And un-der his wings shalt thou
2. He shall cov - er thee with his feathers, A ref-uge in troub-le the
3. He shall cov - er thee with his feathers, A friend never fail - ing is
rest each hour, In this ref - uge so dear thou shalt lose ev - 'ry
Lord will be, He will car - ry you thro,' he is a - ble to
Christ your Lord, He is ten - der and kind as you trust him, you
CHORUS.
fear, Thy Re - deem - er is giv - en all pow'r.
do Far a - bove all you ask when you pray.
find He is a - ble, be-cause he is God.
Un-der his
wings.... Thy Saviour will hide thee, O what a shel - - ter from
Under his wings, Jesus will hide thee, O what a shelter,
earth - ly a - larm; Un - der his wings,..... un - der his
Un-der his wings,

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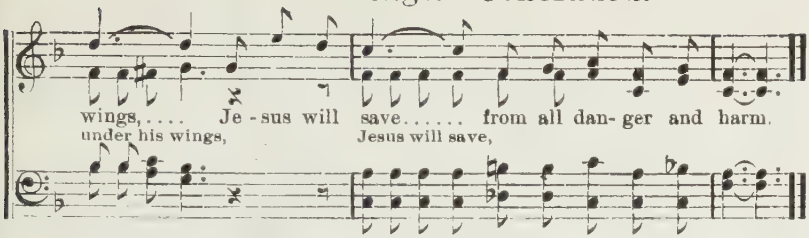
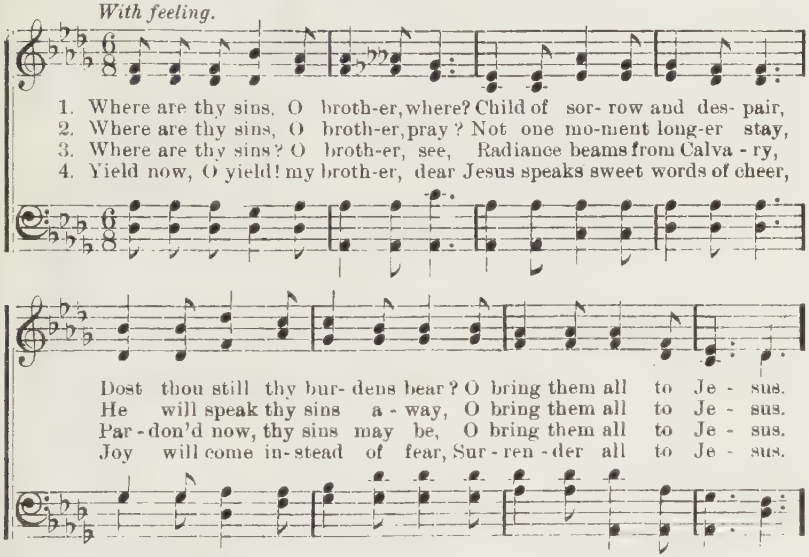
Under His Wings.—Concluded.



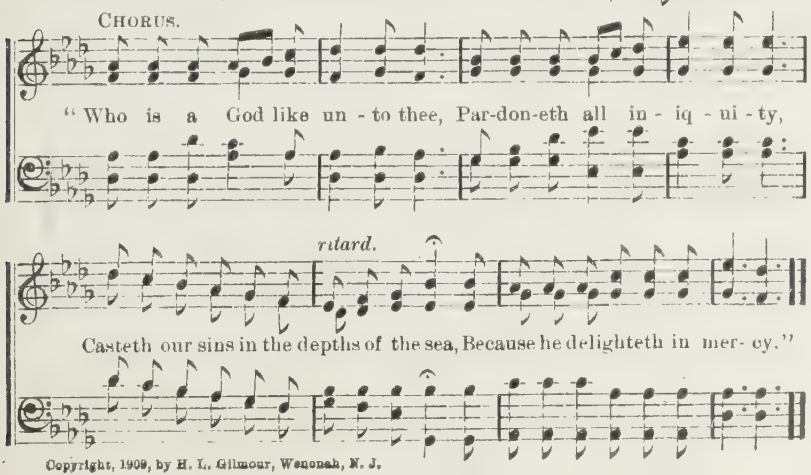
51 Where Are Thy Sins?

CLARA J. DENTON. MICAH 7: 18, 19. H. L. GILMOUR.

With feeling.


1. Where are thy sins, O broth-er, where? Child of sor- row and des- pair,
2. Where are thy sins, O broth-er, pray? Not one mo-ment long-er stay,
3. Where are thy sins? O broth-er, see, Radiance beams from Calva - ry,
4. Yield now, O yield! my broth-er, dear Jesus speaks sweet words of cheer,
Dost thou still thy bur- dens bear? O bring them all to Je - sus.
He will speak thy sins a - way, O bring them all to Je - sus.
Par - don'd now, thy sins may be, O bring them all to Je - sus.
Joy will come in- stead of fear, Sur - ren - der all to Je - sus.

CHORUS.


"Who is a God like un - to thee, Par-don-eth all in - iq - ui - ty,
ritard.
Casteth our sins in the depths of the sea, Because he delighteth in mer- cy."

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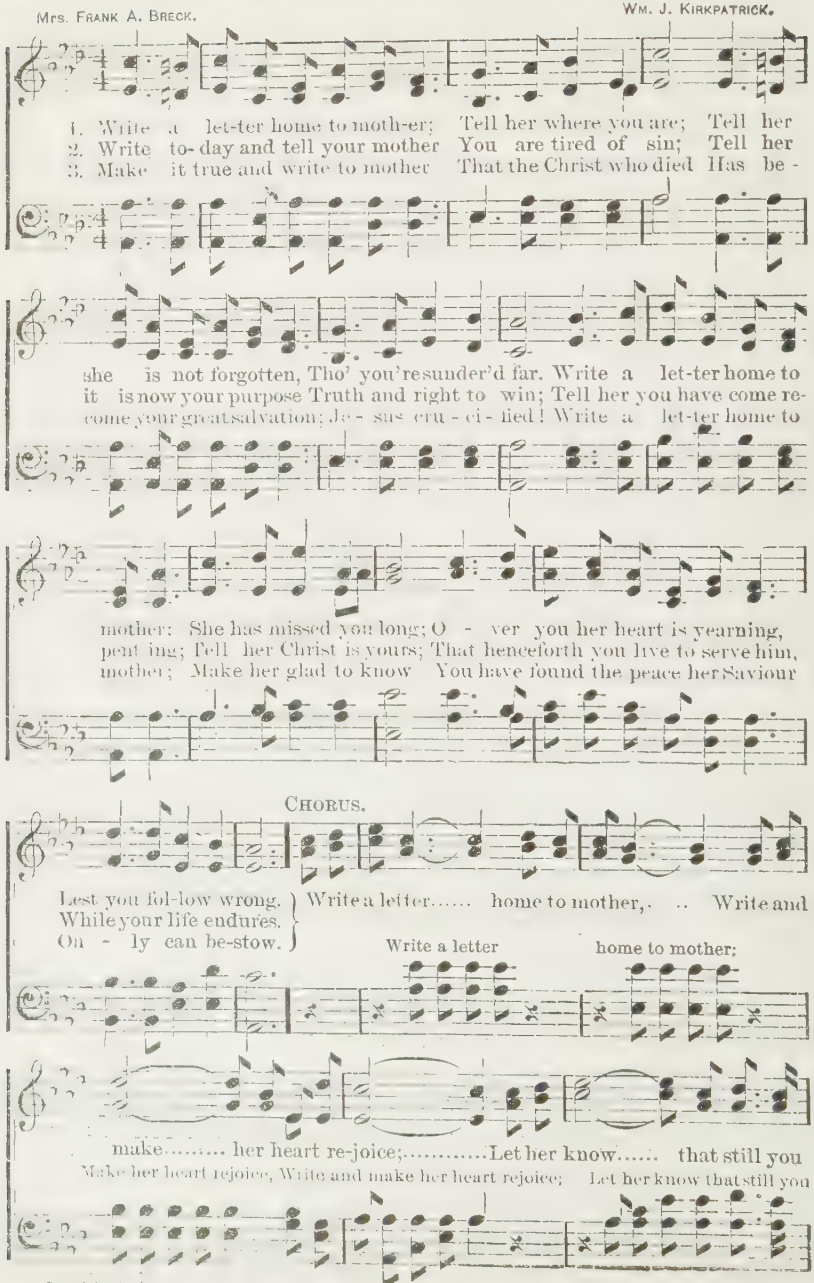
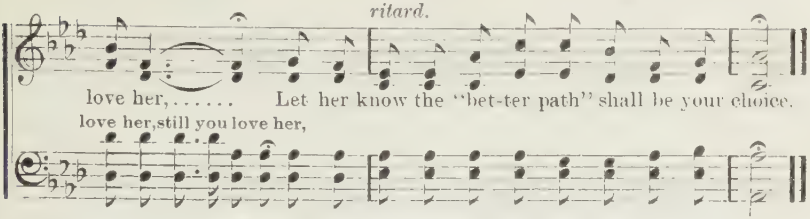
Write a Letter Home to Mother.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Write a let-ter home to moth-er; Tell her where you are; Tell her
2. Write to-day and tell your mother You are tired of sin; Tell her
3. Make it true and write to mother That the Christ who died Has be-
she is not forgotten, Tho' you're sunder'd far. Write a let-ter home to
it is now your purpose Truth and right to win; Tell her you have come re-
come your great salvation; Je- sus cru - ci - fied! Write a let-ter home to
mother: She has missed you long; O - ver you her heart is yearning,
pent ing; Tell her Christ is yours; That henceforth you live to serve him,
mother; Make her glad to know You have found the peace her Saviour
CHORUS.
Lest you fol-low wrong. While your life endures. On - ly can be-stow. } Write a letter..... home to mother, . .. Write and
Write a letter home to mother;
make..... her heart re-joice;.....Let her know..... that still you
Make her heart rejoice, Write and make her heart rejoice; Let her know that still you

Copyright, 1906, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



53 Some Mother's Child.

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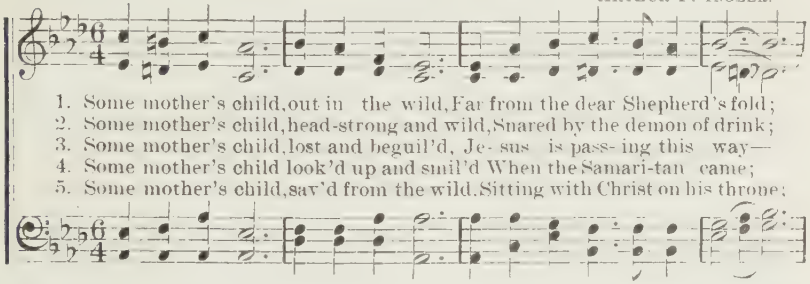
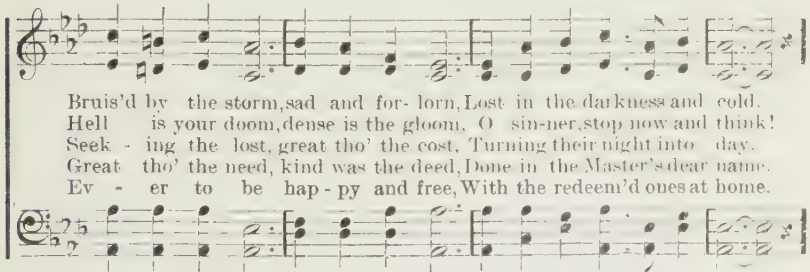
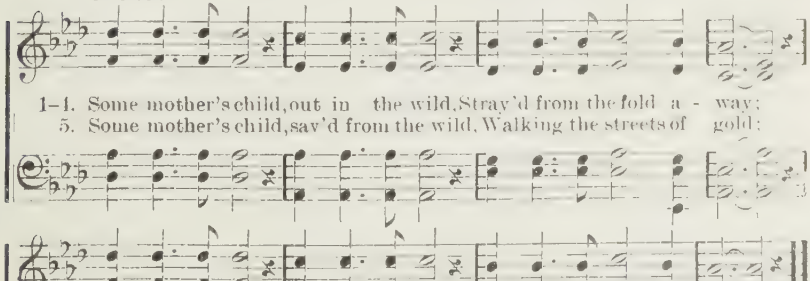
A. F. I. ARTHUR F. INGLER.


1. Some mother's child, out in the wild, Far from the dear Shepherd's fold;
2. Some mother's child, head-strong and wild, Snared by the demon of drink;
3. Some mother's child, lost and beguil'd, Je- sus is pass- ing this way—
4. Some mother's child look'd up and smil'd When the Samari-tan came;
5. Some mother's child, sav'd from the wild, Sitting with Christ on his throne;

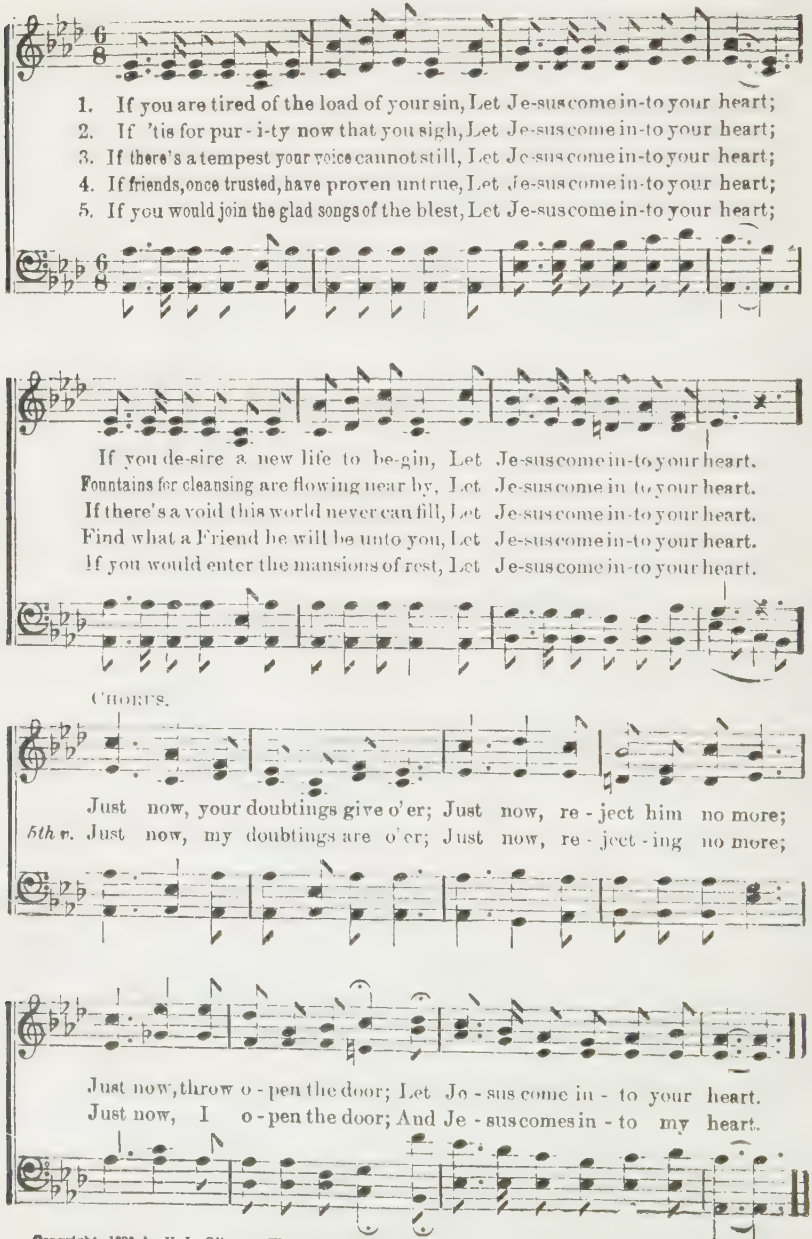

Bruis'd by the storm, sad and for- lorn, Lost in the darkness and cold.
Hell is your doom, dense is the gloom, O sin-ner, stop now and think!
Seek - ing the lost, great tho' the cost, Turning their night into day.
Great tho' the need, kind was the deed, Done in the Master's dear name.
Ev - er to be hap - py and free, With the redeem'd ones at home.

CHORUS.


1–4. Some mother's child, out in the wild, Stray'd from the fold a - way;
5. Some mother's child, sav'd from the wild, Walking the streets of gold;
Lov'd ones are there, pleading in pray'r, Praying for you all day.
Ev - er to be, hap - py and free, Safe in the heav'nly fold.

54 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur-i-ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;
If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je-sus come in to your heart.
If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
Find what a Friend he will be unto you, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
CHORUS.
Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re-ject him no more;
5th v. Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re-ject-ing no more;
Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
Just now, I o-pen the door; And Je-sus comes in-to my heart.

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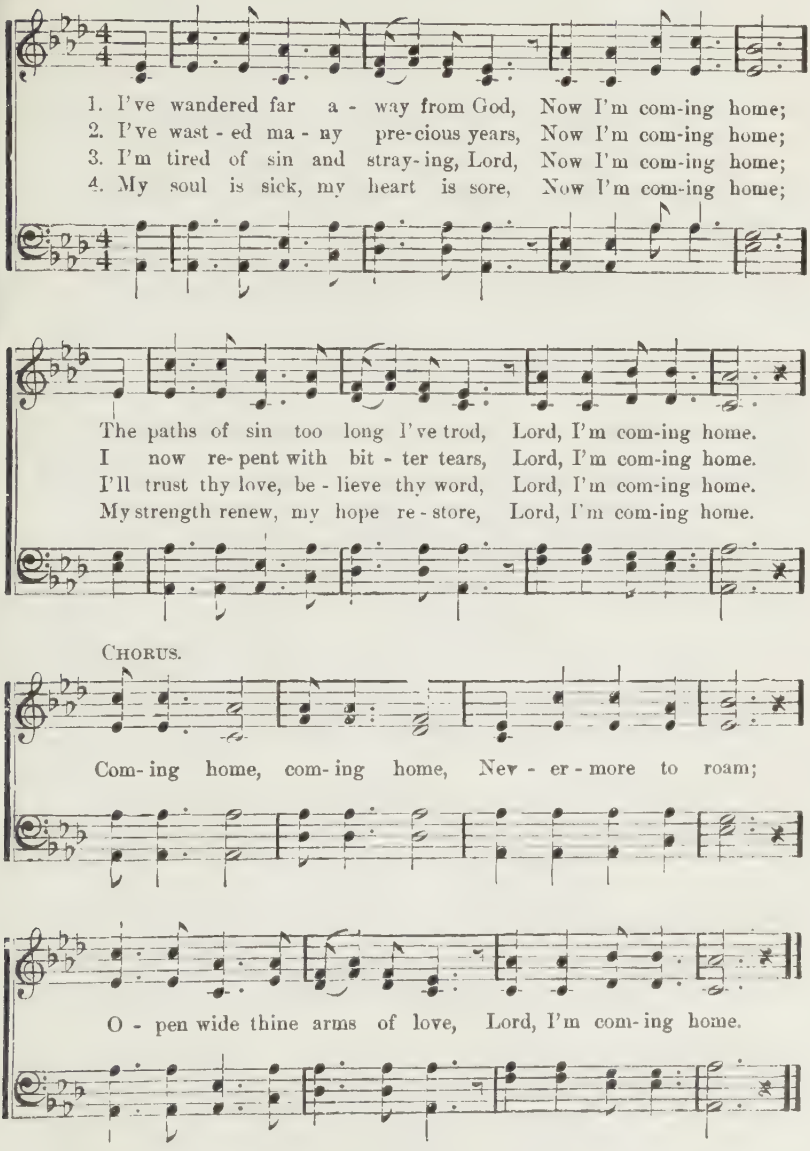
55 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength renew, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
Chorus.
Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;
O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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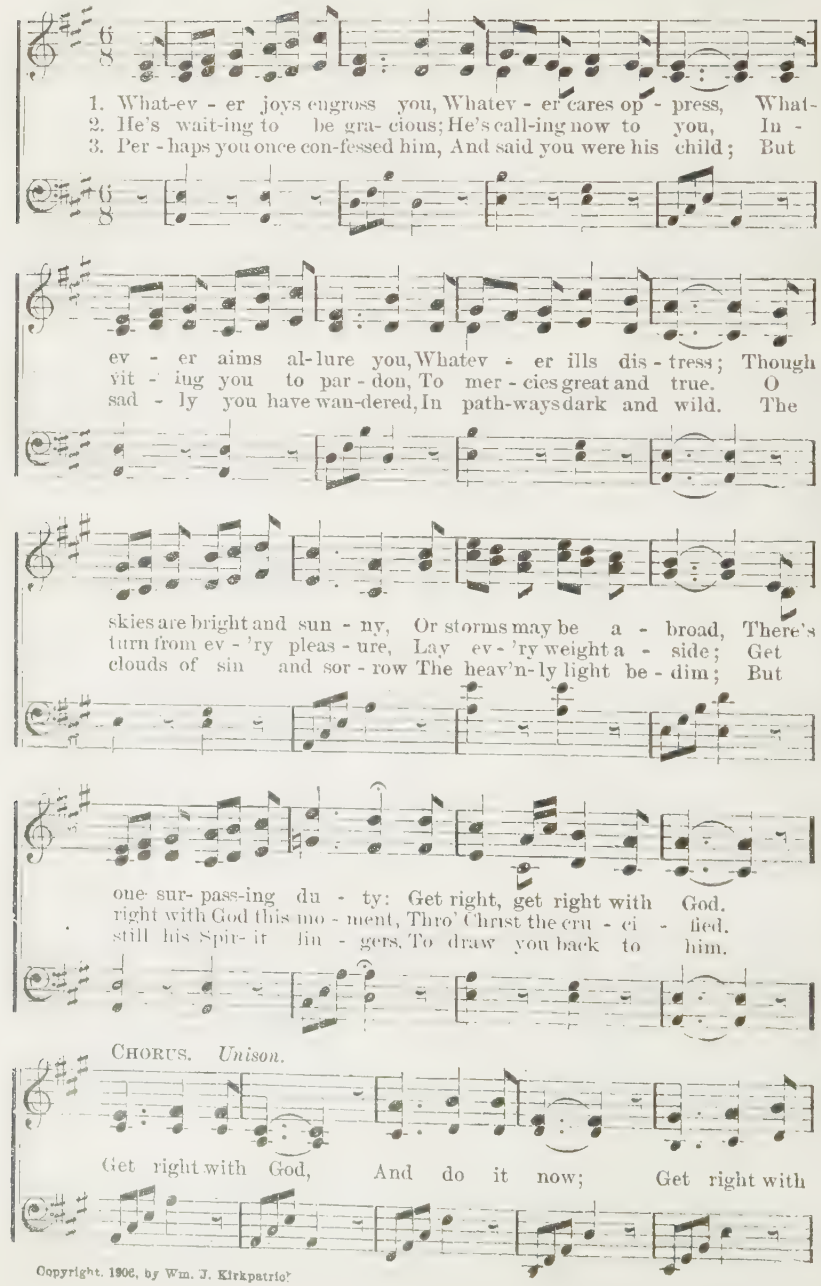
Get Right with God.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. What-ev - er joys engross you, Whatev - er cares op - press, What-
2. He's wait-ing to be gra- cious; He's call-ing now to you, In -
3. Per - haps you once con-fessed him, And said you were his child; But
ev - er aims al-lure you, Whatev - er ills dis - tress; Though
vit - ing you to par - don, To mer - cies great and true. O
sad - ly you have wan-dered, In path-ways dark and wild. The
skies are bright and sun - ny, Or storms may be a - broad, There's
turn from ev - 'ry pleas - ure, Lay ev - 'ry weight a - side; Get
clouds of sin and sor - row The heav'n-ly light be - dim; But
one sur- pass-ing du - ty: Get right, get right with God.
right with God this mo - ment, Thro' Christ the cru - ci - fied.
still his Spir- it lin - gers, To draw you back to him.
CHORUS. Unison.
Get right with God, And do it now; Get right with

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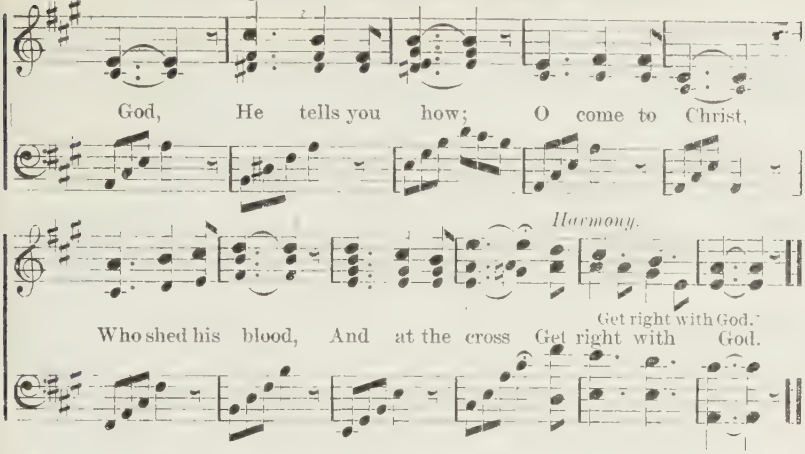
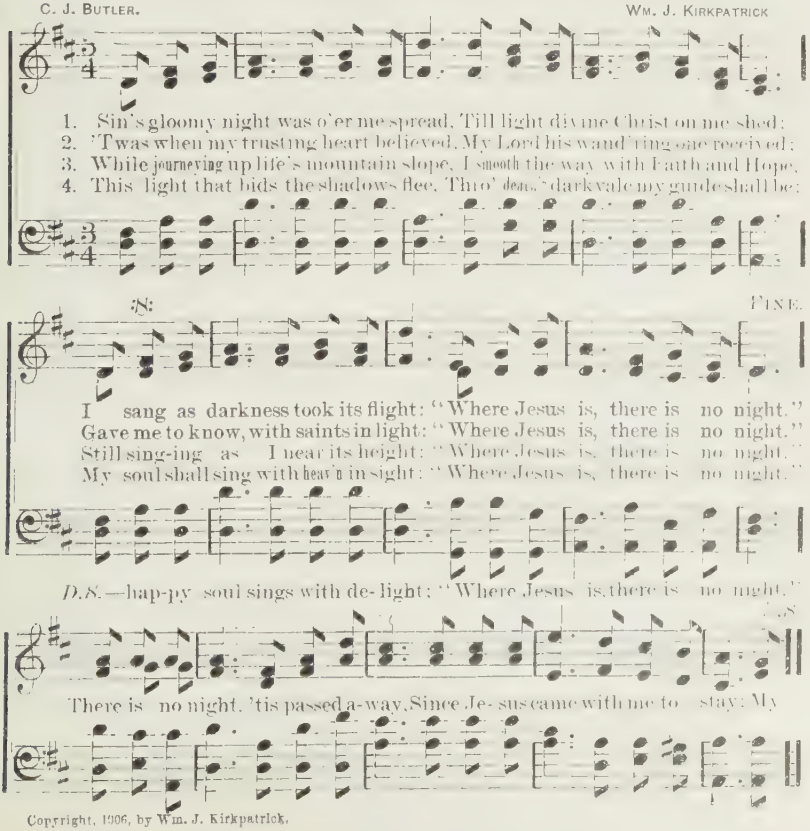
Get Right with God.—Concluded.



57 Where Jesus Is, There is No Night.

C. J. BUTLER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. Sin's gloomy night was o'er me spread, Till light divine Christ on me shed:
2. 'Twas when my trusting heart believed, My Lord his wand'ring one received:
3. While journeying up life's mountain slope, I smooth the way with Faith and Hope,
4. This light that bids the shadows flee, Thro' dear, dark vale my guide shall be:
N:
FINE.
I sang as darkness took its flight: "Where Jesus is, there is no night."
Gave me to know, with saints in light: "Where Jesus is, there is no night."
Still sing-ing as I near its height: "Where Jesus is, there is no night."
My soul shall sing with heav'n in sight: "Where Jesus is, there is no night."
D.S.—hap-py soul sings with de-light: "Where Jesus is, there is no night."
D.S.
There is no night, 'tis passed a-way, Since Je-sus came with me to stay: My

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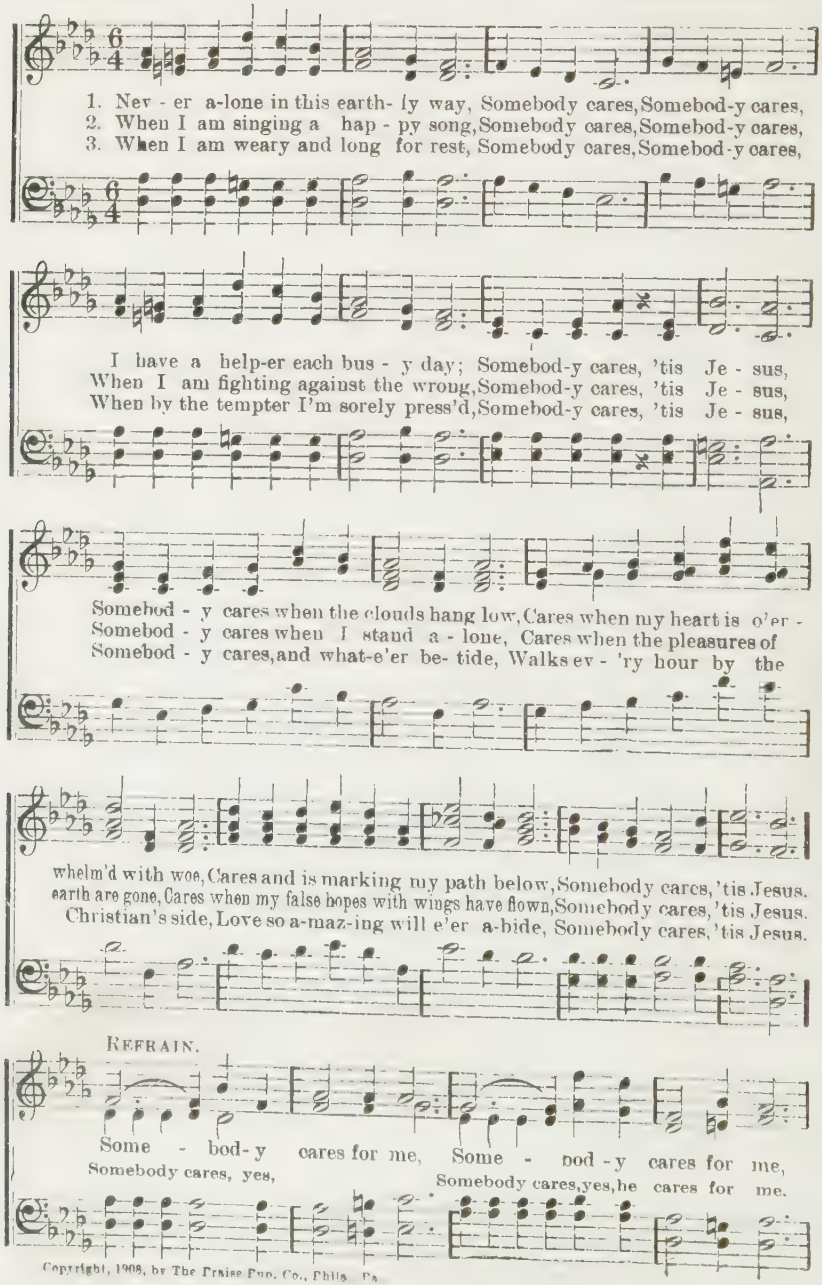
Somebody Cares.

IRENE DUBFEE. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.


1. Nev - er a-lone in this earth- ly way, Somebody cares, Somebod-y cares,
2. When I am singing a hap - py song, Somebody cares, Somebod-y cares,
3. When I am weary and long for rest, Somebody cares, Somebod-y cares,
I have a help-er each bus - y day; Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus,
When I am fighting against the wrong, Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus,
When by the tempter I'm sorely press'd, Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus,
Somebod - y cares when the clouds hang low, Cares when my heart is o'er -
Somebod - y cares when I stand a - lone, Cares when the pleasures of
Somebod - y cares, and what-e'er be- tide, Walks ev - 'ry hour by the
whelm'd with woe, Cares and is marking my path below, Somebody cares, 'tis Jesus.
earth are gone, Cares when my false hopes with wings have flown, Somebody cares, 'tis Jesus.
Christian's side, Love so a-maz-ing will e'er a-bide, Somebody cares, 'tis Jesus.
REFRAIN.
Some - bod-y cares for me, Some - bod-y cares for me,
Somebody cares, yes,
Somebody cares, yes, he cares for me.

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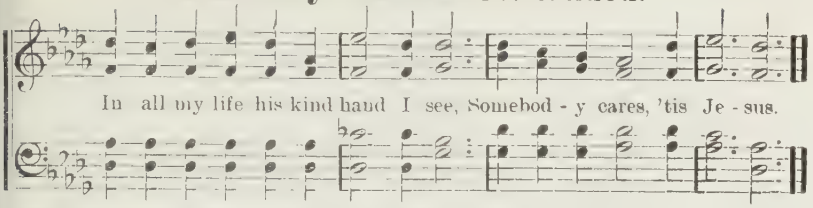
Somebody Cares.—Concluded.



59 Walking on the Waters.

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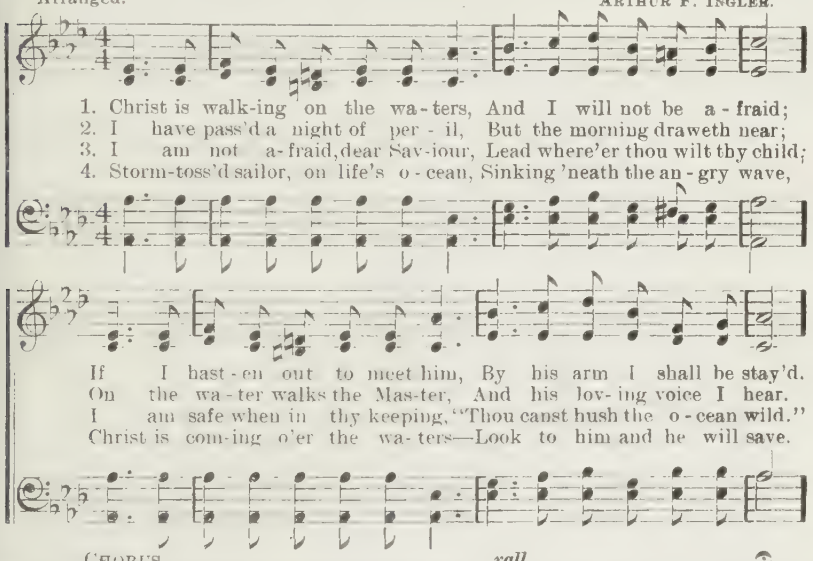
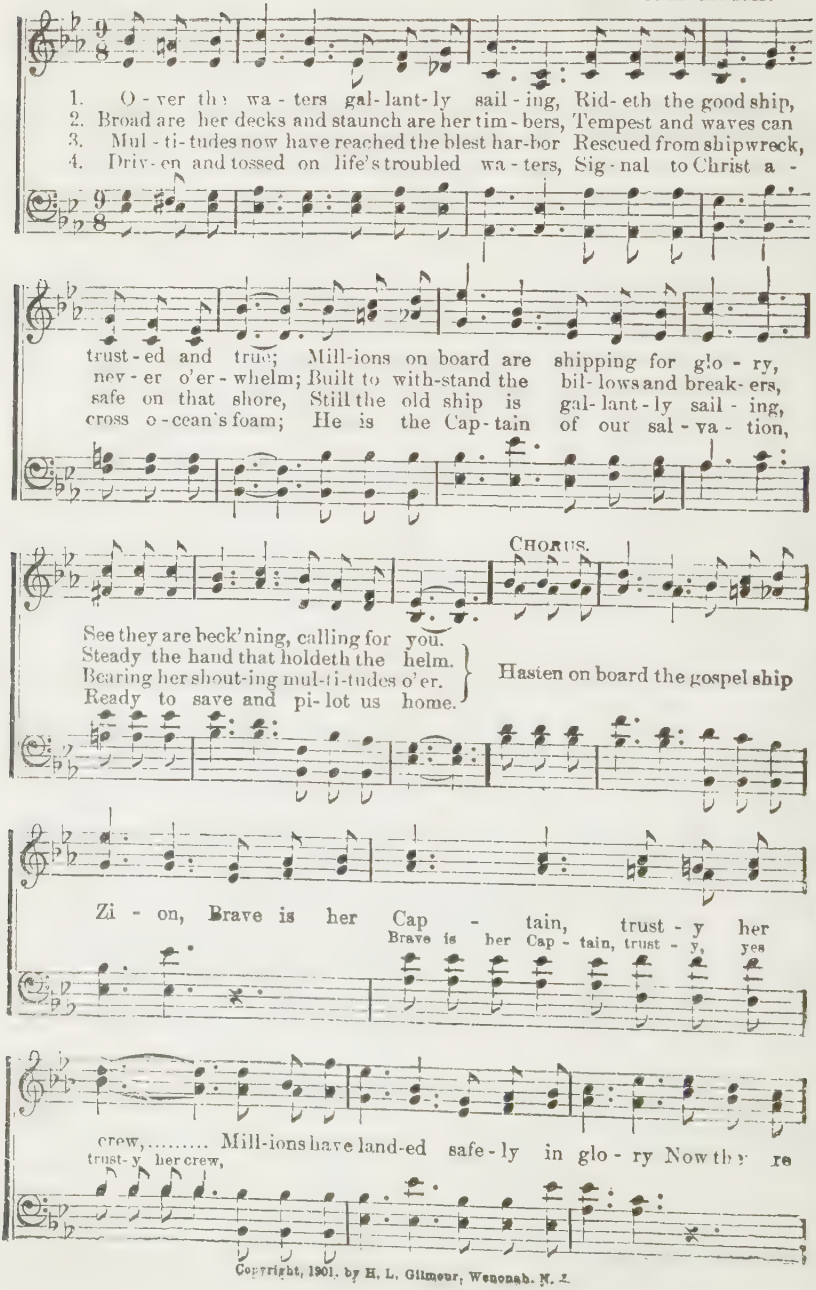
Arranged. ARTHUR F. INGLER.


1. Christ is walk-ing on the wa-ters, And I will not be a-fraid;
2. I have pass'd a night of per-il, But the morning draweth near;
3. I am not a-fraid, dear Sav-iour, Lead where'er thou wilt thy child;
4. Storm-toss'd sailor, on life's o-cean, Sinking 'neath the an-gry wave,
If I hast-en out to meet him, By his arm I shall be stay'd.
On the wa-ter walks the Mas-ter, And his lov-ing voice I hear.
I am safe when in thy keeping, "Thou canst hush the o-cean wild."
Christ is com-ing o'er the wa-ters—Look to him and he will save.
CHORUS.
rall.
1-3. Christ is walk-ing on the wa-ters, Walk-ing o'er the troubled sea;
4. Christ is walk-ing on the wa-ters, Walk-ing o'er the troubled sea;
I will hast-en out to meet him, His strong arm will comfort me.
Sail-or, hast-en out to meet him, His strong arm will comfort thee.

The Gospel Ship Zion.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. O - ver the wa - ters gal-lant-ly sail - ing, Rid-eth the good ship,
2. Broad are her decks and staunch are her tim - bers, Tempest and waves can
3. Mul - ti - tudes now have reached the blest har-bor Rescued from shipwreck,
4. Driv - en and tossed on life's troubled wa - ters, Sig - nal to Christ a -
trust - ed and true; Mill-ions on board are shipping for glo - ry,
nev - er o'er - whelm; Built to with-stand the bil - lows and break - ers,
safe on that shore, Still the old ship is gal-lant - ly sail - ing,
cross o - cean's foam; He is the Cap-tain of our sal - va - tion,
Chorus.
See they are beck'ning, calling for you.
Steady the hand that holdeth the helm.
Bearing her shout-ing mul-ti-tudes o'er.
Ready to save and pi-lot us home.
Hasten on board the gospel ship
Zi - on, Brave is her Cap - tain, trust - y her
Brave is her Cap - tain, trust - y, yes
crew,..... Mill-ions have land-ed safe-ly in glo - ry Now they re
trust - y her crew,

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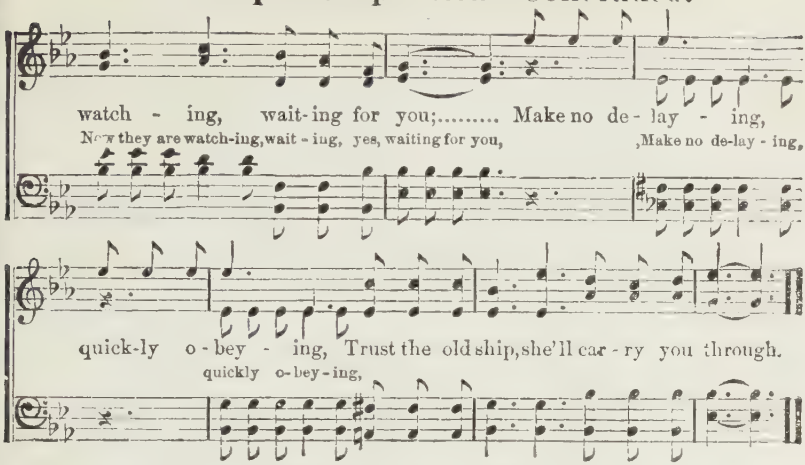
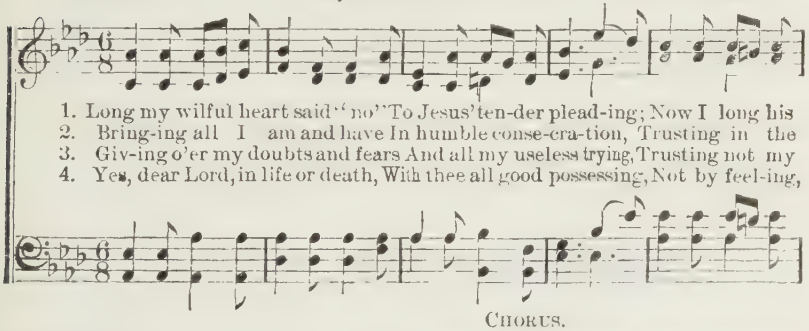
The Gospel Ship Zion.—Concluded.


watch - ing, wait-ing for you;..... Make no de - lay - ing,
Now they are watch-ing, wait - ing, yes, waiting for you, ,Make no de-lay - ing,
quick-ly o - bey - ing, Trust the old ship, she'll car - ry you through.
quickly o-bey-ing,

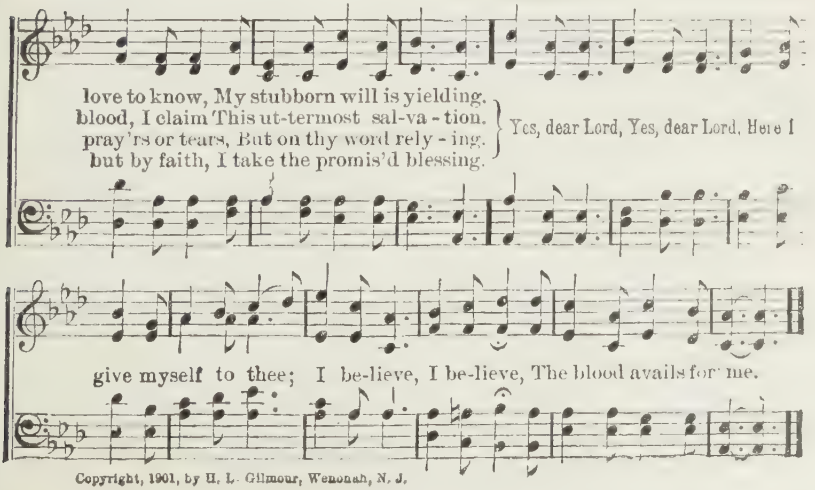
61 C. H. M.

Yes, Dear Lord.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.


1. Long my wilful heart said "no" To Jesus' ten-der plead-ing; Now I long his
2. Bring-ing all I am and have In humble conse-cra-tion, Trusting in the
3. Giv-ing o'er my doubts and fears And all my useless trying, Trusting not my
4. Yes, dear Lord, in life or death, With thee all good possessing, Not by feel-ing,

CHORUS.


love to know, My stubborn will is yielding.
blood, I claim This ut-termost sal-va - tion.
pray'rs or tears, But on thy word rely - ing.
but by faith, I take the promis'd blessing.
Yes, dear Lord, Yes, dear Lord, Here I
give myself to thee; I be-lieve, I be-lieve, The blood avails for me.

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"Ye Shall Be Holy."

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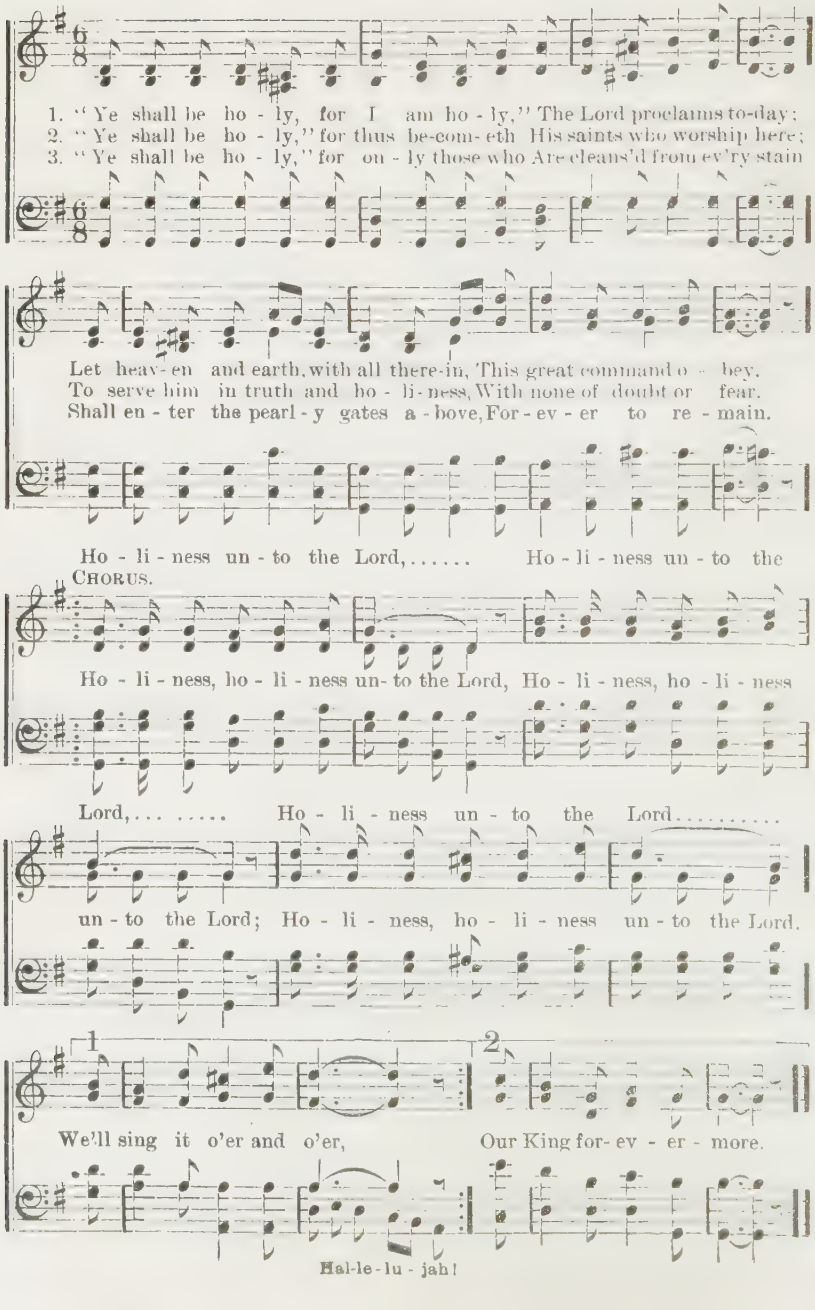
R. C. W. R. C. Ward.


1. "Ye shall be ho - ly, for I am ho - ly," The Lord proclaims to-day;
2. "Ye shall be ho - ly," for thus be-com-eth His saints who worship here;
3. "Ye shall be ho - ly," for on - ly those who Are cleans'd from ev'ry stain
Let heav - en and earth, with all there-in, This great command o - bey.
To serve him in truth and ho - li - ness, With none of doubt or fear.
Shall en - ter the pearl - y gates a - bove, For - ev - er to re - main.
Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord, ... Ho - li - ness un - to the
Chorus.
Ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness un - to the Lord, Ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness
Lord, ... Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord. . . . . .
un - to the Lord; Ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness un - to the Lord.
1
2
We'll sing it o'er and o'er, Our King for - ev - er - more.
Hal-le-lu - jah!

The Resurrection.

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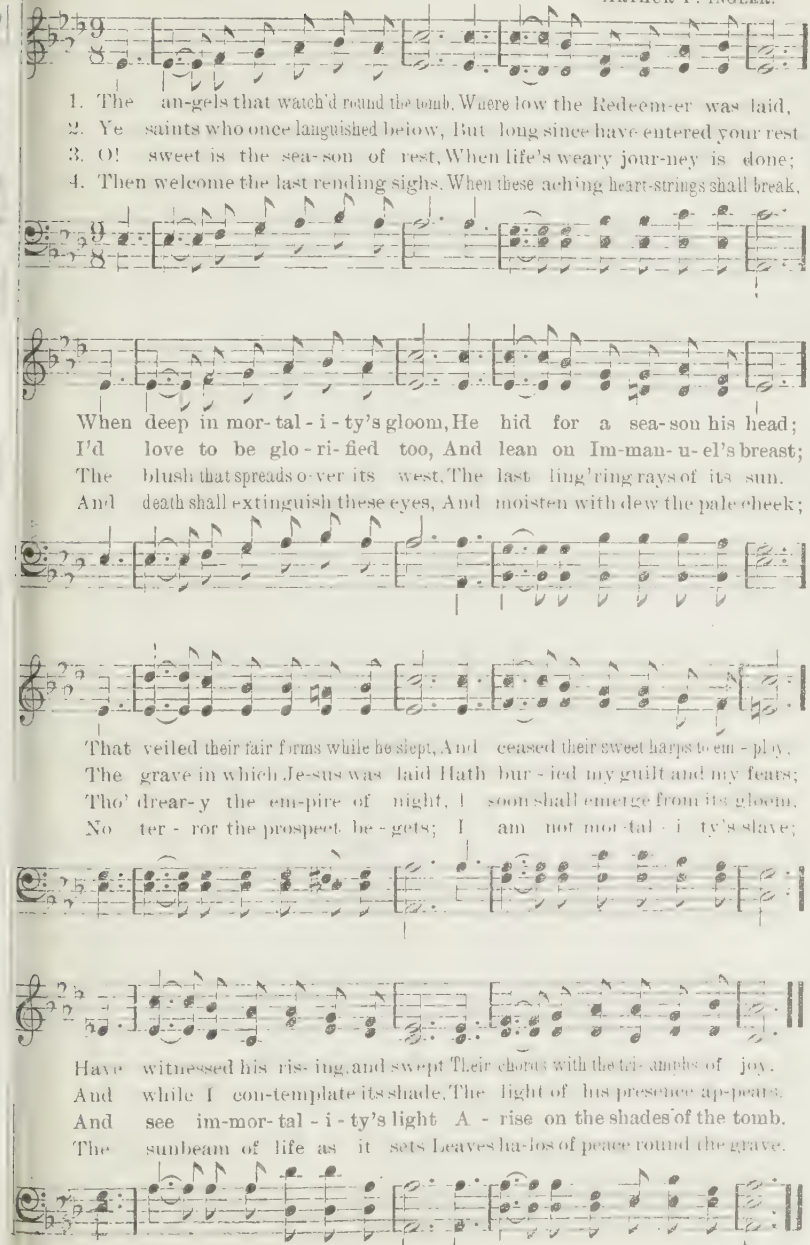
REV. WM. B. COLLIER. ARTHUR F. INGLER.


1. The an-gels that watch'd round the tomb, Where low the Redeem-er was laid,
2. Ye saints who once languished below, But long since have entered your rest
3. O! sweet is the sea-son of rest, When life's weary jour-ney is done;
4. Then welcome the last rending sighs. When these ach-ing heart-strings shall break,
When deep in mor-tal-i-ty's gloom, He hid for a sea-son his head;
I'd love to be glo-ri-fied too, And lean on Im-man-u-el's breast;
The blush that spreads o-ver its west, The last ling'ring rays of its sun.
And death shall extinguish these eyes, And moisten with dew the pale cheek;
That veiled their fair forms while he slept, And ceased their sweet harps to em-ploy,
The grave in which Je-sus was laid Hath bur-ied my guilt and my fears;
Tho' drear-y the em-pire of night, I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
No ter-ror the prospect be-gets; I am not mor-tal-i-ty's slave;
Have witnessed his ris-ing, and swept Their chords with the tri-umphs of joy.
And while I con-template its shade, The light of his presence ap-pears.
And see im-mor-tal-i-ty's light A-rise on the shades of the tomb.
The sunbeam of life as it sets Leaves ha-los of peace round the grave.

Purchased With the Blood.

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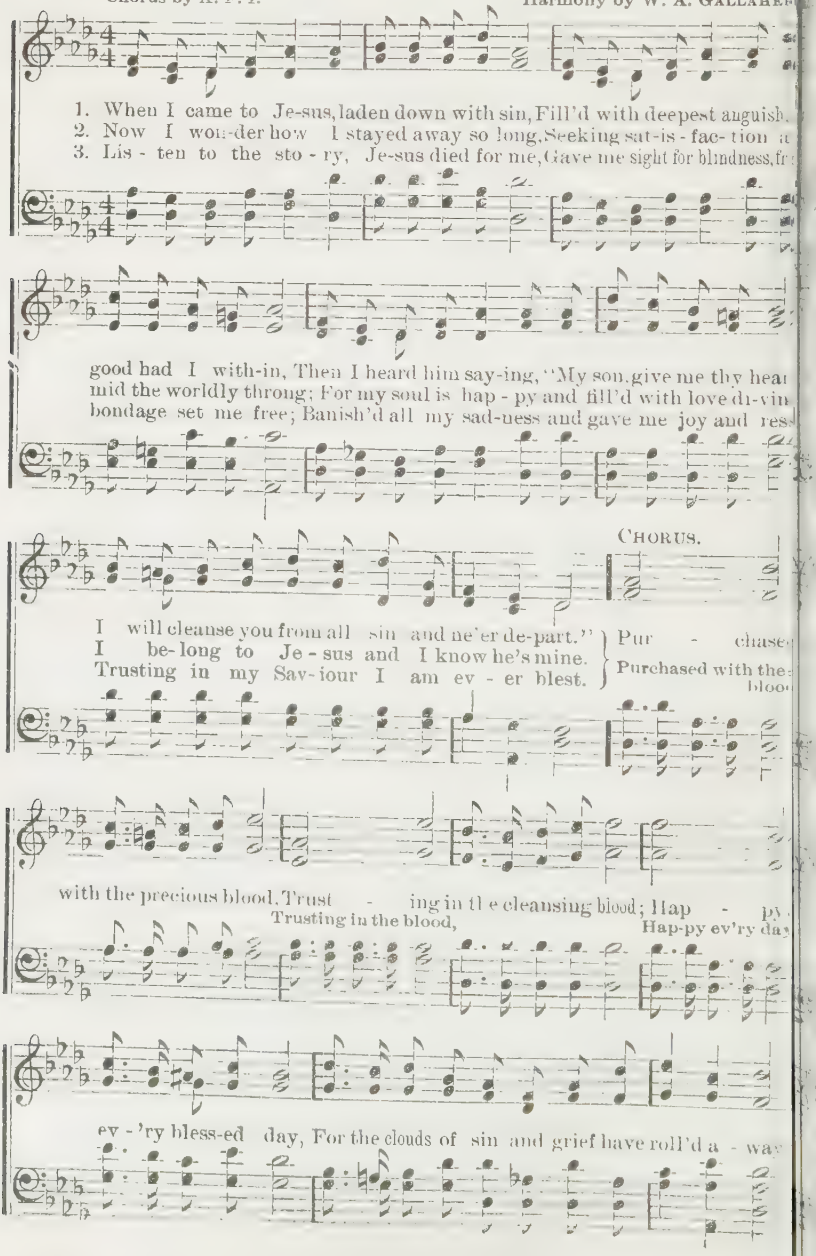
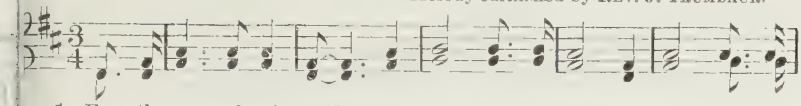
Words and Melody by WM. O. JONES.
Chorus by A. F. I. Harmony by W. A. GALLAHER

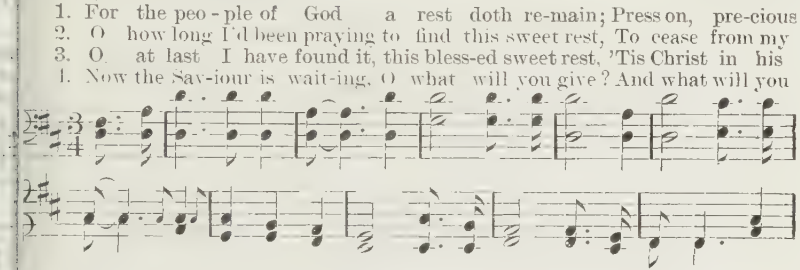

1. When I came to Je-sus, laden down with sin, Fill'd with deepest anguish.
2. Now I won-der how I stayed away so long, Seeking sat-is-fac-tion a
3. Lis-ten to the sto-ry, Je-sus died for me, Gave me sight for blindness, fr
good had I with-in, Then I heard him say-ing, "My son, give me thy hea
mid the worldly throng; For my soul is hap-py and fill'd with love di-vin
bondage set me free; Banish'd all my sad-ness and gave me joy and res
CHORUS.
I will cleanse you from all sin and ne'er de-part."
I be-long to Je-sus and I know he's mine.
Trusting in my Sav-iour I am ev-er blest.
Pur-chased
Purchased with the
bloo
with the precious blood, Trust-ing in the cleansing blood; Hap-py
Trusting in the blood,
Hap-py ev'ry da
ev-'ry bless-ed day, For the clouds of sin and grief have roll'd a-way

O Sweet Rest. 65

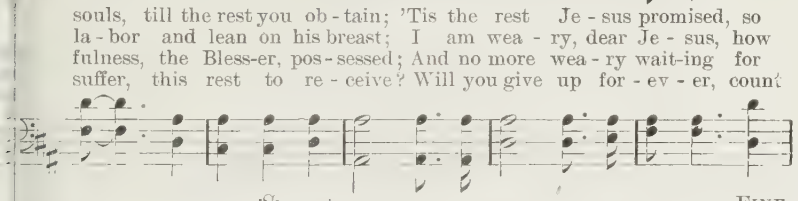
C. F. O. Melody furnished by Rev. J. Trumbaur.



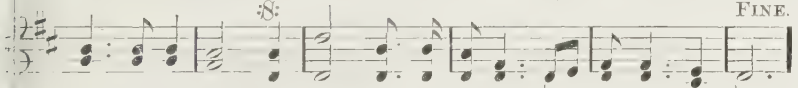
1. For the peo - ple of God a rest doth re-main; Press on, pre-cious
2. O how long I'd been praying to find this sweet rest, To cease from my
3. O at last I have found it, this bless-ed sweet rest, 'Tis Christ in his
4. Now the Sav-iour is wait-ing, O what will you give? And what will you



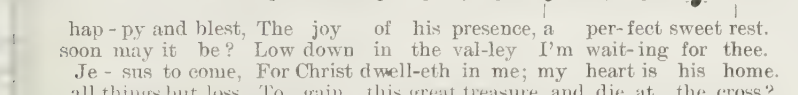
souls, till the rest you ob - tain; 'Tis the rest Je - sus promised, so
la - bor and lean on his breast; I am wea - ry, dear Je - sus, how
fulness, the Bless-er, pos - sessed; And no more wea - ry wait-ing for
suffer, this rest to re - ceive? Will you give up for - ev - er, count



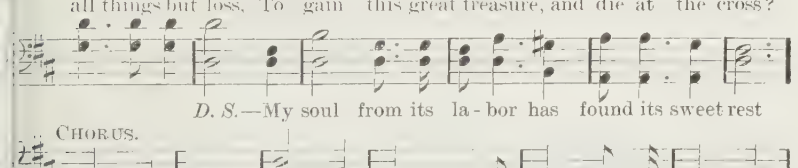
hap - py and blest, The joy of his presence, a per-fect sweet rest.
soon may it be? Low down in the val-ley I'm wait-ing for thee.
Je - sus to come, For Christ dwell-eth in me; my heart is his home.
all things but loss, To gain this great treasure, and die at the cross?



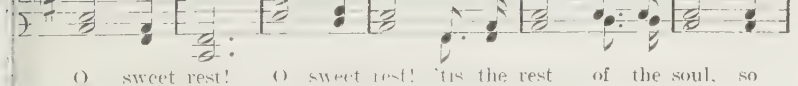
D. S.—My soul from its la - bor has found its sweet rest



O sweet rest! O sweet rest! 'tis the rest of the soul, so



hap - py and blest: By faith in his promise I lean on his breast,



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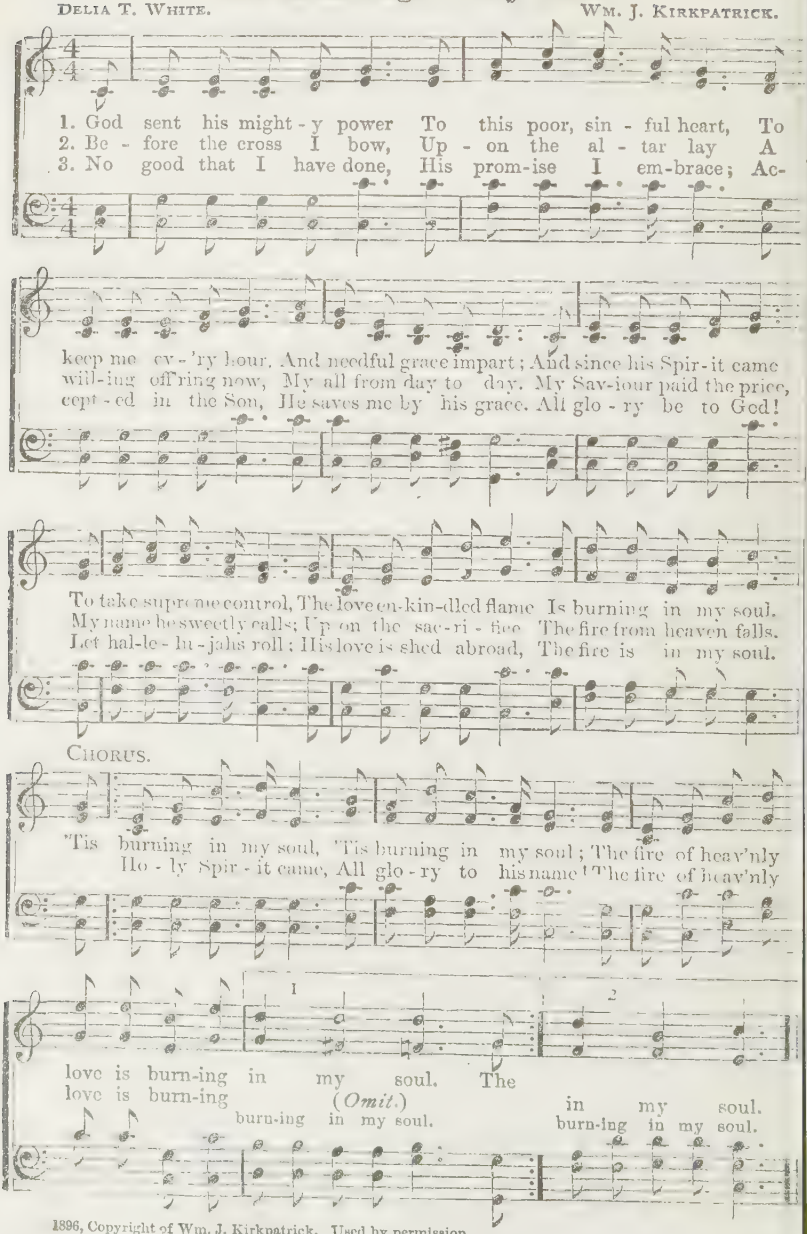
'Tis Burning in My Soul.

DELIA T. WHITE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. God sent his might - y power To this poor, sin - ful heart, To keep me ev - 'ry hour, And needful grace impart; And since his Spir - it came
2. Be - fore the cross I bow, Up - on the al - tar lay A will - ing off'ring now, My all from day to day. My Sav - iour paid the price,
3. No good that I have done, His prom - ise I em - brace; Ac - cept - ed in the Son, He saves me by his grace. All glo - ry be to God!
To take supreme control, The love en - kin - dled flame Is burning in my soul.
My name he sweetly calls; Up on the sac - ri - fice The fire from heaven falls.
Let hal - le - lu - jahs roll; His love is shed abroad, The fire is in my soul.
CHORUS.
'Tis burning in my soul, 'Tis burning in my soul; The fire of heav'nly
Ho - ly Spir - it came, All glo - ry to his name! The fire of heav'nly
1
2
love is burn-ing in my soul. The
love is burn-ing (*Omit.*) burn-ing in my soul.
in my soul.
burn-ing in my soul.

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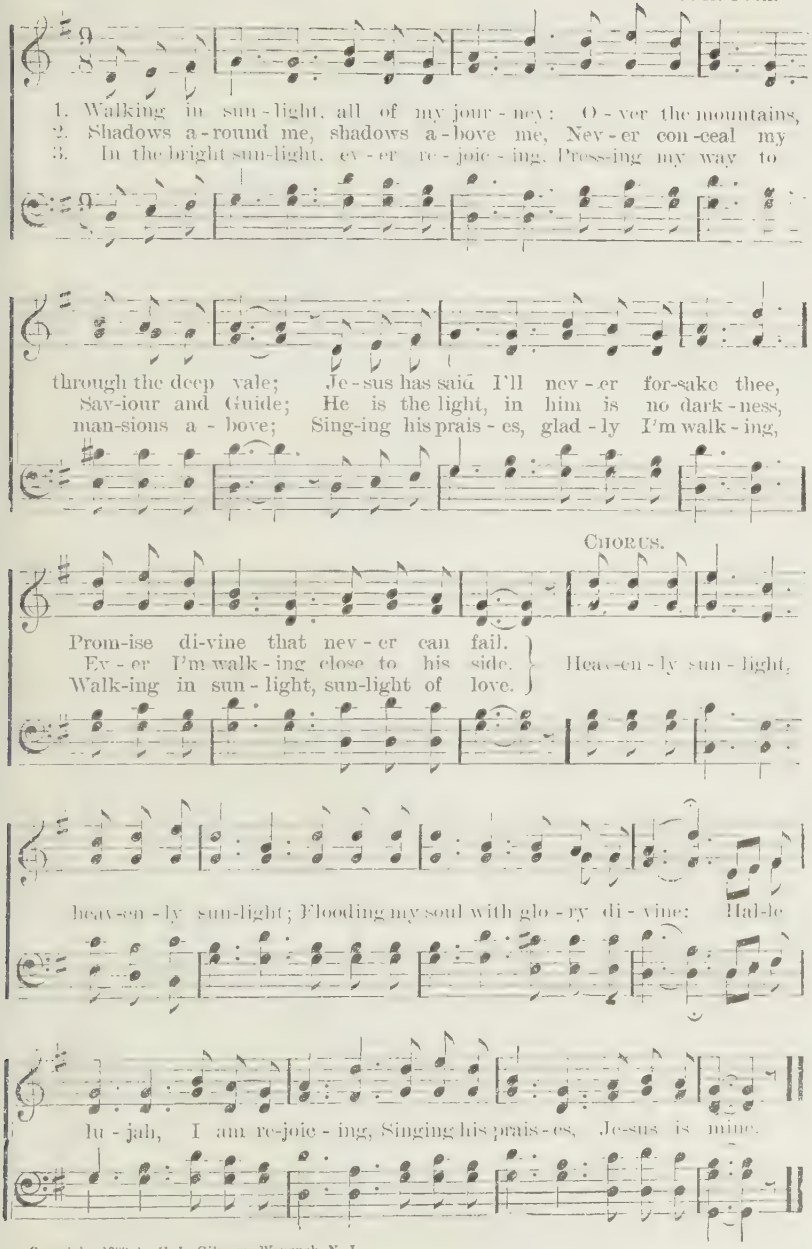
Heavenly Sunlight.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. G. H. COOK.

1. Walking in sun-light, all of my jour-ney: O-ver the mountains,
2. Shadows a-round me, shadows a-bove me, Nev-er con-ceal my
3. In the bright sun-light, ev-er re-joic-ing, Press-ing my way to
through the deep vale; Je-sus has said I'll nev-er for-sake thee,
Sav-iour and Guide; He is the light, in him is no dark-ness,
man-sions a-bove; Sing-ing his prais-es, glad-ly I'm walk-ing,
CHORUS.
Prom-ise di-vine that nev-er can fail.
Ev-er I'm walk-ing close to his side.
Walk-ing in sun-light, sun-light of love.
Heav-en-ly sun-light,
heav-en-ly sun-light; Flooding my soul with glo-ry di-vine: Hal-le
lu-jah, I am re-joic-ing, Singing his prais-es, Je-sus is mine.

Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour Wenonah, N. J.

I've the Victory In My Soul.

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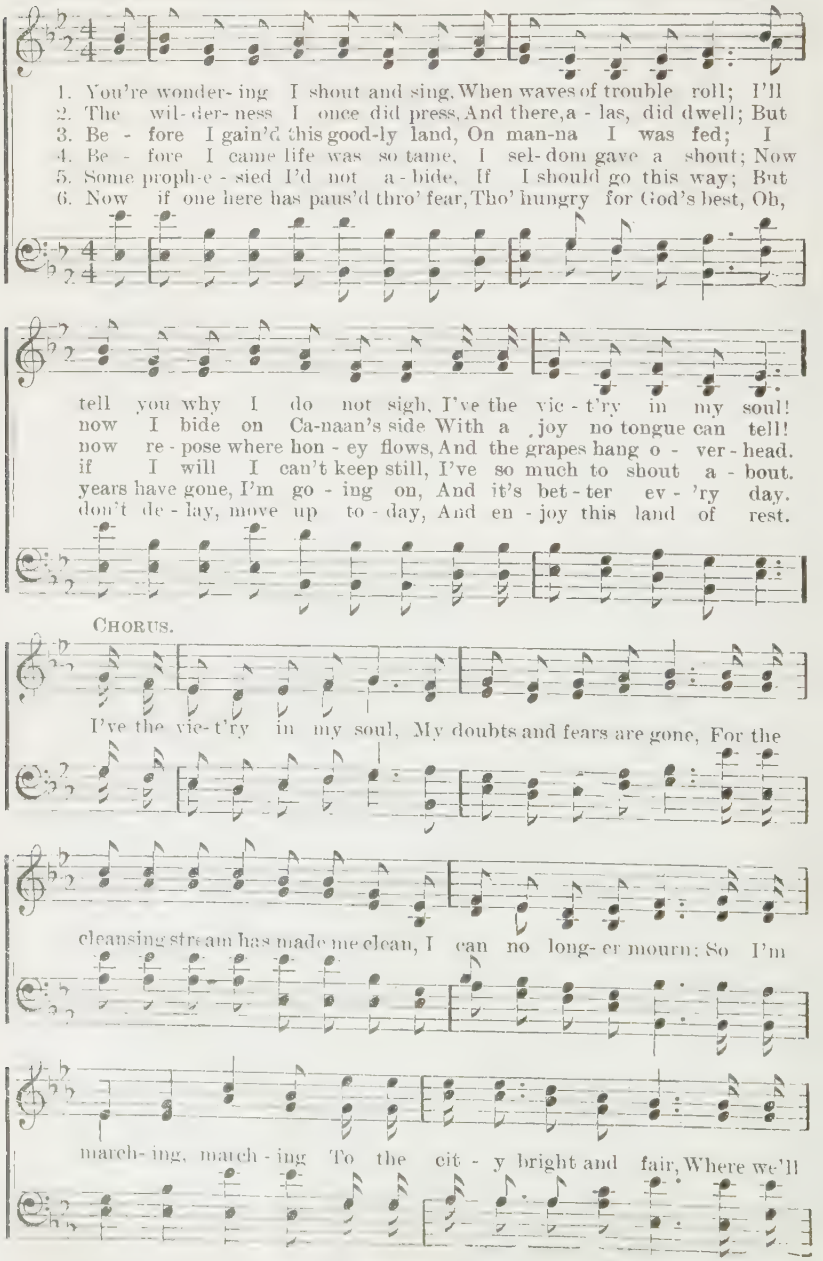
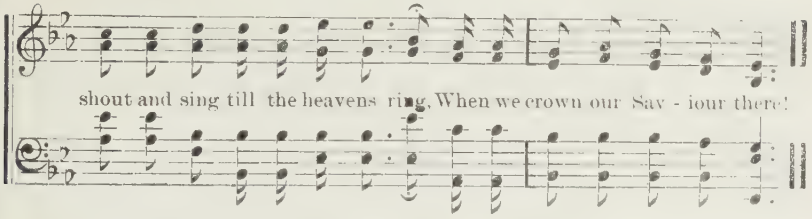
Words and Melody by D. RAND PIERCE. Arr. by W. S. RIFLEY.

1. You're wonder- ing I shout and sing, When waves of trouble roll; I'll
2. The wil- der- ness I once did press, And there, a - las, did dwell; But
3. Be - fore I gain'd this good-ly land, On man-na I was fed; I
4. Be - fore I came life was so tame, I sel- dom gave a shout; Now
5. Some proph-e - sied I'd not a - bide, If I should go this way; But
6. Now if one here has paus'd thro' fear, Tho' hungry for God's best, Oh,
tell you why I do not sigh, I've the vic - t'ry in my soul!
now I bide on Ca-naan's side With a joy no tongue can tell!
now re - pose where hon - ey flows, And the grapes hang o - ver - head.
if I will I can't keep still, I've so much to shout a - bout.
years have gone, I'm go - ing on, And it's bet - ter ev - 'ry day.
don't de - lay, move up to - day, And en - joy this land of rest.
CHORUS.
I've the vic-t'ry in my soul, My doubts and fears are gone, For the
cleansing stream has made me clean, I can no long- er mourn; So I'm
march- ing, march - ing To the cit - y bright and fair, Where we'll



69 White Robes.

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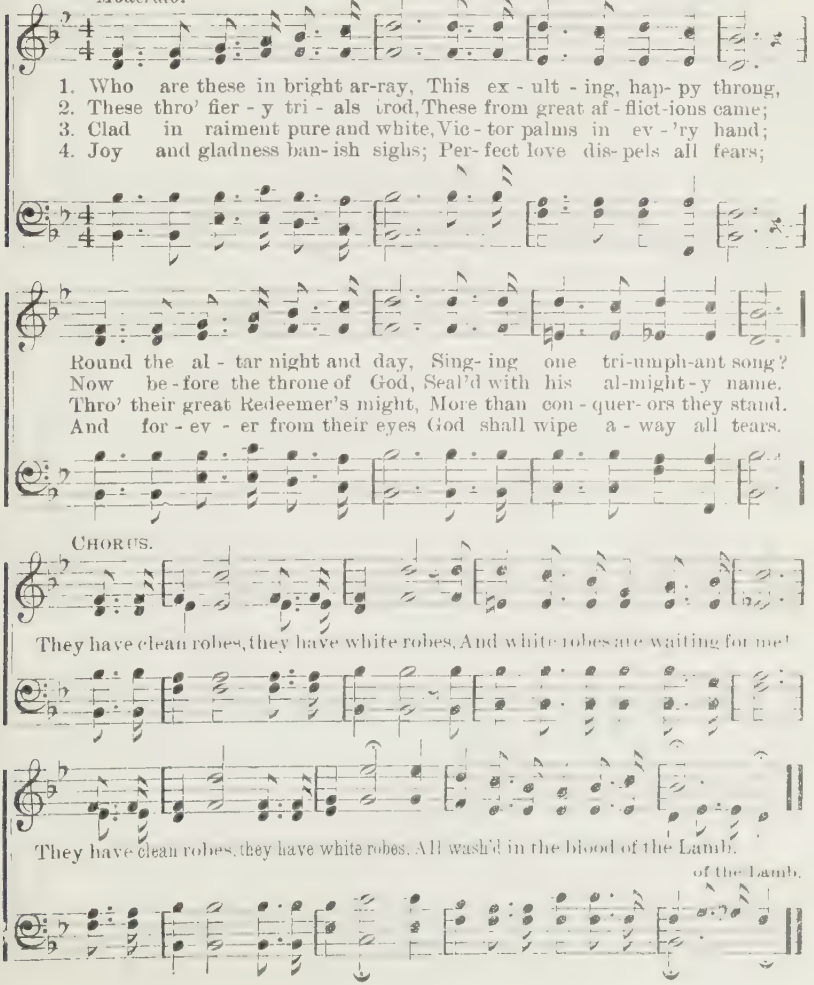
C. F. O.

ARTHUR F. INGLER.

Moderato.

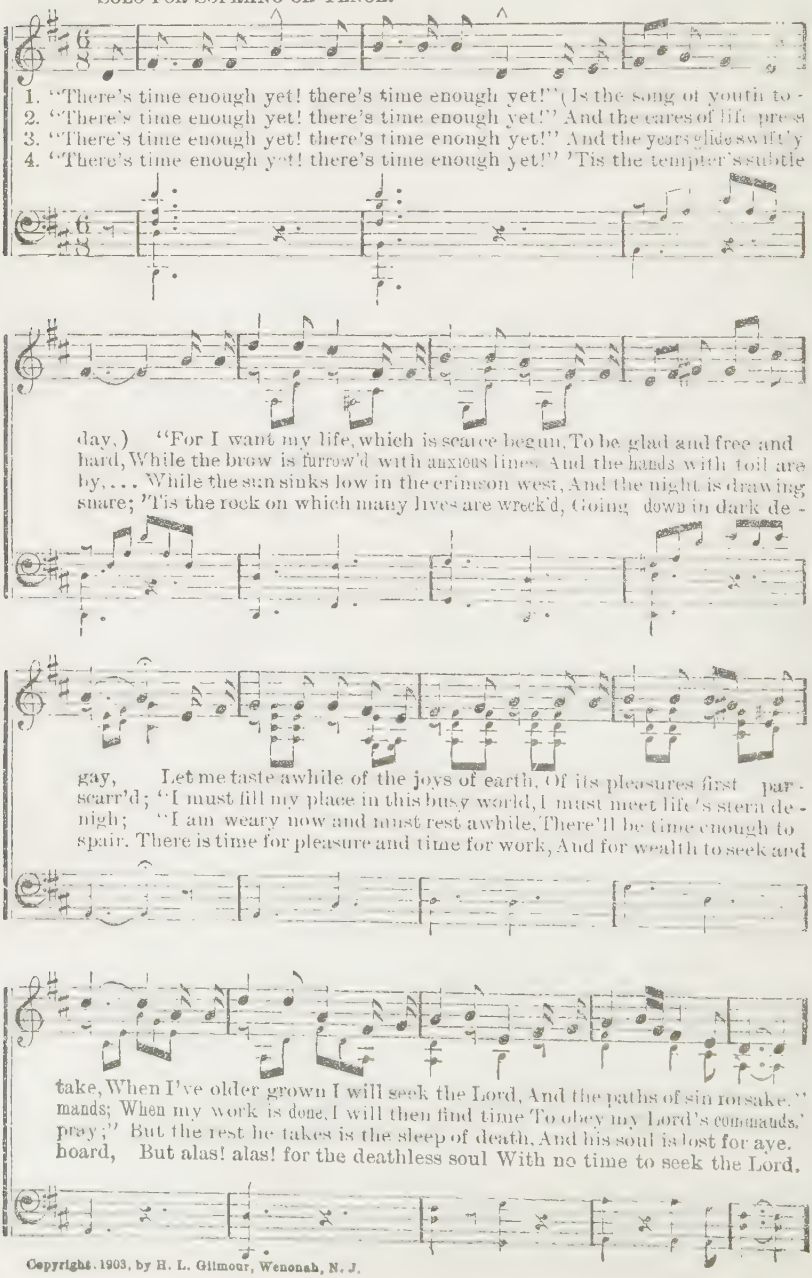

1. Who are these in bright ar-ray, This ex - ult - ing, hap- py throng,
2. These thro' fier - y tri - als trod, These from great af - flict-ions came;
3. Clad in raiment pure and white, Vic - tor palms in ev - 'ry hand;
4. Joy and gladness ban- ish sighs; Per- fect love dis-pels all fears;
Round the al - tar night and day, Sing- ing one tri-umph-ant song?
Now be - fore the throne of God, Seal'd with his al-might - y name.
Thro' their great Redeemer's might, More than con - quer- ors they stand.
And for - ev - er from their eyes God shall wipe a - way all tears.
CHORUS.
They have clean robes, they have white robes, And white robes are waiting for me!
They have clean robes, they have white robes, All wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
of the Lamb.

There's Time Enough Yet.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris

Solo for Soprano or Tenor.


1. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" (Is the song of youth to -
2. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" And the cares of life pres
3. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" And the years glide swiftly
4. "There's time enough yet! there's time enough yet!" 'Tis the tempter's subtle
day.) "For I want my life, which is scarce begun, To be glad and free and
hard, While the brow is furrow'd with anxious lines And the hands with toil are
by, . . . While the sun sinks low in the crimson west, And the night is drawing
snare; 'Tis the rock on which many lives are wreck'd, Going down in dark de -
gay, Let me taste awhile of the joys of earth, Of its pleasures first par -
scarr'd; "I must fill my place in this busy world, I must meet life's stern de -
nigh; "I am weary now and must rest awhile, There'll be time enough to
spair. There is time for pleasure and time for work, And for wealth to seek and
take, When I've older grown I will seek the Lord, And the paths of sin forsake."
mands; When my work is done, I will then find time To obey my Lord's commands,'
pray;" But the rest he takes is the sleep of death, And his soul is lost for aye.
board, But alas! alas! for the deathless soul With no time to seek the Lord.

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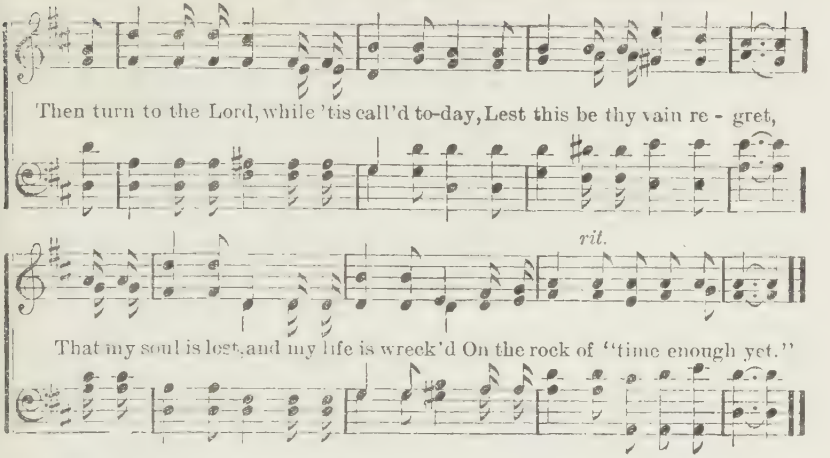
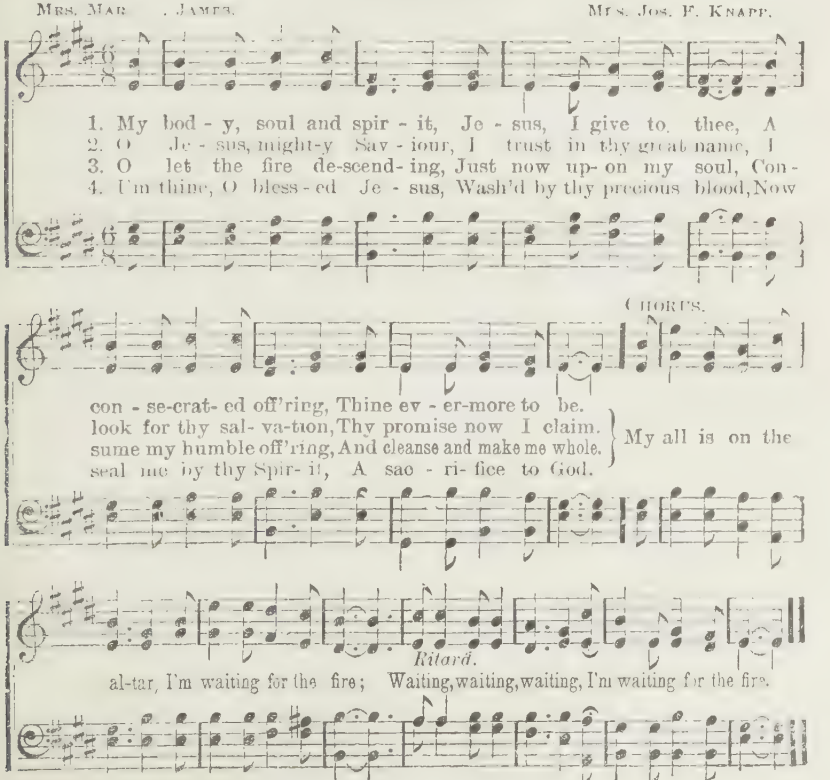
There's Time Enough Yet.—Concluded.


Then turn to the Lord, while 'tis call'd to-day, Lest this be thy vain re - gret,
rit.
That my soul is lost, and my life is wreck'd On the rock of "time enough yet."

71 Consecration.

MRS. MAR . JAMES. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.


1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to thee, A
2. O Je - sus, might-y Sav - iour, I trust in thy great name, I
3. O let the fire de-scend- ing, Just now up- on my soul, Con -
4. I'm thine, O bless - ed Je - sus, Wash'd by thy precious blood, Now
CHORUS.
con - se-crat- ed off'ring, Thine ev - er-more to be.
look for thy sal- va-tion, Thy promise now I claim.
sume my humble off'ring, And cleanse and make me whole.
seal me by thy Spir- it, A sac - ri- fice to God.
My all is on the
Ritard.
al-tar, I'm waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

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"The King's Own."

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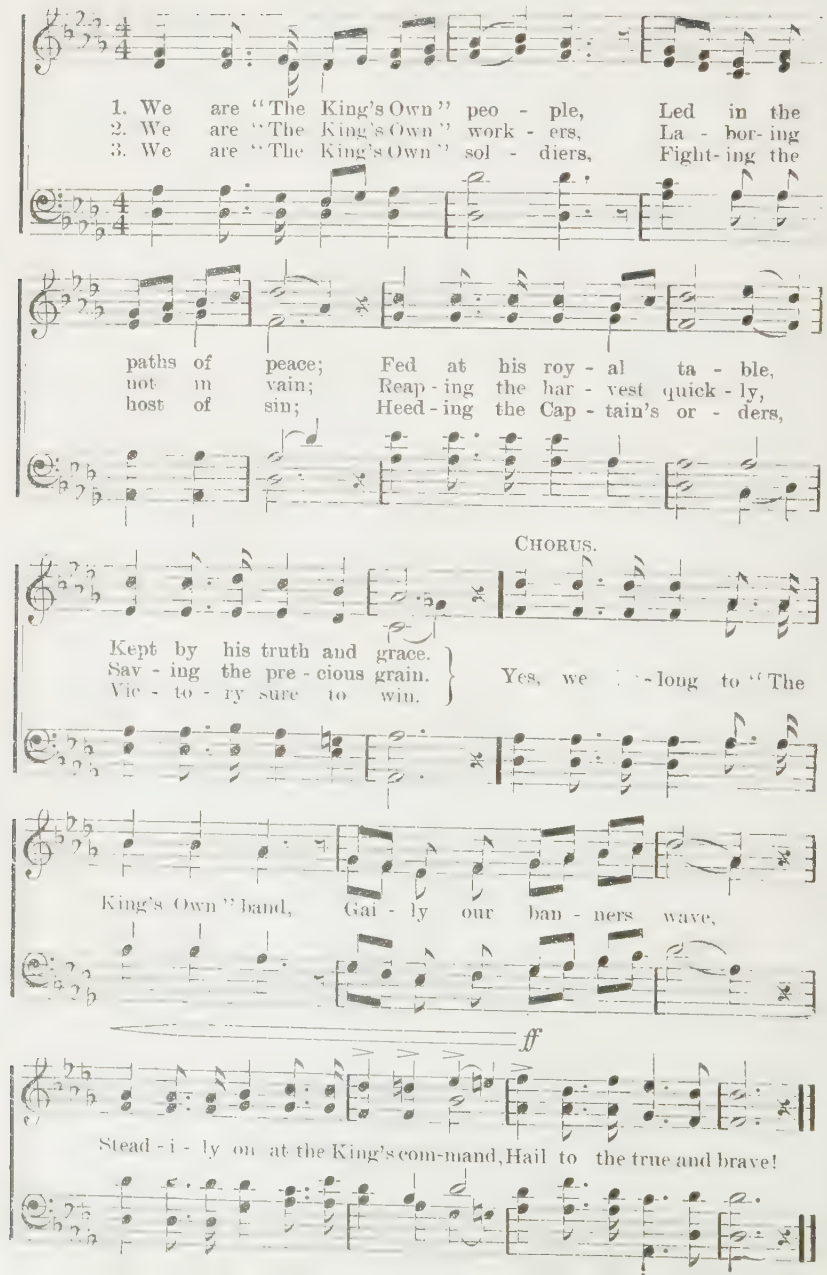
R. C. W. R. C. WARD

1. We are "The King's Own" peo - ple, Led in the
2. We are "The King's Own" work - ers, La - bor-ing
3. We are "The King's Own" sol - diers, Fight-ing the
paths of peace; Fed at his roy - al ta - ble,
not in vain; Reap - ing the har - vest quick - ly,
host of sin; Heed - ing the Cap - tain's or - ders,
CHORUS.
Kept by his truth and grace.
Sav - ing the pre - cious grain.
Vic - to - ry sure to win.
Yes, we long to "The
King's Own" band, Gai - ly our ban - ners wave,
ff
Stead - i - ly on at the King's com-mand, Hail to the true and brave!

The Glory Song.

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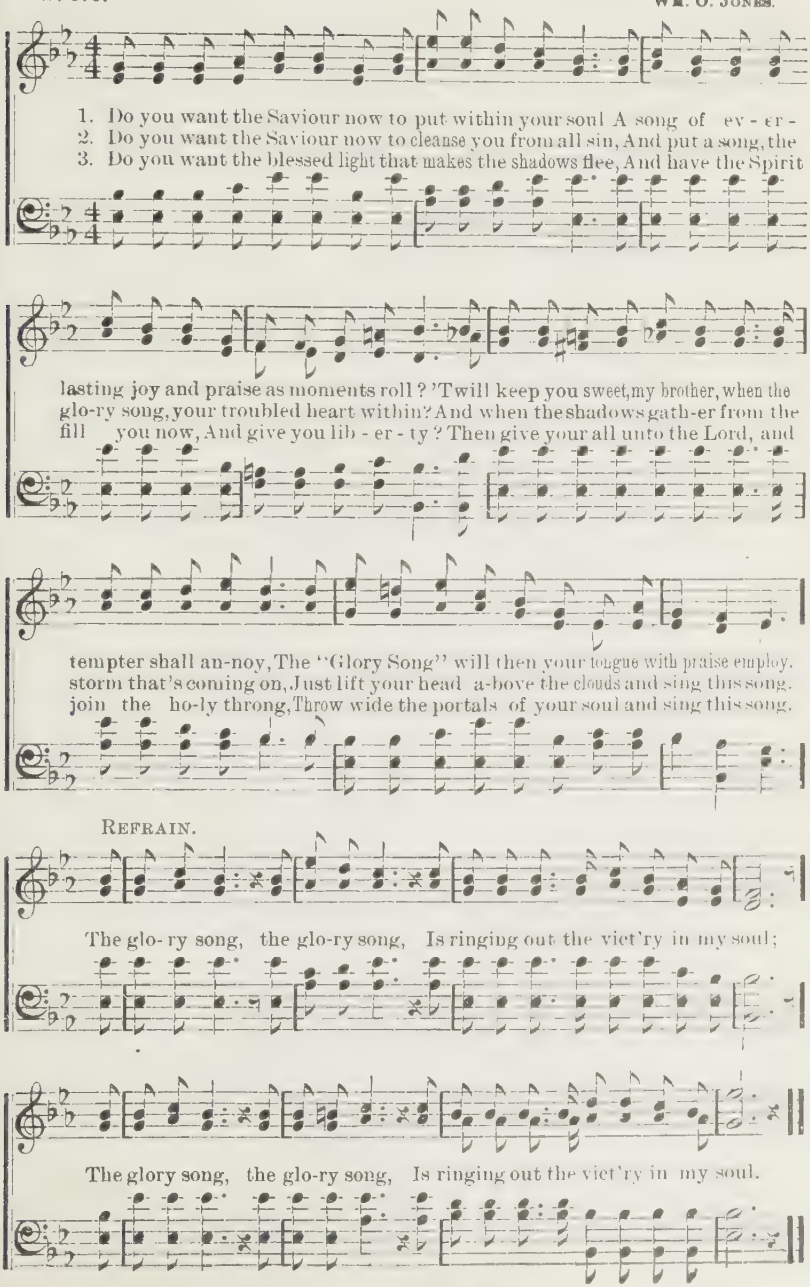
W. O. J. Wm. O. Jones.

1. Do you want the Saviour now to put within your soul A song of ev - er -
2. Do you want the Saviour now to cleanse you from all sin, And put a song, the
3. Do you want the blessed light that makes the shadows flee, And have the Spirit
lasting joy and praise as moments roll? 'Twill keep you sweet, my brother, when the
glo-ry song, your troubled heart within? And when the shadows gath-er from the
fill you now, And give you lib - er - ty? Then give your all unto the Lord, and
tempter shall an-noy, The "Glory Song" will then your tongue with praise employ.
storm that's coming on, Just lift your head a-bove the clouds and sing this song.
join the ho-ly throng, Throw wide the portals of your soul and sing this song.
Refrain.
The glo-ry song, the glo-ry song, Is ringing out the viet'ry in my soul;
The glory song, the glo-ry song, Is ringing out the viet'ry in my soul.

He Is Not a Disappointment.

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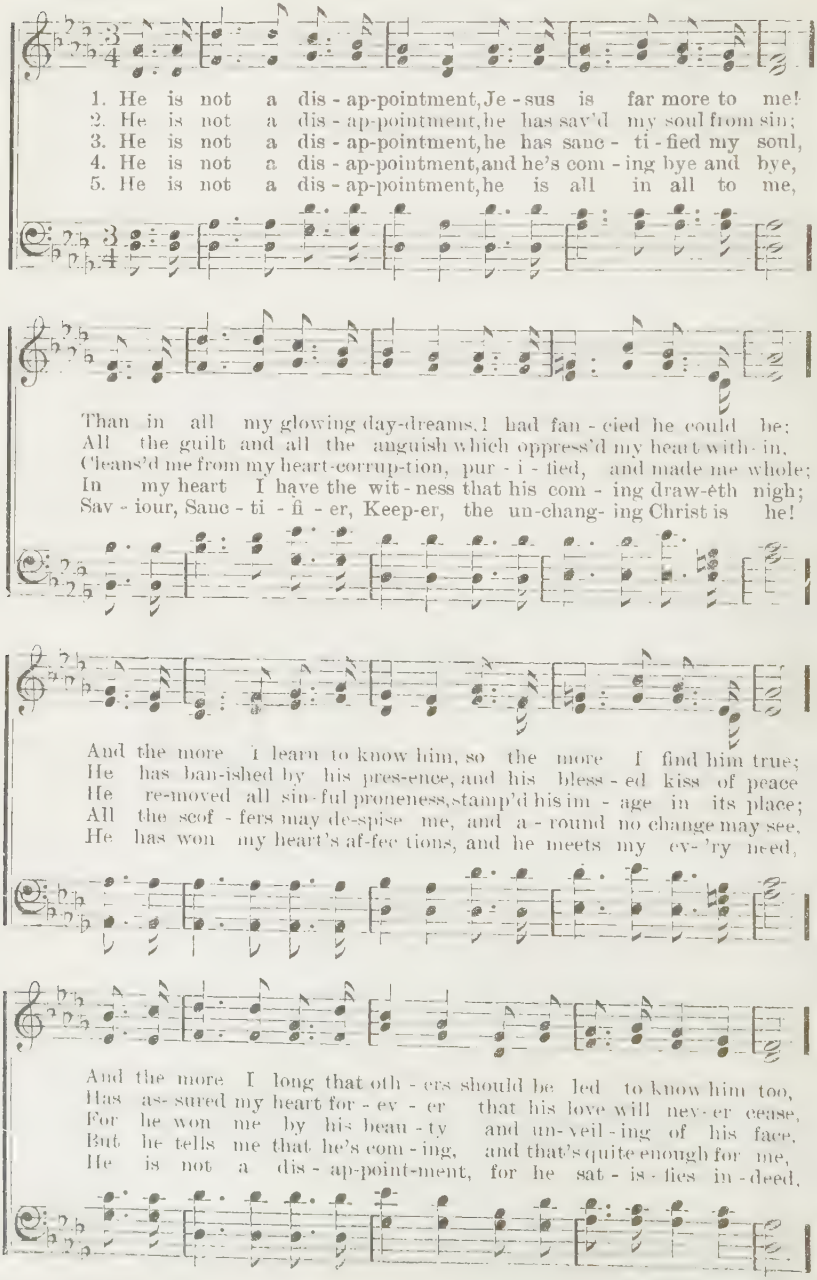
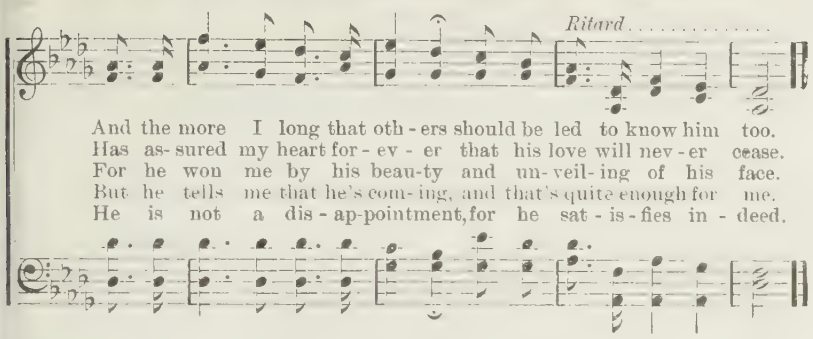
S. S. Q. Arranged by A. F. I.

1. He is not a dis - ap-pointment, Je - sus is far more to me!
2. He is not a dis - ap-pointment, he has sav'd my soul from sin;
3. He is not a dis - ap-pointment, he has sanc - ti - fied my soul,
4. He is not a dis - ap-pointment, and he's com - ing bye and bye,
5. He is not a dis - ap-pointment, he is all in all to me,
Than in all my glowing day-dreams, I had fan - cied he could be;
All the guilt and all the anguish which oppress'd my heart with - in,
Cleans'd me from my heart-corrup-tion, pur - i - fied, and made me whole;
In my heart I have the wit - ness that his com - ing draw-eth nigh;
Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fi - er, Keep-er, the un-chang- ing Christ is he!
And the more I learn to know him, so the more I find him true;
He has ban-ished by his pres-ence, and his bless - ed kiss of peace
He re-moved all sin-ful proneness, stamp'd his im - age in its place;
All the scof - fers may de-spise me, and a - round no change may see,
He has won my heart's af-fec tions, and he meets my ev- 'ry need,
And the more I long that oth - ers should be led to know him too,
Has as- sured my heart for - ev - er that his love will nev- er cease,
For he won me by his beau - ty and un- veil - ing of his face,
But he tells me that he's com - ing, and that's quite enough for me,
He is not a dis - ap-point-ment, for he sat - is - fies in - deed.

He Is Not a Disappointment.—Concluded.


Ritard.
And the more I long that oth - ers should be led to know him too.
Has as-sured my heart for - ev - er that his love will nev - er cease.
For he won me by his beau-ty and un-veil-ing of his face.
But he tells me that he's com-ing, and that's quite enough for me.
He is not a dis - ap-pointment, for he sat - is - fies in - deed.

75 My Shepherd.

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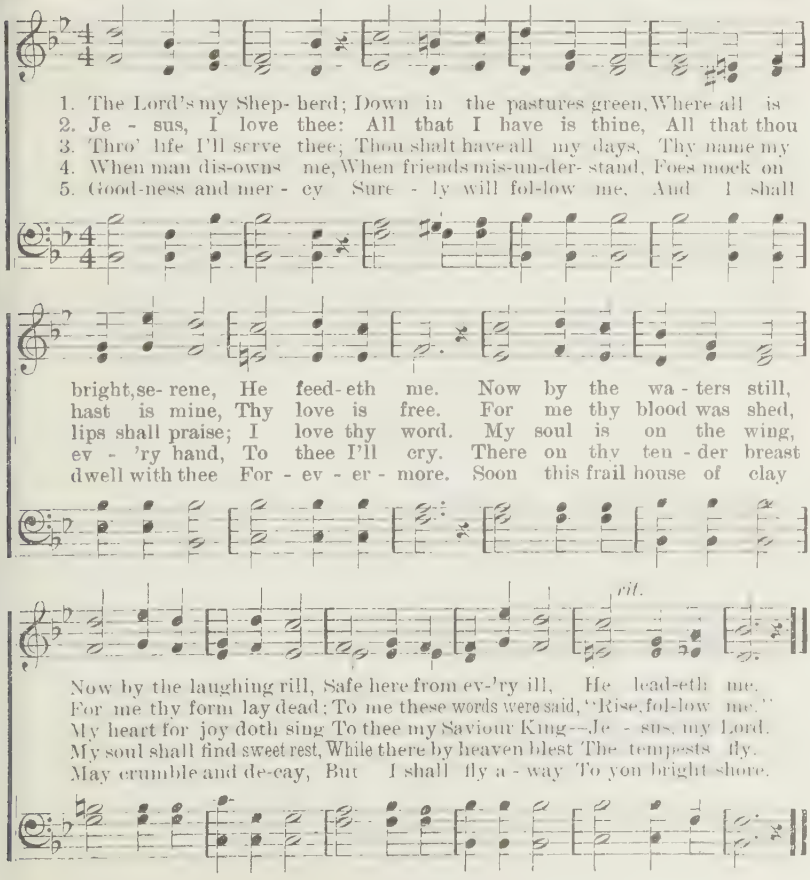
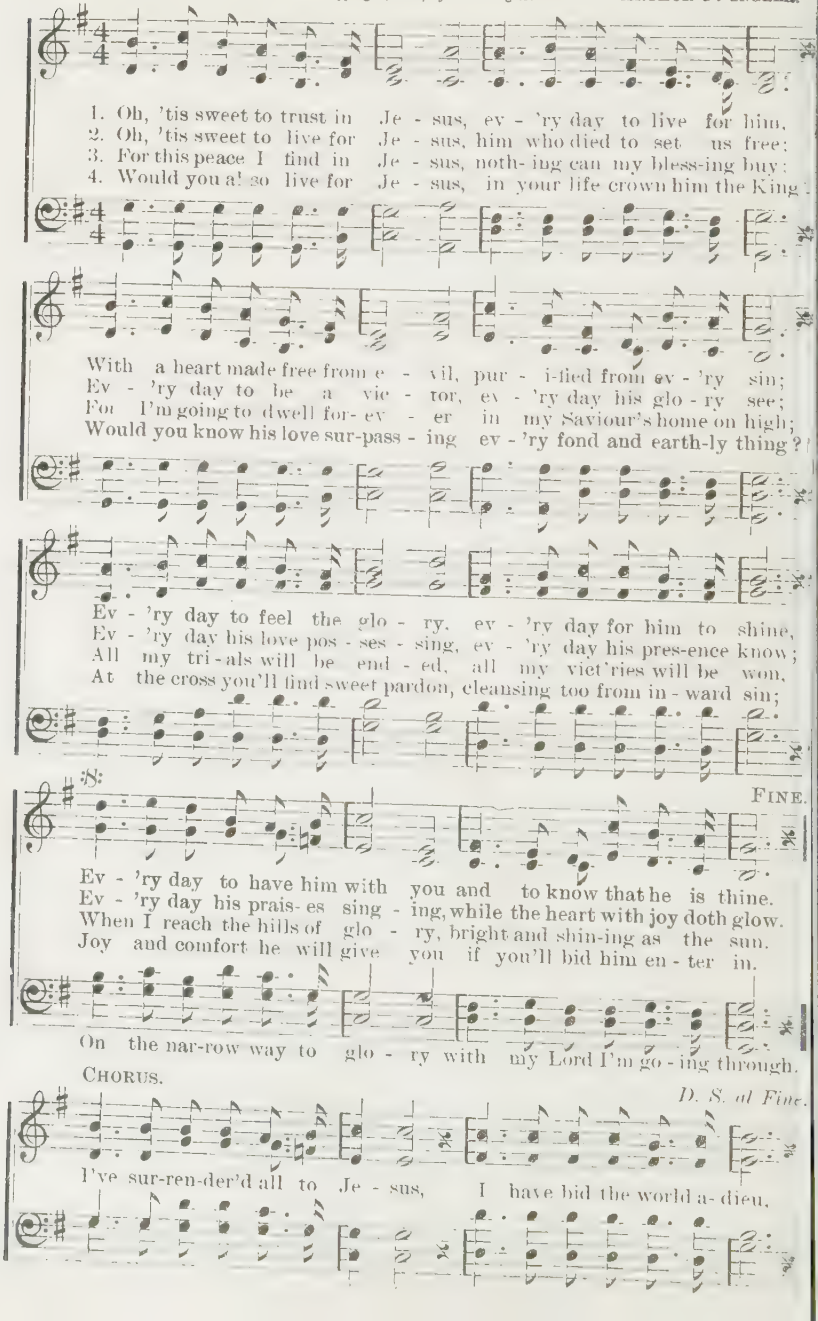
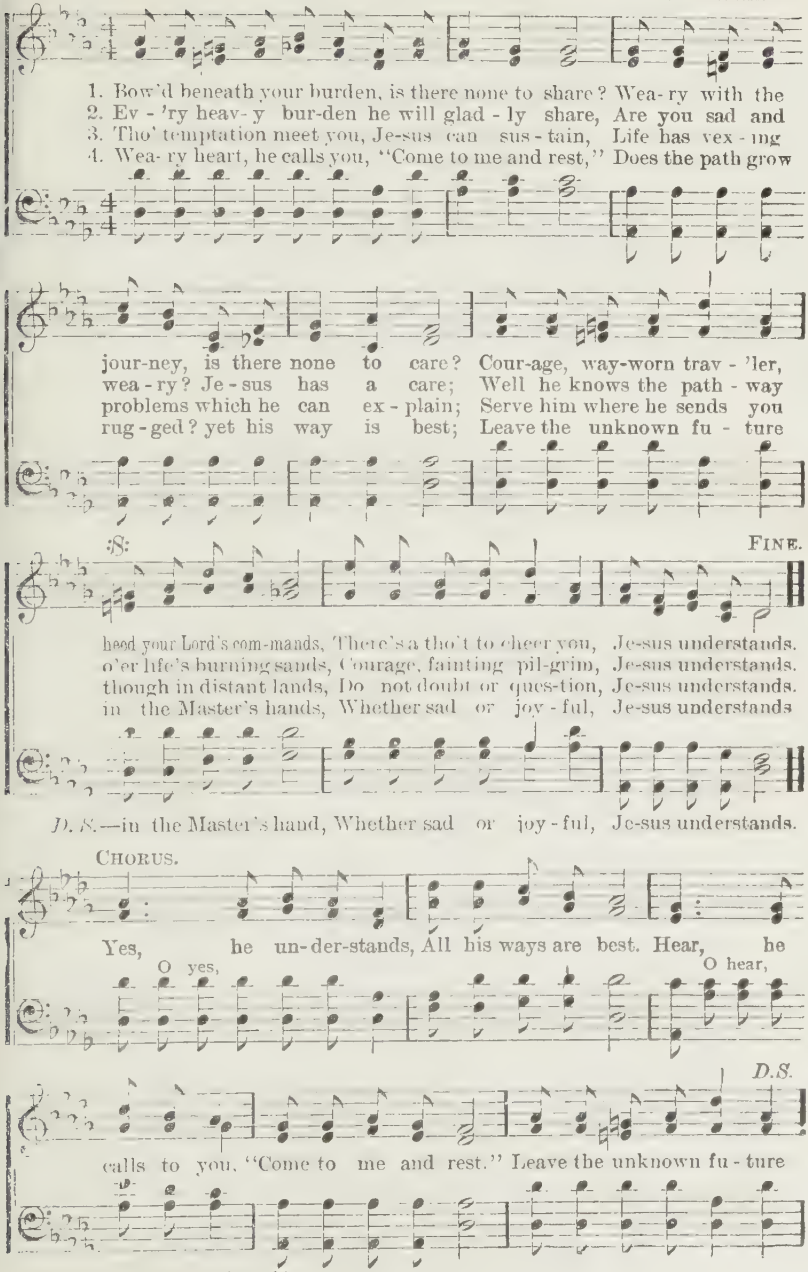
ARTHUR F. INGLER. C. F. O.


1. The Lord's my Shep- herd; Down in the pastures green, Where all is
2. Je - sus, I love thee: All that I have is thine, All that thou
3. Thro' life I'll serve thee; Thou shalt have all my days, Thy name my
4. When man dis-owns me, When friends mis-un-der- stand, Foes mock on
5. Good-ness and mer - cy Sure - ly will fol-low me, And I shall
bright, se- rene, He feed- eth me. Now by the wa - ters still,
hast is mine, Thy love is free. For me thy blood was shed,
lips shall praise; I love thy word. My soul is on the wing,
ev - 'ry hand, To thee I'll cry. There on thy ten - der breast
dwell with thee For - ev - er - more. Soon this frail house of clay
rit.
Now by the laughing rill, Safe here from ev-'ry ill, He lead-eth me.
For me thy form lay dead; To me these words were said, "Rise, fol-low me."
My heart for joy doth sing To thee my Saviour King—Je - sus, my Lord.
My soul shall find sweet rest, While there by heaven blest The tempests fly.
May crumble and de-cay, But I shall fly a - way To yon bright shore.

Trusting Jesus.

CHARLES C. PORTER. Copyright, 1909, by A. F. Ingler. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

1. Oh, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, ev - 'ry day to live for him,
2. Oh, 'tis sweet to live for Je - sus, him who died to set us free;
3. For this peace I find in Je - sus, noth- ing can my bless-ing buy;
4. Would you al so live for Je - sus, in your life crown him the King!
With a heart made free from e - vil, pur - i-fied from ev - 'ry sin;
Ev - 'ry day to be a vic - tor, ev - 'ry day his glo - ry see;
For I'm going to dwell for- ev - er in my Saviour's home on high;
Would you know his love sur-pass - ing ev - 'ry fond and earth-ly thing?
Ev - 'ry day to feel the glo - ry, ev - 'ry day for him to shine,
Ev - 'ry day his love pos - ses - sing, ev - 'ry day his pres-ence know;
All my tri - als will be end - ed, all my viet'ries will be won,
At the cross you'll find sweet pardon, cleansing too from in - ward sin;
S:
FINE.
Ev - 'ry day to have him with you and to know that he is thine.
Ev - 'ry day his prais- es sing - ing, while the heart with joy doth glow.
When I reach the hills of glo - ry, bright and shin-ing as the sun.
Joy and comfort he will give you if you'll bid him en - ter in.
On the nar-row way to glo - ry with my Lord I'm go - ing through.
CHORUS.
D. S. al Fine.
I've sur-ren-der'd all to Je - sus, I have bid the world a- dieu.

Jesus Understands!

BIRDIE BELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Bow'd beneath your burden, is there none to share? Wea-ry with the
2. Ev-'ry heav-y bur-den he will glad-ly share, Are you sad and
3. Tho' temptation meet you, Je-sus can sus-tain, Life has vex-ing
4. Wea-ry heart, he calls you, "Come to me and rest," Does the path grow
jour-ney, is there none to care? Cour-age, way-worn trav-'ler,
wea-ry? Je-sus has a care; Well he knows the path-way
problems which he can ex-plain; Serve him where he sends you
rug-ged? yet his way is best; Leave the unknown fu-ture
:S:
FINE.
heed your Lord's com-mands, There's a tho't to cheer you, Je-sus understands.
o'er life's burning sands, Courage, fainting pil-grim, Je-sus understands.
though in distant lands, Do not doubt or ques-tion, Je-sus understands.
in the Master's hands, Whether sad or joy-ful, Je-sus understands
D. S.—in the Master's hand, Whether sad or joy-ful, Je-sus understands.
CHORUS.
Yes, he un-der-stands, All his ways are best. Hear, he
O yes,
O hear,
D.S.
calls to you, "Come to me and rest." Leave the unknown fu-ture

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I'll Wait For You.

Copyright, 1909, by A. F. Ingler.

Words and Melody by FRANK WARNER. Accompaniment by A. F. INGLER.

Moderato.

1. We have a child in glo - ry, I'll tell to you the sto - ry Of
2. His face it was the fair - est, His smile it was the rar - est, His
3. Our ba - by now is sleep - ing, He left us wea - ry, weeping; We

how he tried to cheer us The night he went a - way: While
prat - tle and his merry laugh Would cheer us all the day; The
miss him in the eve - ning, And morning cold and gray; When

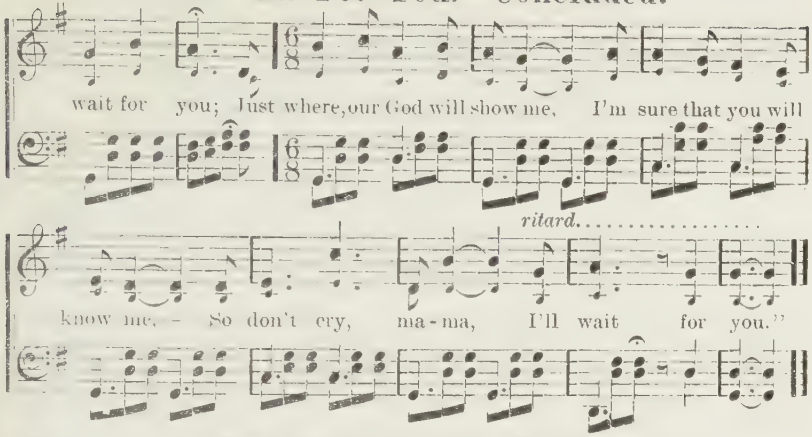
wea - ry he did lan - guish, For - get-ting pain and an - guish He
earthly joys we cher - ish, They with - er and they per - ish, But
gen - tle dews are fall - ing, And night-birds low are call - ing, We

whisper'd for a farewell kiss, And this to us did say:
God gave us a prom - ise when We heard our ba - by say:
look a - bove the stars to hear Our an - gel ba - by say:

REFRAIN.

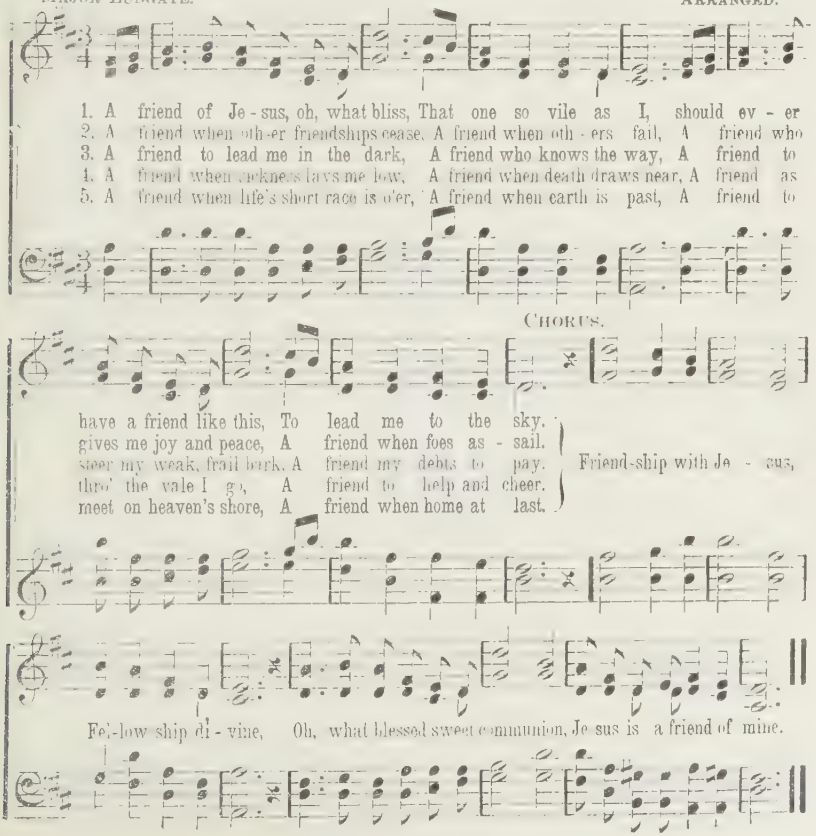
"Good-bye, pa - pa, 'tis a short a - dieu, Don't cry, ma - ma, I will

I'll Wait For You.—Concluded.

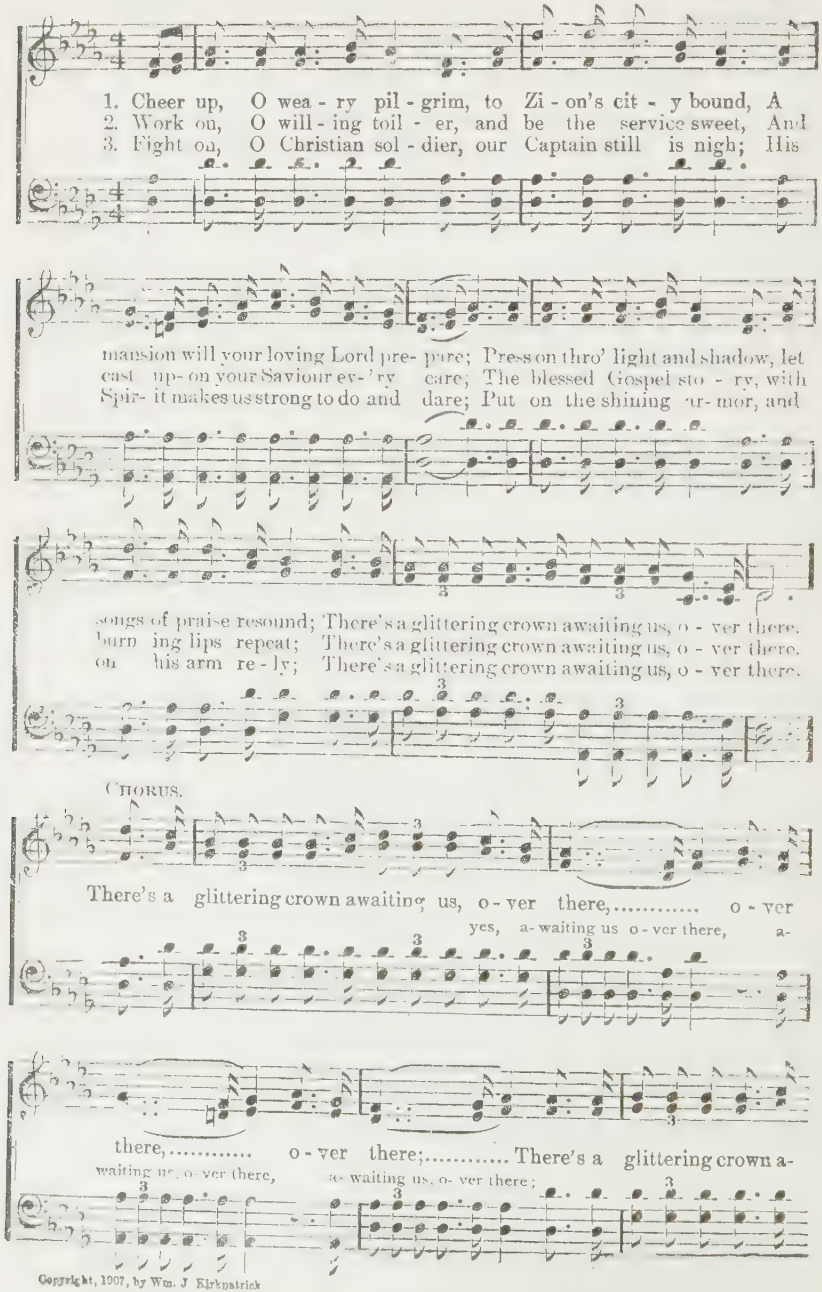


79 Friendship With Jesus.

MAJOR LUDGATE. ARRANGED.


1. A friend of Je-sus, oh, what bliss, That one so vile as I, should ev-er
2. A friend when oth-er friendships cease, A friend when oth-ers fail, A friend who
3. A friend to lead me in the dark, A friend who knows the way, A friend to
4. A friend when sickness lays me low, A friend when death draws near, A friend as
5. A friend when life's short race is o'er, A friend when earth is past, A friend to
CHORUS.
have a friend like this, To lead me to the sky.
gives me joy and peace, A friend when foes as-sail.
steer my weak, frail bark, A friend my debts to pay.
thro' the vale I go, A friend to help and cheer.
meet on heaven's shore, A friend when home at last.
Friend-ship with Je-sus,
Fel-low ship di-vine, Oh, what blessed sweet communion, Je sus is a friend of mine.

There's a Glittering Crown.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Cheer up, O wea - ry pil - grim, to Zi - on's cit - y bound, A
2. Work on, O will - ing toil - er, and be the service sweet, And
3. Fight on, O Christian sol - dier, our Captain still is nigh; His
mansion will your loving Lord pre- pare; Press on thro' light and shadow, let
cast up- on your Saviour ev- 'ry care; The blessed Gospel sto - ry, with
Spir- it makes us strong to do and dare; Put on the shining ar- mor, and
songs of prai-e resound; There's a glittering crown awaiting us, o - ver there.
burn ing lips repeat; There's a glittering crown awaiting us, o - ver there.
on his arm re - ly; There's a glittering crown awaiting us, o - ver there.
Chorus.
There's a glittering crown awaiting us, o - ver there, o - ver
yes, a- waiting us o - ver there, a-
there, o - ver there; There's a glittering crown a-
waiting us, o- ver there, a- waiting us, o- ver there;

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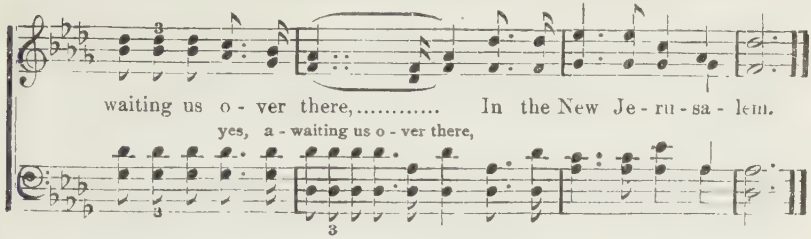
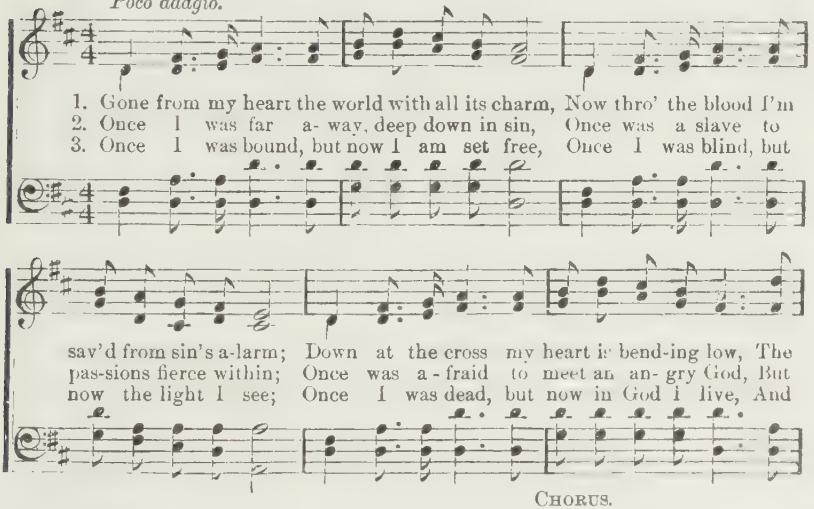
There's a Glittering Crown.—Concluded.

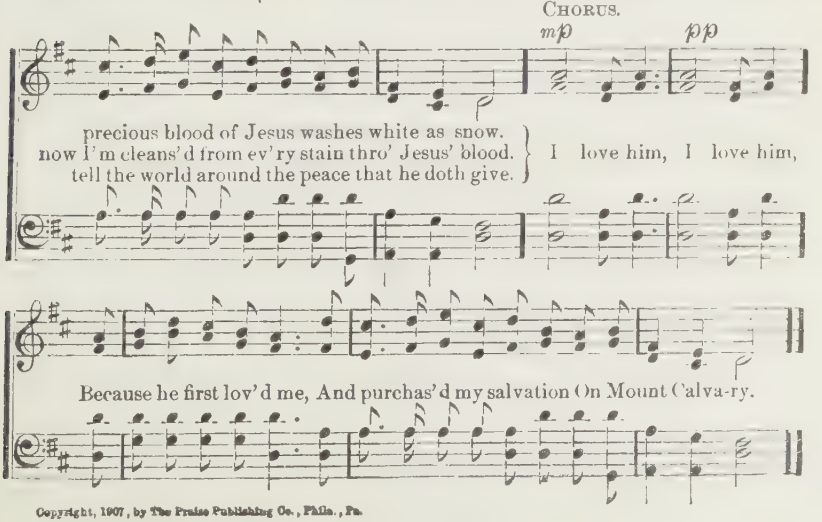


81 I Love Him.

C. F. O. S. C. Foster. Arr. by A. S. M.

Poco adagio.


1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm, Now thro' the blood I'm
2. Once I was far a- way, deep down in sin, Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free, Once I was blind, but
sav'd from sin's a-larm; Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low, The
pas-sions fierce within; Once was a - fraid to meet an an- gry God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in God I live, And


Chorus.
mp
pp
precious blood of Jesus washes white as snow.
now I'm cleans'd from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood.
tell the world around the peace that he doth give.
I love him, I love him,
Because he first lov'd me, And purchas'd my salvation On Mount Calva-ry.

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Beulah Land.

E. H. P.

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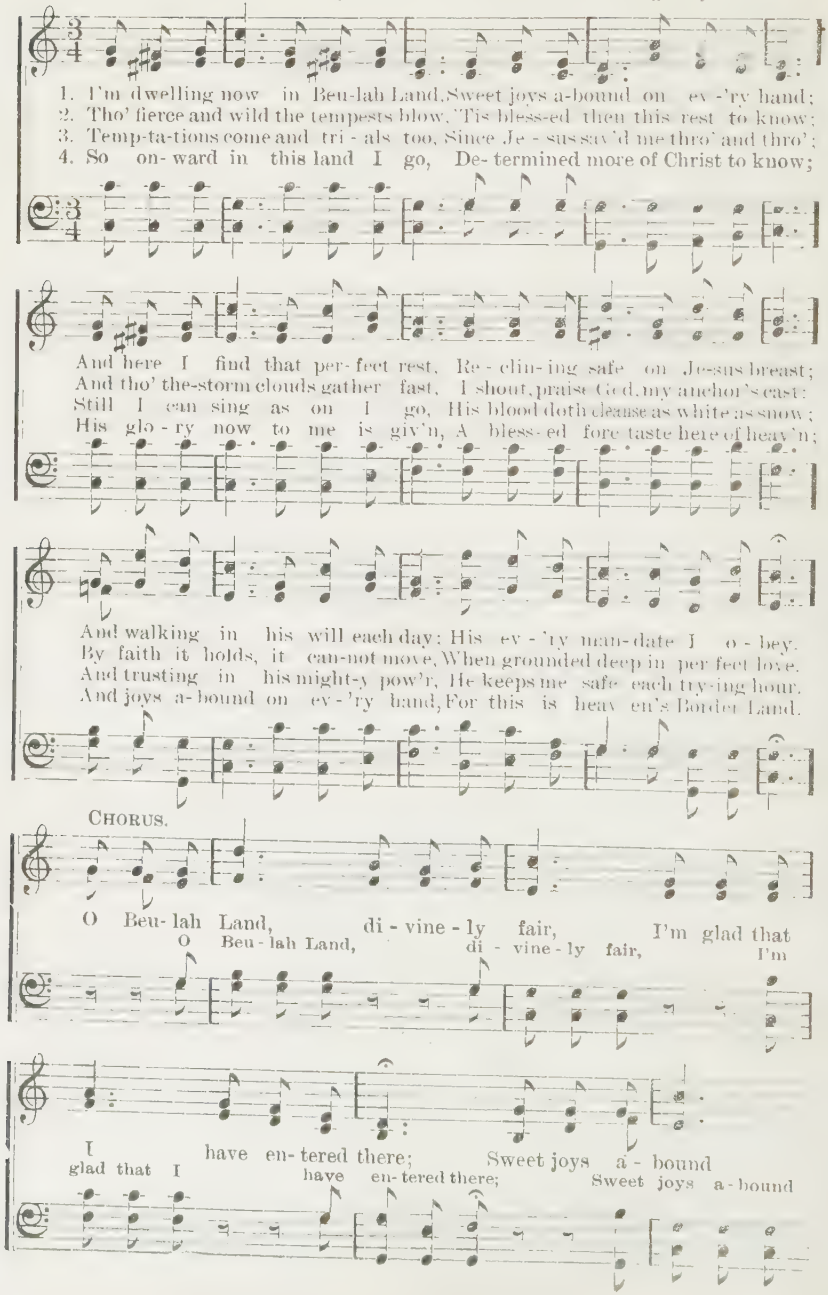
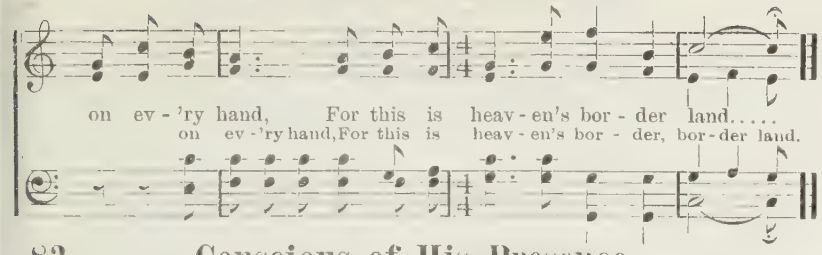
Rev. E. Hilton Post.
Arranged by A. F. I.


1. I'm dwelling now in Beu-lah Land, Sweet joys a-bound on ev-'ry hand;
2. Tho' fierce and wild the tempests blow, 'Tis bless-ed then this rest to know;
3. Temp-ta-tions come and tri-als too, Since Je-sus sav'd me thro' and thro';
4. So on-ward in this land I go, De-termined more of Christ to know;
And here I find that per-fect rest, Re-clin-ing safe on Je-sus breast;
And tho' the storm clouds gather fast, I shout, praise God, my anchor's cast:
Still I can sing as on I go, His blood doth cleanse as white as snow;
His glo-ry now to me is giv'n, A bless-ed fore taste here of heav'n;
And walking in his will each day: His ev-'ry man-date I o-bey.
By faith it holds, it can-not move, When grounded deep in per-fect love.
And trusting in his might-y pow'r, He keeps me safe each try-ing hour.
And joys a-bound on ev-'ry hand, For this is heav-en's Border Land.
Chorus.
O Beu-lah Land, di-vine-ly fair, I'm glad that
O Beu-lah Land, di-vine-ly fair, I'm
I have en-tered there; Sweet joys a-bound
glad that I have en-tered there; Sweet joys a-bound

Beulah Land.—Concluded.



83 Conscious of His Presence.

WM. O. JONES.
A. F. INGLER.

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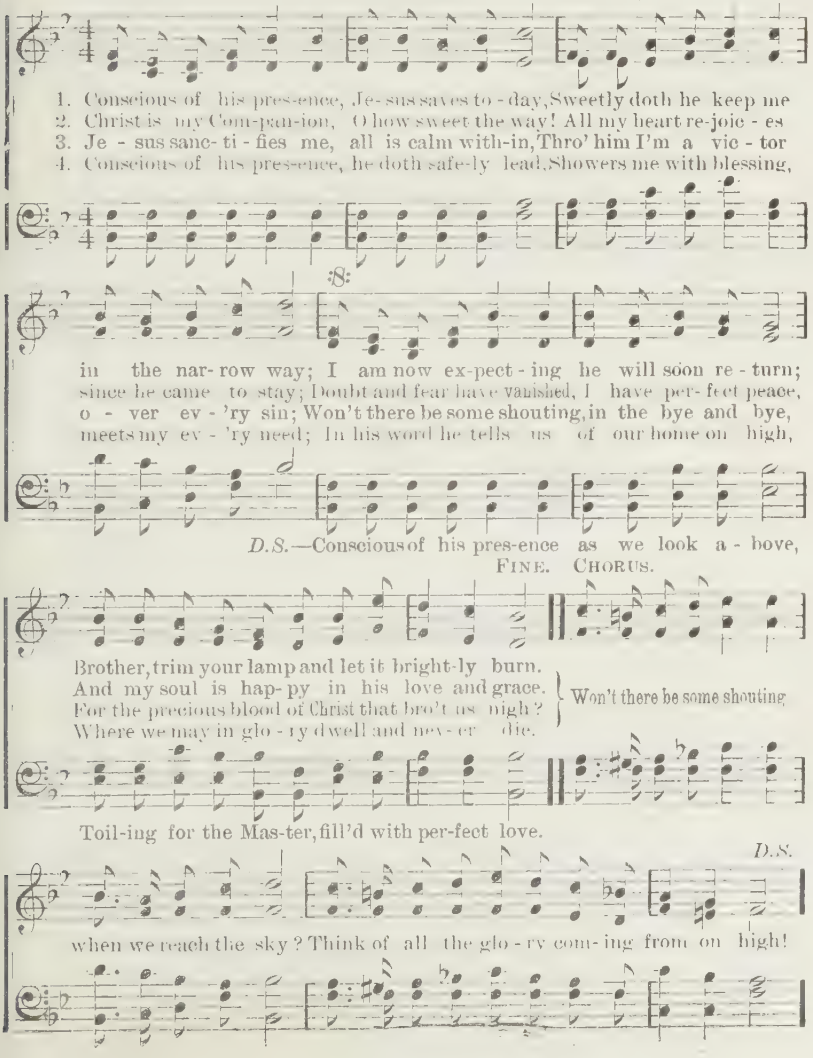
WM. O. JONES.
Harmony by W. A. GALLAHER.

1. Conscious of his pres-ence, Je- sus saves to - day, Sweetly doth he keep me
2. Christ is my Com-pan-ion, O how sweet the way! All my heart re-joic - es
3. Je - sus sanc- ti - fies me, all is calm with-in, Thro' him I'm a vic - tor
4. Conscious of his pres-ence, he doth safe-ly lead, Showers me with blessing,
in the nar-row way; I am now ex-pect - ing he will soon re - turn;
since he came to stay; Doubt and fear have vanished, I have per- fect peace,
o - ver ev - 'ry sin; Won't there be some shouting, in the bye and bye,
meets my ev - 'ry need; In his word he tells us of our home on high,
D.S.—Conscious of his pres-ence as we look a - bove,
FINE. CHORUS.
Brother, trim your lamp and let it bright-ly burn.
And my soul is hap-py in his love and grace.
For the precious blood of Christ that bro't us nigh?
Where we may in glo - ry dwell and nev - er die.
Won't there be some shouting
Toil-ing for the Mas-ter, fill'd with per-fect love.
D.S.
when we reach the sky? Think of all the glo - ry com-ing from on high!

Glory to Jesus.

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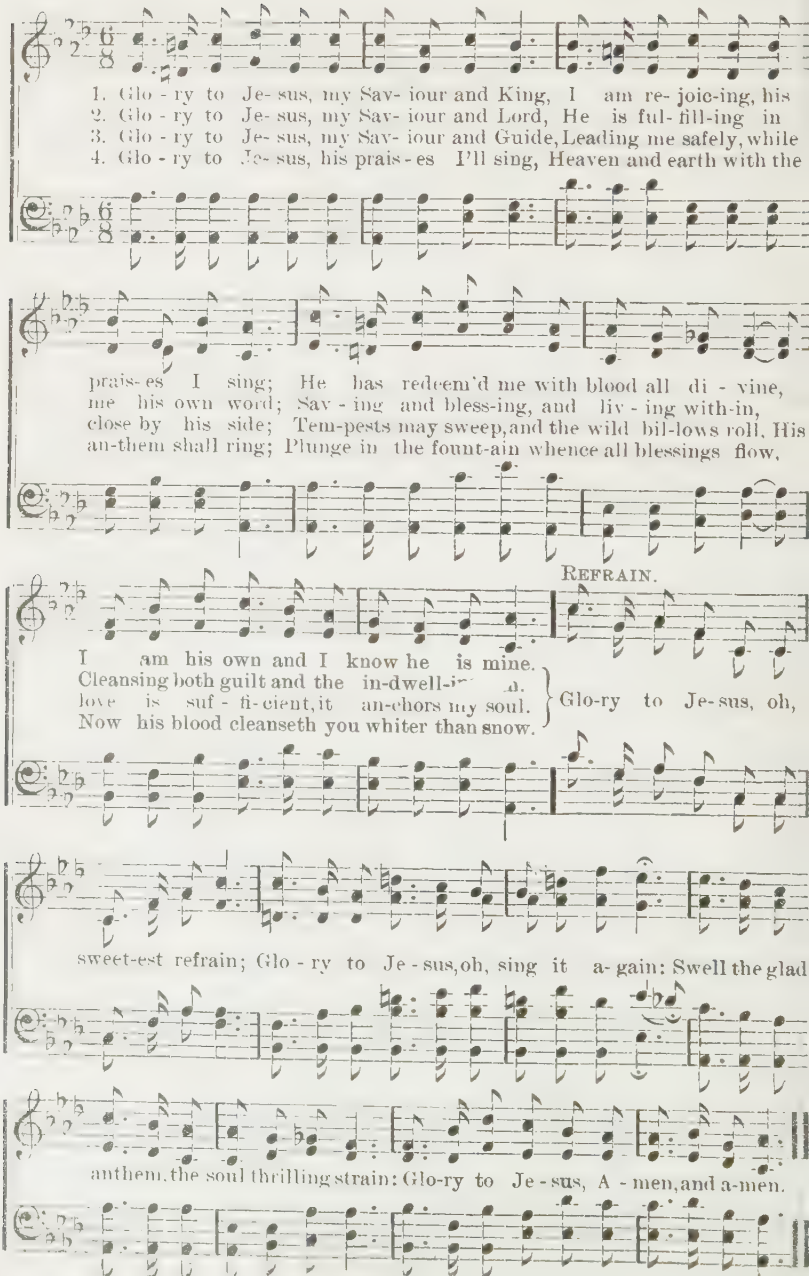
DR. J. C. BRIGGS. W. A. WATSON.


1. Glo - ry to Je- sus, my Sav- iour and King, I am re- joic-ing, his
2. Glo - ry to Je- sus, my Sav- iour and Lord, He is ful- fill-ing in
3. Glo - ry to Je- sus, my Sav- iour and Guide, Leading me safely, while
4. Glo - ry to Je- sus, his prais - es I'll sing, Heaven and earth with the
prais-es I sing; He has redeem'd me with blood all di - vine,
me his own word; Sav - ing and bless-ing, and liv - ing with-in,
close by his side; Tem-pests may sweep, and the wild bil-lows roll, His
an-them shall ring; Plunge in the fount-ain whence all blessings flow,
REFRAIN.
I am his own and I know he is mine.
Cleansing both guilt and the in-dwell-i- a.
love is suf - fi-cient, it an-chors my soul.
Now his blood cleanseth you whiter than snow.
Glo-ry to Je-sus, oh,
sweet-est refrain; Glo - ry to Je - sus, oh, sing it a- gain: Swell the glad
anthem, the soul thrilling strain: Glo-ry to Je - sus, A - men, and a-men.

85 Sanctified by Power Divine.

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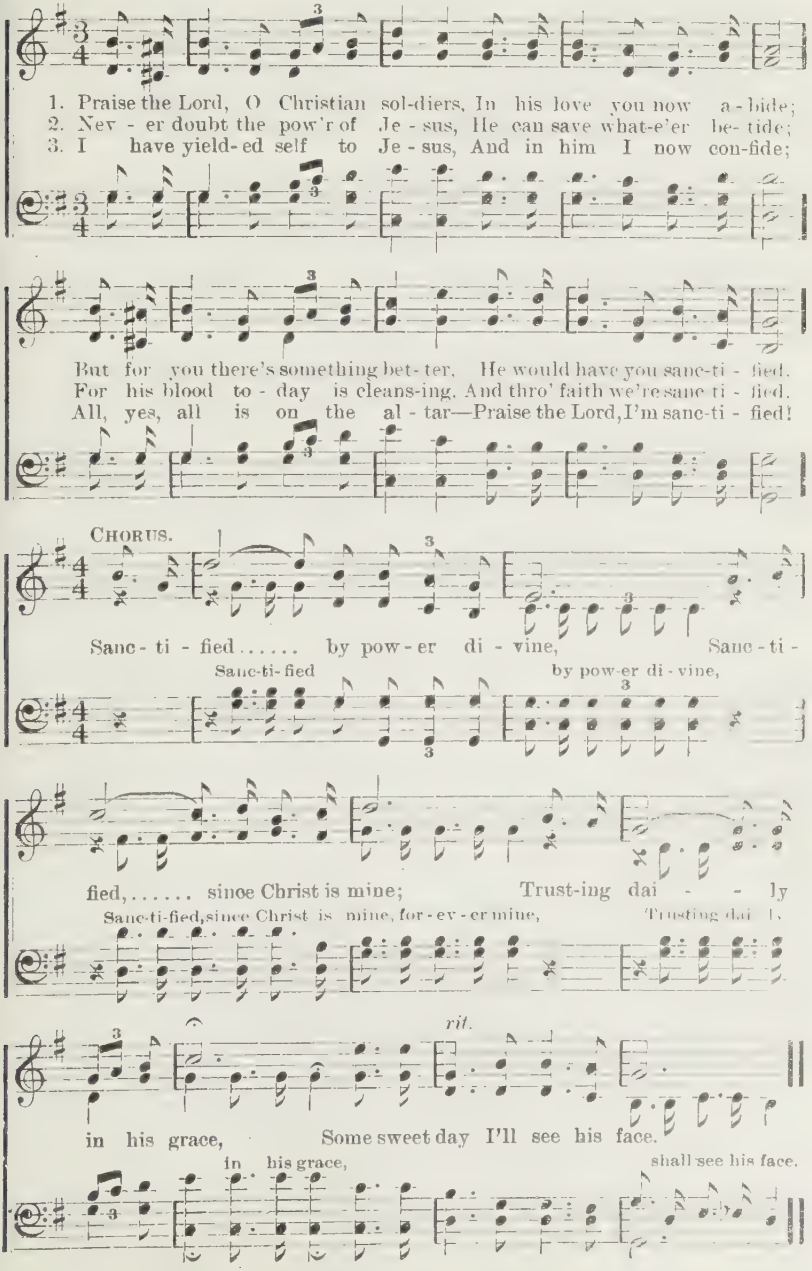
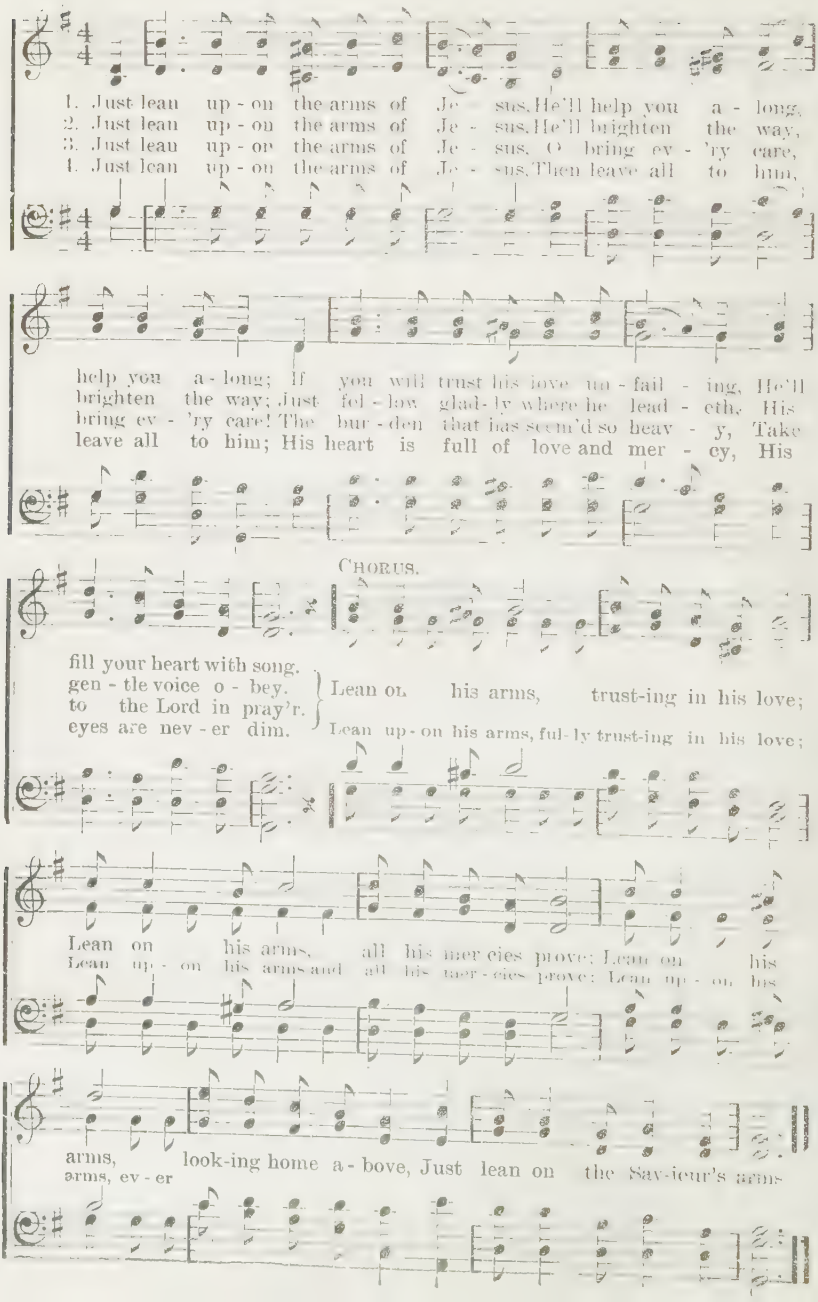
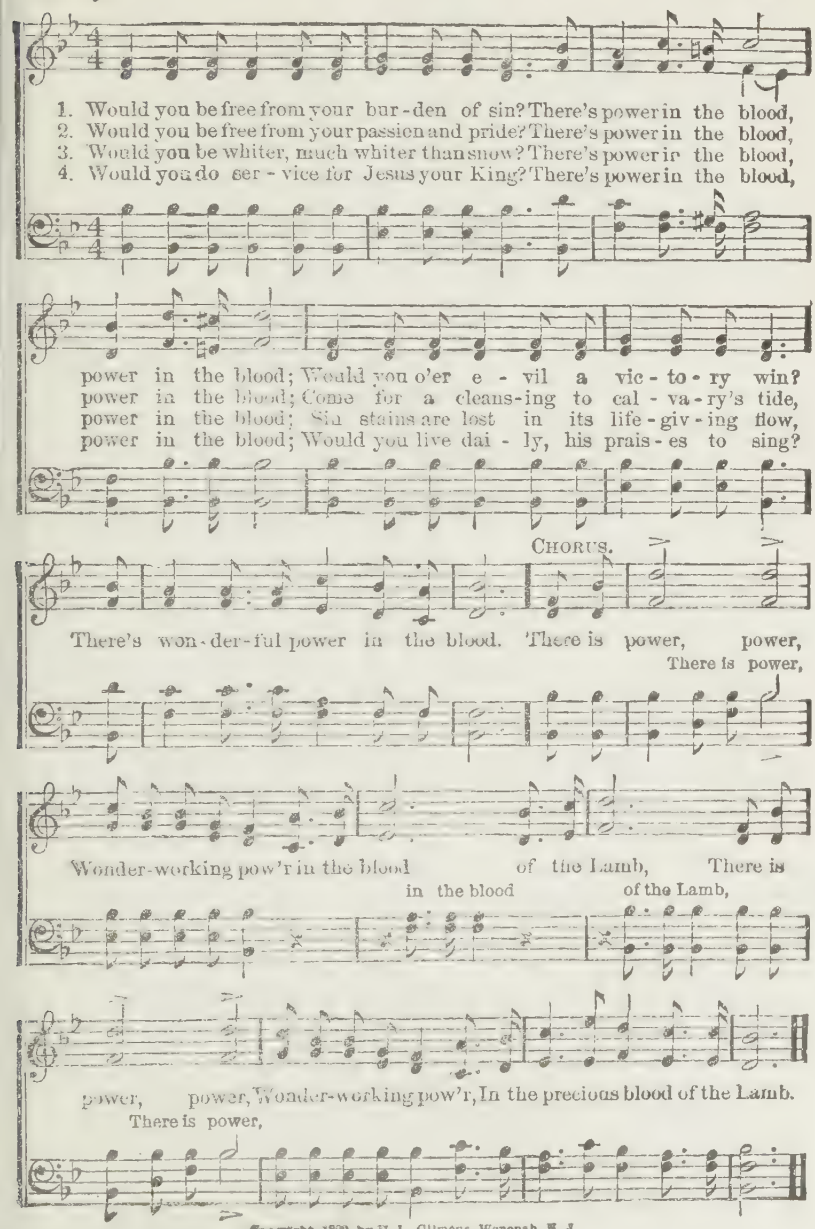
L. O. B. L. O. Brown.

1. Praise the Lord, O Christian sol-diers, In his love you now a-bide;
2. Nev-er doubt the pow'r of Je-sus, He can save what-e'er be-tide;
3. I have yield-ed self to Je-sus, And in him I now con-fide;
But for you there's something bet-ter. He would have you sanc-ti-fied.
For his blood to-day is cleans-ing. And thro' faith we're sanc ti-fied.
All, yes, all is on the al-tar—Praise the Lord, I'm sanc-ti-fied!
Chorus.
Sanc-ti-fied..... by pow-er di-vine, Sanc-ti-
Sanc-ti-fied by pow-er di-vine,
fied,..... since Christ is mine; Trust-ing dai-ly
Sanc-ti-fied, since Christ is mine, for-ev-er mine, Trusting dai-ly
rit.
in his grace, Some sweet day I'll see his face.
in his grace, shall see his face.

Lean On His Arms.

EDGAR LEWIS. Copyright, 1903, by Daniel B. Towner. Used by per. L. E. JONES.

1. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a - long,
2. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll brighten the way,
3. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, O bring ev - 'ry care,
4. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to him,
help you a - long; If you will trust his love un - fail - ing, He'll
brighten the way; Just fol - low glad - ly where he lead - eth, His
bring ev - 'ry care! The bur - den that has seem'd so heav - y, Take
leave all to him; His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His
CHORUS.
fill your heart with song.
gen - tle voice o - bey.
to the Lord in pray'r.
eyes are nev - er dim.
Lean on his arms, trust-ing in his love;
Lean up - on his arms, ful - ly trust-ing in his love;
Lean on his arms, all his mer cies prove; Lean on his
Lean up - on his arms and all his mer - cies prove; Lean up - on his
arms, look-ing home a - bove, Just lean on the Sav-iour's arms
arms, ev - er

There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's power in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's power in the blood,
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow? There's power in the blood,
4. Would you do ser-vice for Jesus your King? There's power in the blood,
power in the blood; Would you o'er e-vil a vic-to-ry win?
power in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to cal-va-ry's tide,
power in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow,
power in the blood; Would you live dai-ly, his prais-es to sing?
Chorus.
There's won-der-ful power in the blood. There is power, power,
There is power,
Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
in the blood of the Lamb,
power, power, Wonder-working pow'r, In the precious blood of the Lamb.
There is power,

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When the Night is Passed Away.

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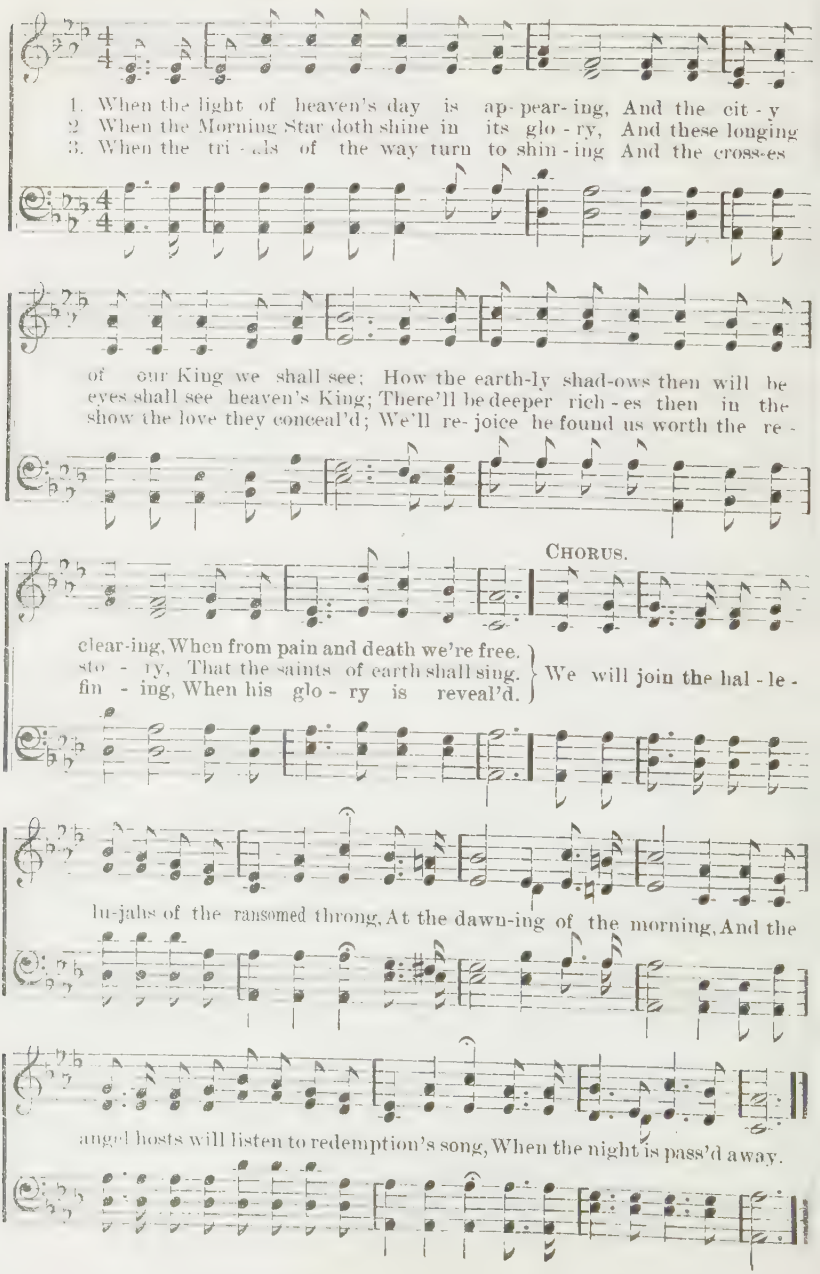
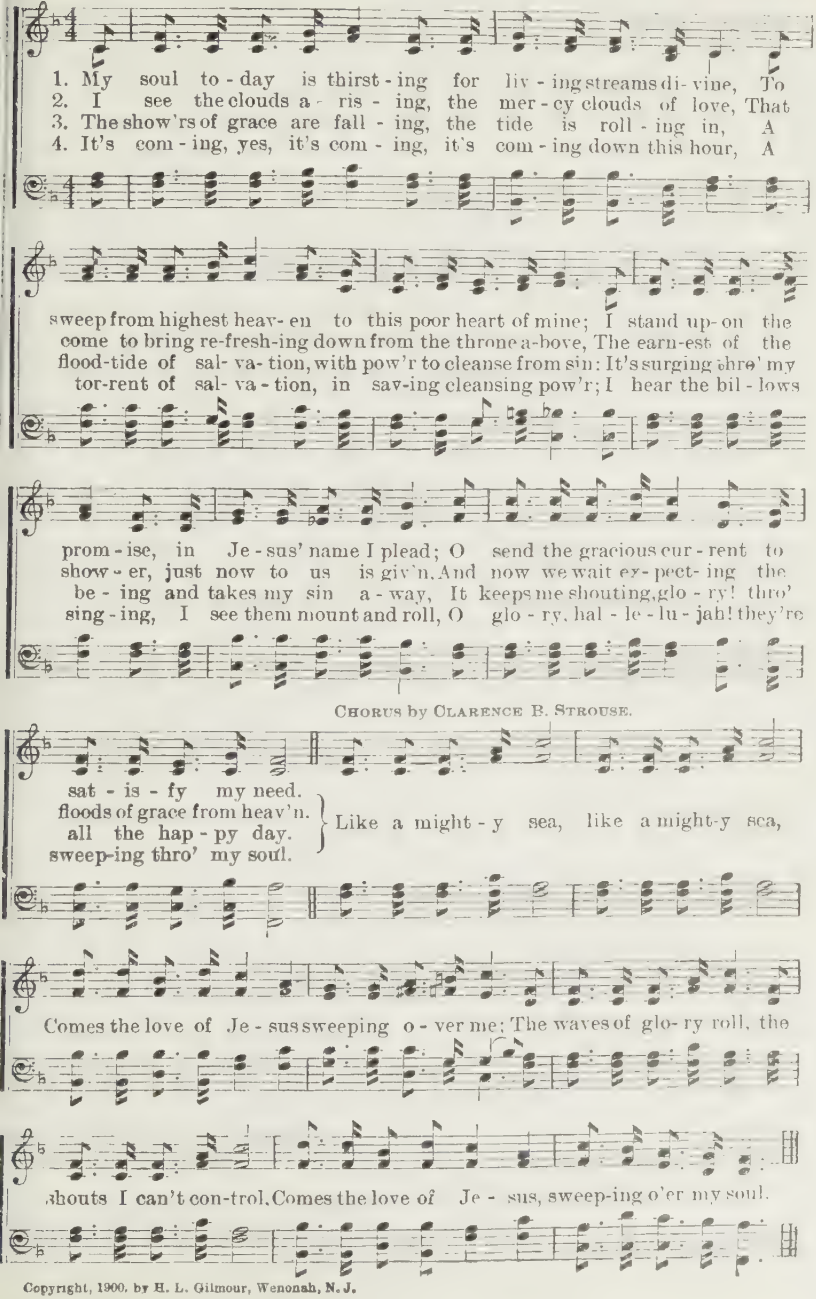
Words and Melody by ESTELLE BRYANT. Arr. by A. F. I.


1. When the light of heaven's day is ap-pear-ing, And the cit-y
2 When the Morning Star doth shine in its glo-ry, And these longing
3. When the tri-als of the way turn to shin-ing And the cross-es
of our King we shall see; How the earth-ly shad-ows then will be
eyes shall see heaven's King; There'll be deeper rich-es then in the
show the love they conceal'd; We'll re-joice he found us worth the re-
CHORUS.
clear-ing, When from pain and death we're free.
sto-ry, That the saints of earth shall sing.
fin-ing, When his glo-ry is reveal'd.
We will join the hal-le-
lu-jahs of the ransomed throng, At the dawn-ing of the morning, And the
angel hosts will listen to redemption's song, When the night is pass'd away.

89

Like a Mighty Sea.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. H. L. Gilmour.


1. My soul to-day is thirst-ing for liv-ing streams di-vine, To
2. I see the clouds a-ris-ing, the mer-cy clouds of love, That
3. The show'rs of grace are fall-ing, the tide is roll-ing in, A
4. It's com-ing, yes, it's com-ing, it's com-ing down this hour, A
sweep from highest heav-en to this poor heart of mine; I stand up-on the
come to bring re-fresh-ing down from the throne a-bove, The earn-est of the
flood-tide of sal-va-tion, with pow'r to cleanse from sin: It's surging thro' my
tor-rent of sal-va-tion, in sav-ing cleansing pow'r; I hear the bil-lows
prom-ise, in Je-sus' name I plead; O send the gracious cur-rent to
show-er, just now to us is giv'n, And now we wait ex-pect-ing the
be-ing and takes my sin a-way, It keeps me shouting, glo-ry! thro'
sing-ing, I see them mount and roll, O glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! they're
Chorus by Clarence B. Strouse.
sat-is-fy my need.
floods of grace from heav'n.
all the hap-py day.
sweep-ing thro' my soul.
Like a might-y sea, like a might-y sea,
Comes the love of Je-sus sweeping o-ver me; The waves of glo-ry roll, the
shouts I can't con-trol. Comes the love of Je-sus, sweep-ing o'er my soul.

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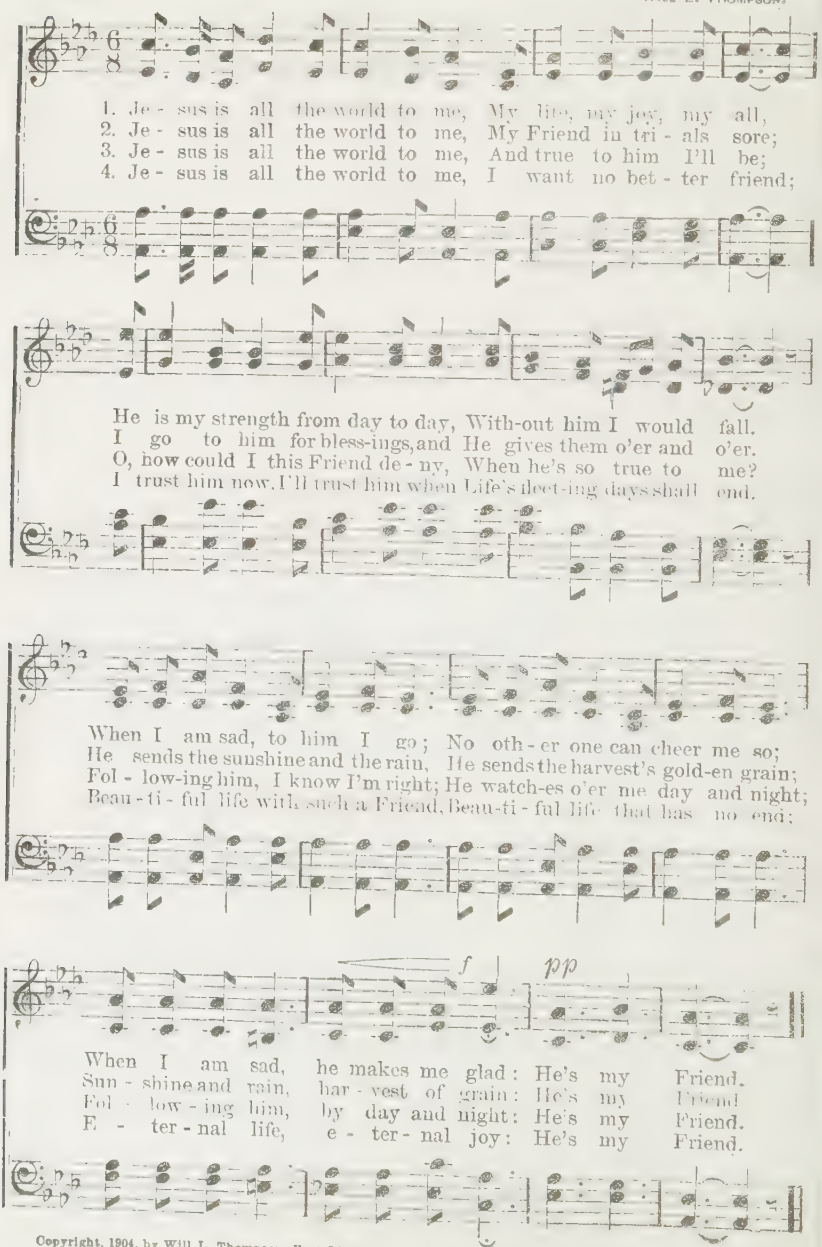
90 Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.


1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all,
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;
He is my strength from day to day, With-out him I would fall.
I go to him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
O, how could I this Friend de - ny, When he's so true to me?
I trust him now, I'll trust him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.
When I am sad, to him I go; No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sunshine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol - low-ing him, I know I'm right; He watch-es o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti - ful life with such a Friend, Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;
f
pp
When I am sad, he makes me glad: He's my Friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain: He's my Friend.
Fol - low - ing him, by day and night: He's my Friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy: He's my Friend.

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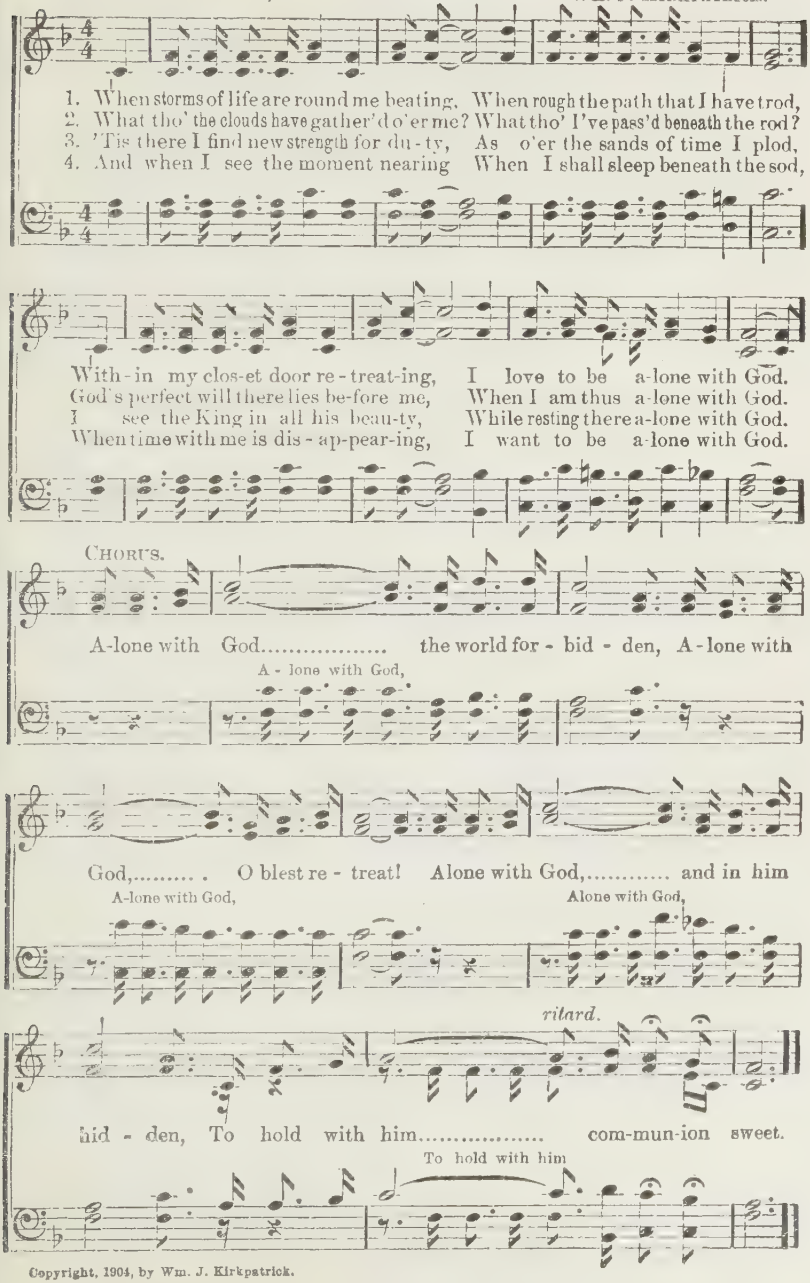
Alone With God.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. When storms of life are round me beating, When rough the path that I have trod,
2. What tho' the clouds have gather'd o'er me? What tho' I've pass'd beneath the rod?
3. 'Tis there I find new strength for du-ty, As o'er the sands of time I plod,
4. And when I see the moment nearing When I shall sleep beneath the sod,
With-in my clos-et door re-treat-ing, I love to be a-lone with God.
God's perfect will there lies be-fore me, When I am thus a-lone with God.
I see the King in all his beau-ty, While resting there a-lone with God.
When time with me is dis-ap-pear-ing, I want to be a-lone with God.
Chorus.
A-lone with God..... the world for-bid-den, A-lone with
A-lone with God,
God,..... O blest re-treat! Alone with God,..... and in him
A-lone with God,
Alone with God,
ritard.
hid-den, To hold with him..... com-mun-ion sweet.
To hold with him

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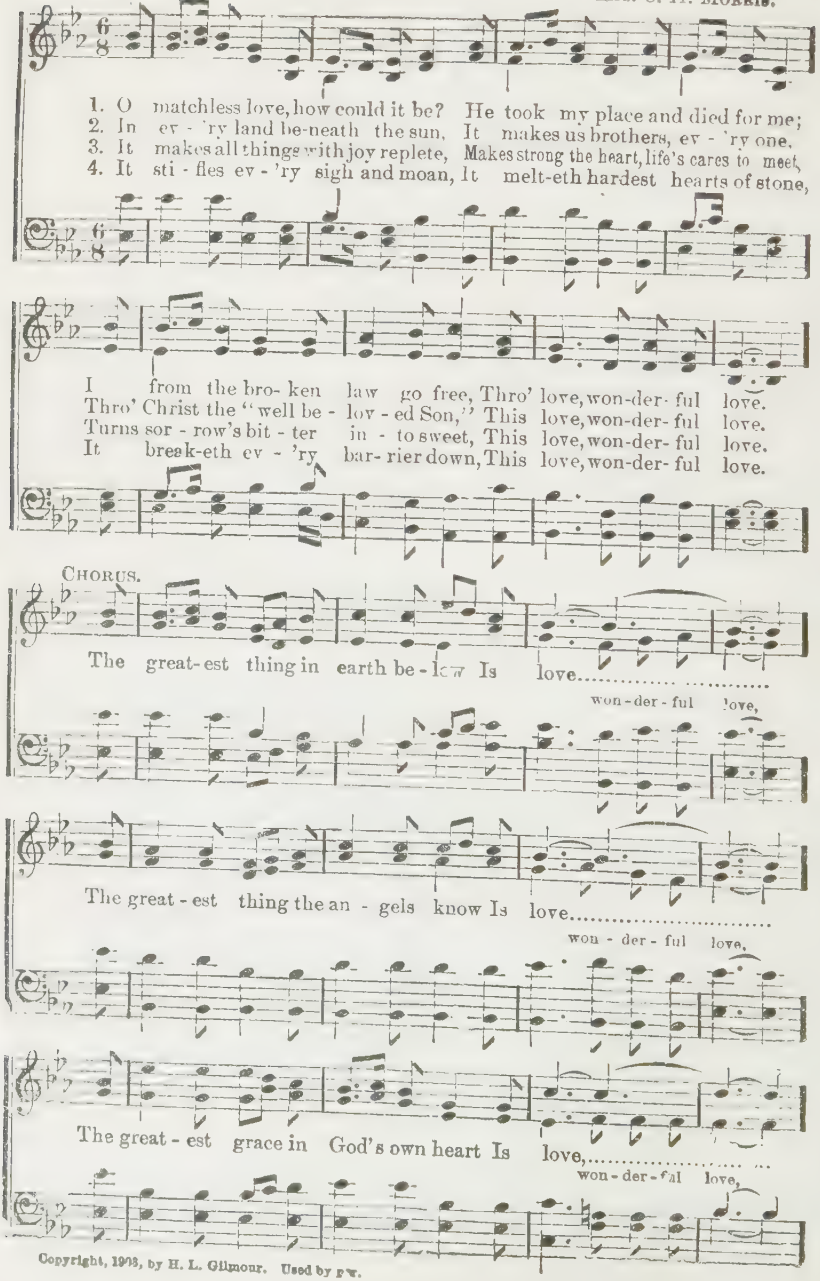
The Greatest Thing is Love.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.


1. O matchless love, how could it be? He took my place and died for me;
2. In ev - 'ry land be-neath the sun, It makes us brothers, ev - 'ry one.
3. It makes all things with joy replete, Makes strong the heart, life's cares to meet,
4. It sti - fles ev - 'ry sigh and moan, It melt-eth hardest hearts of stone,
I from the bro- ken law go free, Thro' love, won-der- ful love.
Thro' Christ the "well be - lov - ed Son," This love, won-der- ful love.
Turns sor - row's bit - ter in - to sweet, This love, won-der- ful love.
It break-eth ev - 'ry bar- rier down, This love, won-der- ful love.
CHORUS.
The great-est thing in earth be - low Is love.....
won-der - ful love.
The great - est thing the an - gels know Is love.....
won - der - ful love.
The great - est grace in God's own heart Is love,.....
won - der - ful love.

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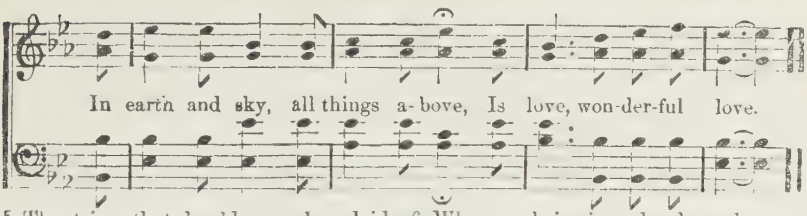


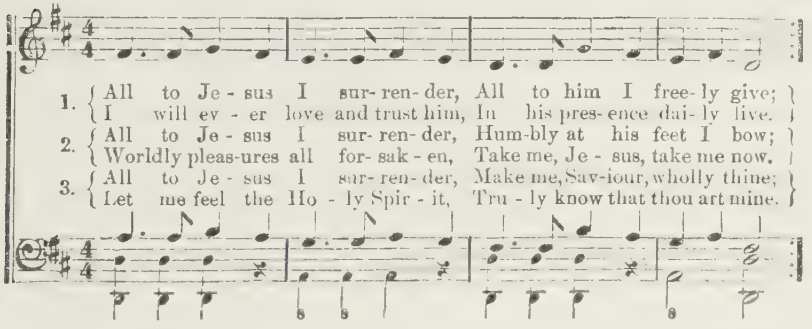
5 The stripes that should on me been laid,
He bore, and suffered in my stead,
Like as the lamb to slaughter led,
Through love, wonderful love.

6 Where souls in sin and sadness droop,
We go with him, and gladly stoop
To lift a fallen brother up,
Through love, wonderful love.

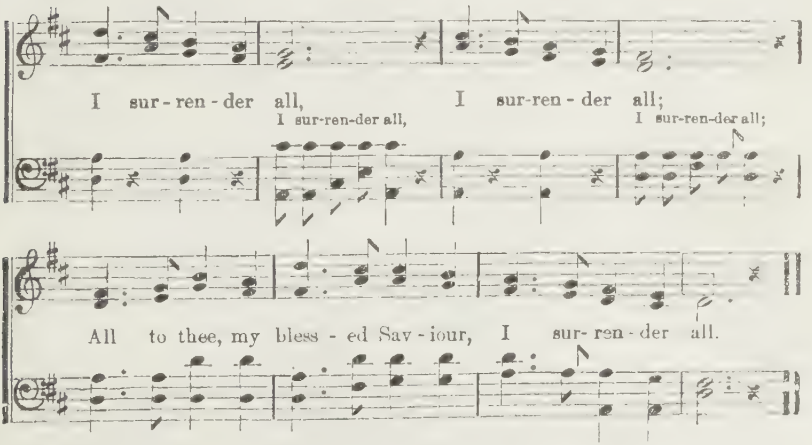
93 I Surrender All.

(DUET.)

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.


1. All to Je - sus I sur- ren- der, All to him I free- ly give;
I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres- ence dai- ly live.
2. All to Je - sus I sur- ren- der, Hum-bly at his feet I bow;
Worldly pleas-ures all for- sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
3. All to Je - sus I sur- ren- der, Make me, Sav-iour, wholly thine;
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine.

Chorus.



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4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to thee;
Fill me with thy love and power,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame.
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to his name!

The Anchors of the Soul.

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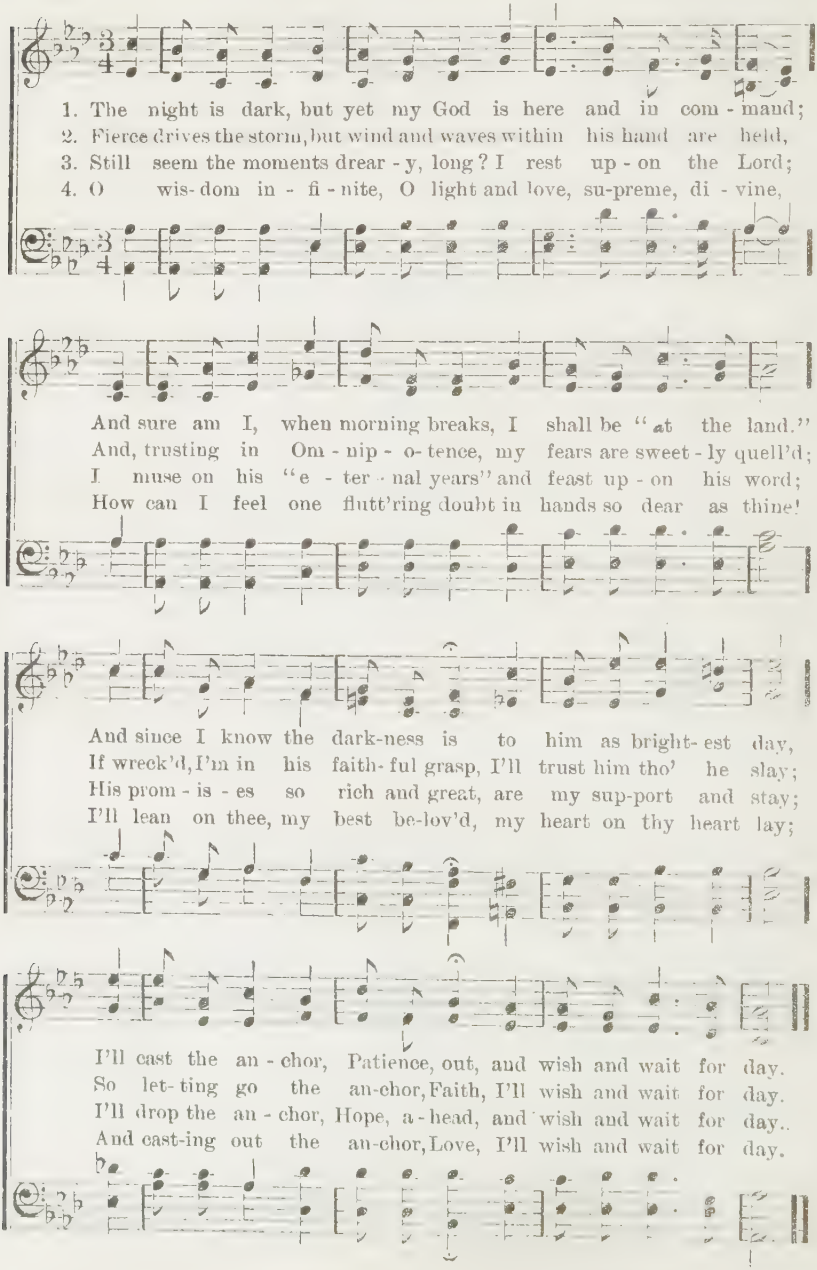
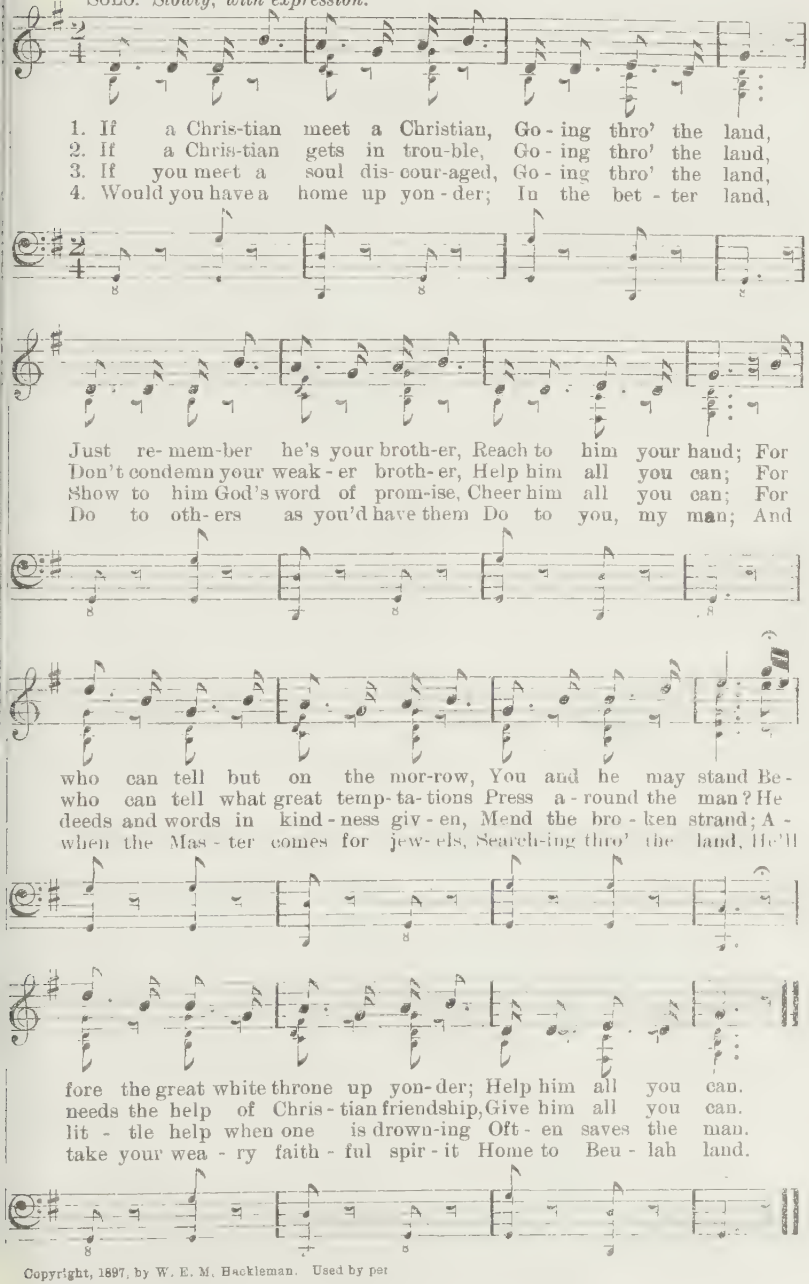
MRS. HELEN E. BROWN. ACTS 27: 29. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

1. The night is dark, but yet my God is here and in com - mand;
2. Fierce drives the storm, but wind and waves within his hand are held,
3. Still seem the moments drear - y, long? I rest up - on the Lord;
4. O wis - dom in - fi - nite, O light and love, su-preme, di - vine,
And sure am I, when morning breaks, I shall be "at the land."
And, trusting in Om - nip - o - tence, my fears are sweet - ly quell'd;
I muse on his "e - ter - nal years" and feast up - on his word;
How can I feel one flutt'ring doubt in hands so dear as thine!
And since I know the dark-ness is to him as bright - est day,
If wreck'd, I'm in his faith - ful grasp, I'll trust him tho' he slay;
His prom - is - es so rich and great, are my sup-port and stay;
I'll lean on thee, my best be-lov'd, my heart on thy heart lay;
I'll cast the an - chor, Patience, out, and wish and wait for day.
So let - ting go the an-chor, Faith, I'll wish and wait for day.
I'll drop the an - chor, Hope, a - head, and wish and wait for day.
And cast-ing out the an-chor, Love, I'll wish and wait for day.

95 Going Through the Land.

W. D. Cornell, by per. Arr. by W. E. M. Hackleman.

Solo. *Slowly, with expression.*


1. If a Chris-tian meet a Christian, Go - ing thro' the land,
2. If a Chris-tian gets in trou-ble, Go - ing thro' the land,
3. If you meet a soul dis- cour-aged, Go - ing thro' the land,
4. Would you have a home up yon - der; In the bet - ter land,
Just re- mem-ber he's your broth-er, Reach to him your hand; For
Don't condemn your weak - er broth- er, Help him all you can; For
Show to him God's word of prom-ise, Cheer him all you can; For
Do to oth- ers as you'd have them Do to you, my man; And
who can tell but on the mor-row, You and he may stand Be -
who can tell what great temp- ta- tions Press a - round the man? He
deeds and words in kind - ness giv - en, Mend the bro - ken strand; A -
when the Mas - ter comes for jew- els, Search-ing thro' the land, He'll
fore the great white throne up yon- der; Help him all you can.
needs the help of Chris - tian friendship, Give him all you can.
lit - tle help when one is drown-ing Oft - en saves the man.
take your wea - ry faith - ful spir - it Home to Beu - lah land.

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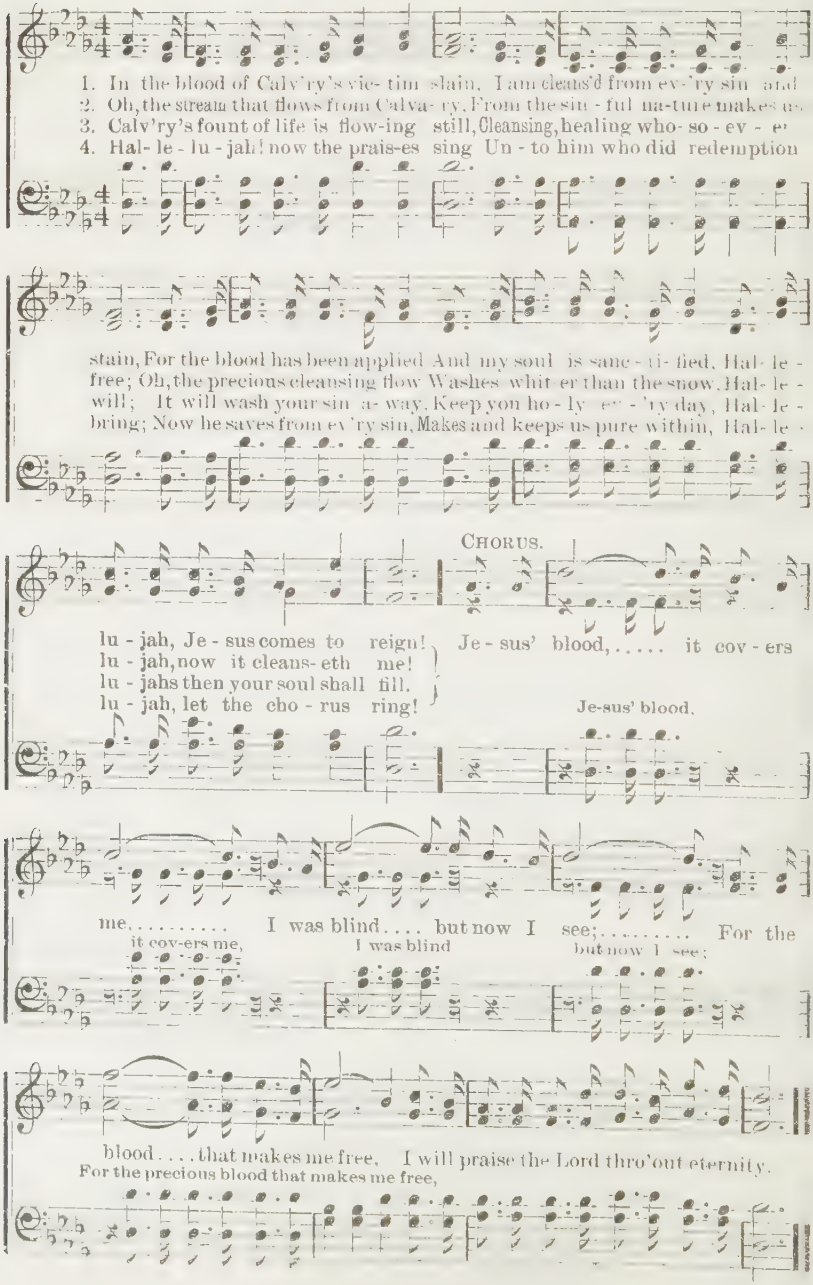
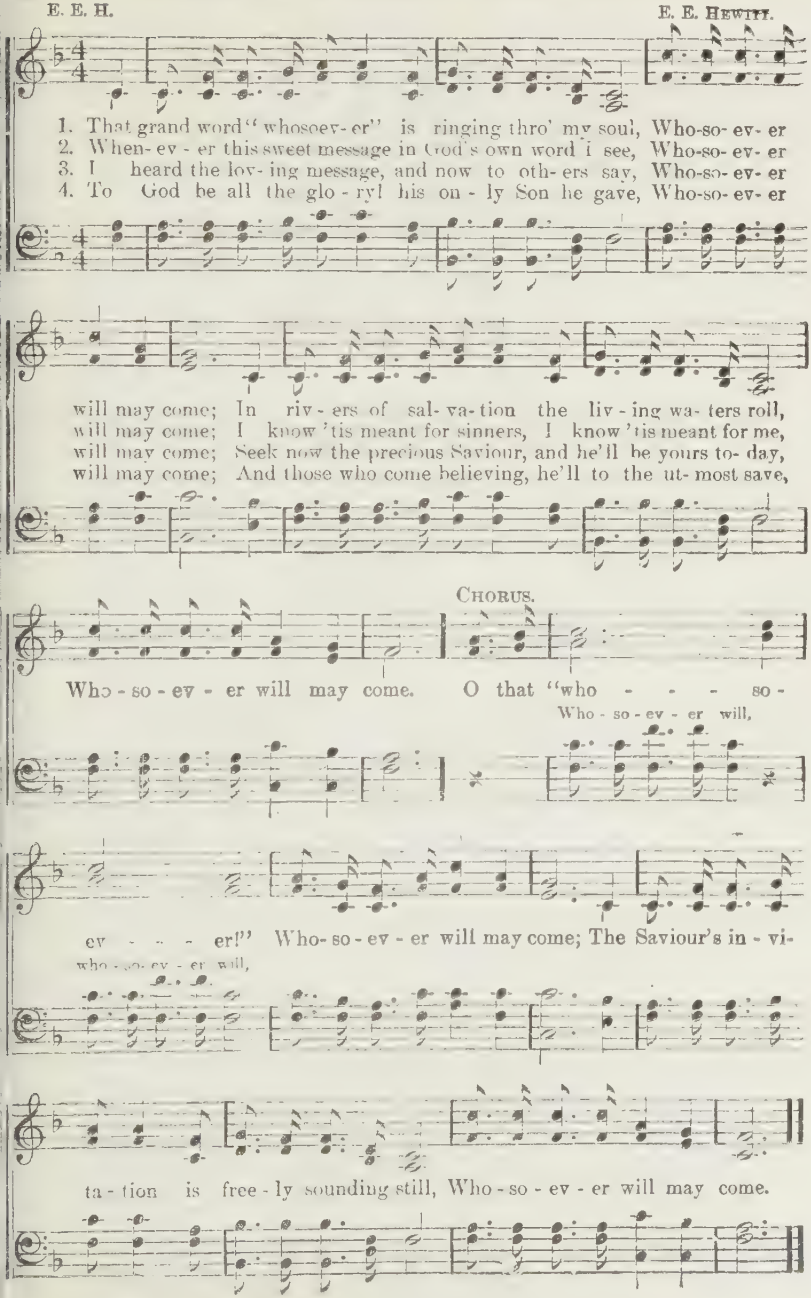
Jesus' Blood Covers Me.

E. H. P. Copyright, 1909, by A. F. Ingler. Rev. E. Hilton Post.


1. In the blood of Calv'ry's vic- tim slain, I am cleans'd from ev- 'ry sin and
2. Oh, the stream that flows from Calva- ry, From the sin - ful na-ture makes us
3. Calv'ry's fount of life is flow-ing still, Cleansing, healing who- so - ev - er
4. Hal- le - lu - jah! now the prais-es sing Un - to him who did redemption
stain, For the blood has been applied And my soul is sanc - ti- fied, Hal- le -
free; Oh, the precious cleansing flow Washes whit- er than the snow, Hal- le -
will; It will wash your sin a- way, Keep you ho - ly ev - 'ry day, Hal- le -
bring; Now he saves from ev 'ry sin, Makes and keeps us pure within, Hal- le -
Chorus.
lu - jah, Je - sus comes to reign!
lu - jah, now it cleans- eth me!
lu - jahs then your soul shall fill.
lu - jah, let the cho - rus ring!
Je - sus' blood, ... it cov - ers
Je-sus' blood,
me, ... I was blind .... but now I see; ..... For the
it cov-ers me,
I was blind
but now I see;
blood .... that makes me free, I will praise the Lord thro'out eternity.
For the precious blood that makes me free,

97 That Grand Word, "Whosoever."

E. E. H. E. E. Hewitt.

1. That grand word "whosoev-er" is ringing thro' my soul, Who-so-ev-er
2. When-ev-er this sweet message in God's own word I see, Who-so-ev-er
3. I heard the lov-ing message, and now to oth-ers say, Who-so-ev-er
4. To God be all the glo-ry! his on-ly Son he gave, Who-so-ev-er
will may come; In riv-ers of sal-va-tion the liv-ing wa-ters roll,
will may come; I know 'tis meant for sinners, I know 'tis meant for me,
will may come; Seek now the precious Saviour, and he'll be yours to-day,
will may come; And those who come believing, he'll to the ut-most save,
Chorus.
Who-so-ev-er will may come. O that "who - - - so-
Who-so-ev-er will,
ev - - - er!" Who-so-ev-er will may come; The Saviour's in-vi-
who-so-ev-er will,
ta-tion is free-ly sounding still, Who-so-ev-er will may come.

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Oh, Don't You Remember?

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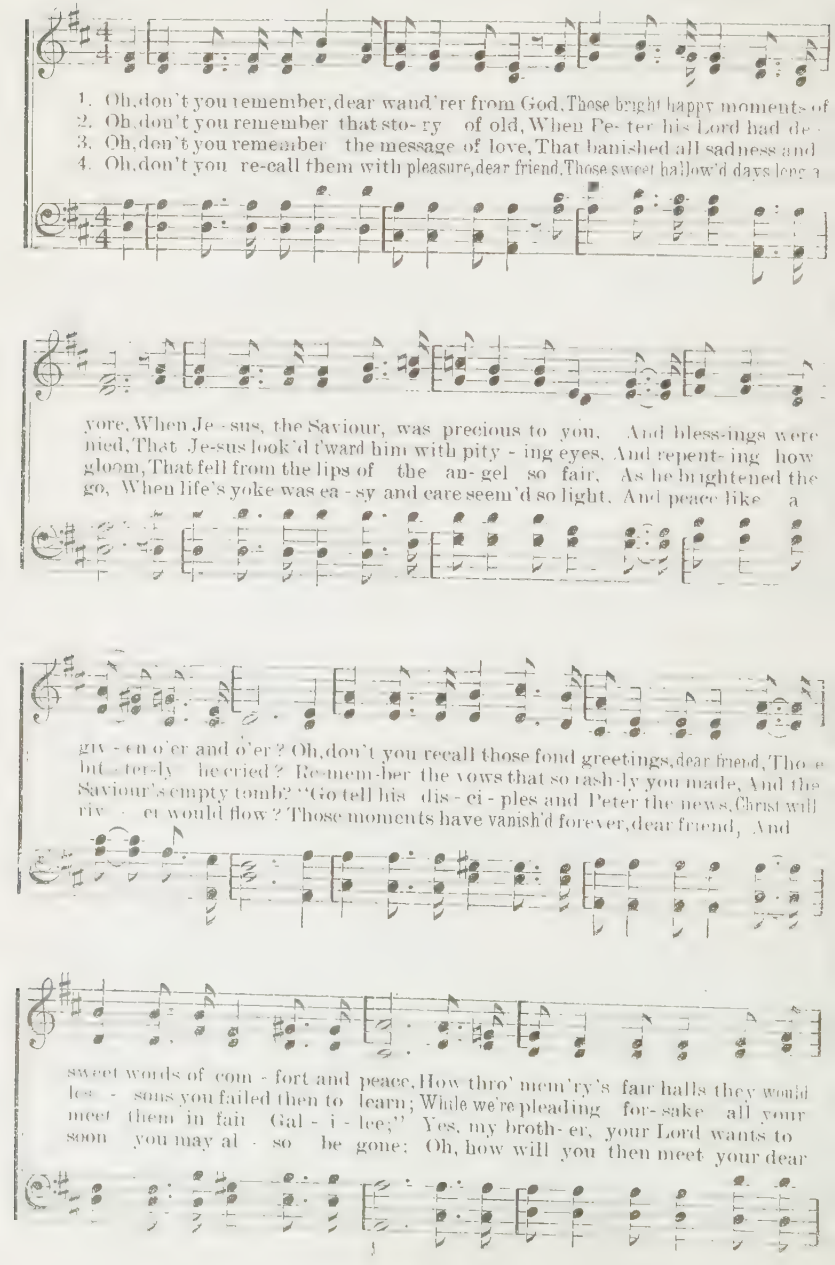
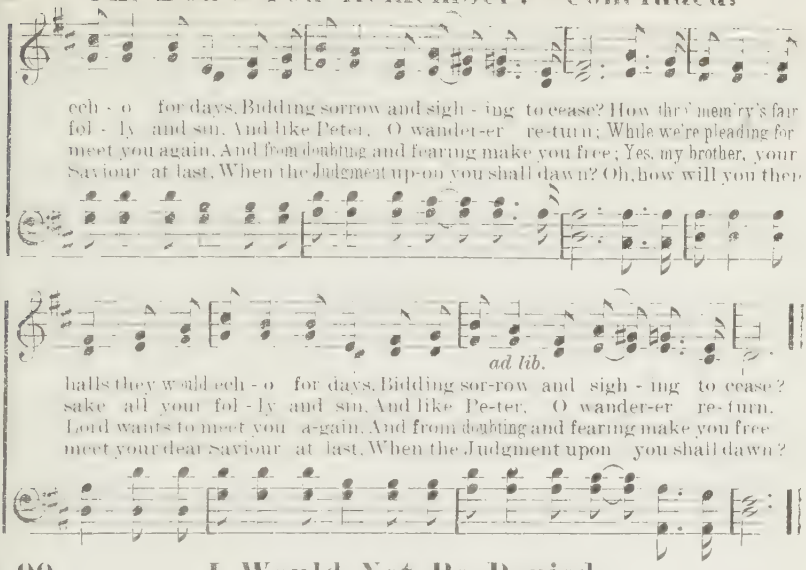
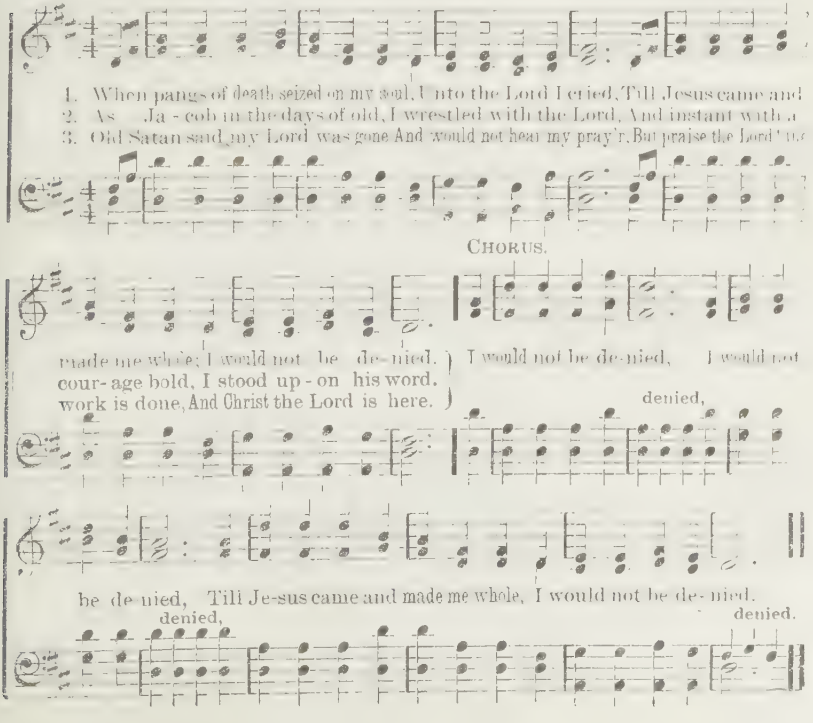
ARTHUR F. INGLER. NELSON KNEASS.


1. Oh, don't you remember, dear wand'rer from God, Those bright happy moments of
2. Oh, don't you remember that sto- ry of old, When Pe- ter his Lord had de -
3. Oh, don't you remember the message of love, That banished all sadness and
4. Oh, don't you re-call them with pleasure, dear friend, Those sweet hallow'd days long a
yore, When Je - sus, the Saviour, was precious to you. And bless-ings were
nied, That Je-sus look'd t'ward him with pity - ing eyes, And repent- ing how
gloom, That fell from the lips of the an- gel so fair, As he brightened the
go, When life's yoke was ea - sy and care seem'd so light. And peace like a
giv - en o'er and o'er? Oh, don't you recall those fond greetings, dear friend, Those
bit - ter-ly he cried? Re-mem-ber the vows that so rash-ly you made, And the
Saviour's empty tomb? "Go tell his dis - ci - ples and Peter the news, Christ will
riv - er would flow? Those moments have vanish'd forever, dear friend, And
sweet words of com - fort and peace, How thro' mem'ry's fair halls they would
les - sons you failed then to learn; While we're pleading for-sake all your
meet them in fair Gal - i - lee;" Yes, my broth- er, your Lord wants to
soon you may al - so be gone; Oh, how will you then meet your dear

Oh, Don't You Remember?—Concluded.


ech - o for days, Bidding sorrow and sigh - ing to cease? How thr' mem'ry's fair
fol - ly and sin, And like Peter, O wander-er re-turn; While we're pleading for
meet you again, And from doubting and fearing make you free; Yes, my brother, your
Saviour at last, When the Judgment up-on you shall dawn? Oh, how will you then
ad lib.
halls they would ech - o for days, Bidding sor-row and sigh - ing to cease?
sake all your fol - ly and sin, And like Pe-ter, O wander-er re-turn.
Lord wants to meet you a-gain, And from doubting and fearing make you free
meet your dear Saviour at last, When the Judgment upon you shall dawn?

99 I Would Not Be Denied.

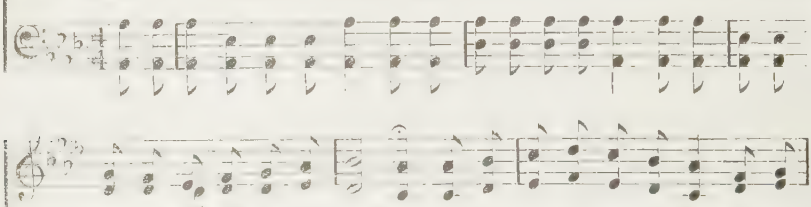
C. P. J. C. P. Jones

1. When pangs of death seized on my soul, Unto the Lord I cried, Till Jesus came and
2. As Ja - cob in the days of old, I wrestled with the Lord, And instant with a
3. Old Satan said, my Lord was gone And would not hear my pray'r, But praise the Lord I'm
Chorus.
made me whole; I would not be de-nied. I would not be de-nied, I would not
cour-age bold, I stood up-on his word.
work is done, And Christ the Lord is here.
denied,
be de-nied, Till Je-sus came and made me whole, I would not be de-nied.
denied, denied.

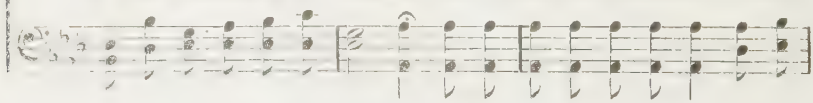
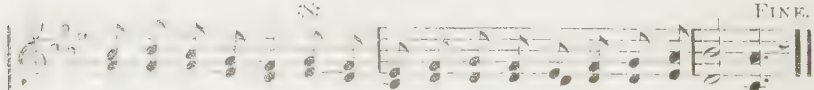
Canaan.

Copyright, 1909, by A. F. Ingler.

A. G. H. Arr. ADAM G. HORST.

1. When I left the realm of sin, And the Saviour took me in, Then I started
2. As I walk'd in all the light, Shining brightly day and night, Showing clearly
3. I could hear the Savi-our's voice, Making heart and soul rejoice, But I knew that
4. So at last I yield-ed all, And the fire be-gan to fall; Je-sus led un-
5. Since I'm liv-ing in the land, Blessings fall on ev'ry hand, And I'm marching



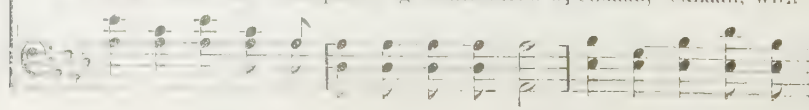
out to seek the land of Canaan; And when Satan tried me hard, Tried my
what it meant to en-ter Canaan; Then I found that I possess'd Ma-ny
I had nev-er en-tered Canaan; I had such an aching void, Which I
er-ring-ly right in-to Canaan; When I march'd to Jer-i-cho, And by
up and down and on in Canaan, When I meet the gi-ants tall, Je-sus



pro-gress to retard, Je-sus beckon'd me to come right on to Canaan.
things that would molest, And would hinder me from going in-to Canaan.
felt would be destroy'd, Just the mo-ment I would en-ter in-to Canaan.
faith did lay it low, I be-gan to un-der-stand the life in Canaan.
helps me slay them all, And I've blessed vict'ry all the time in Canaan.

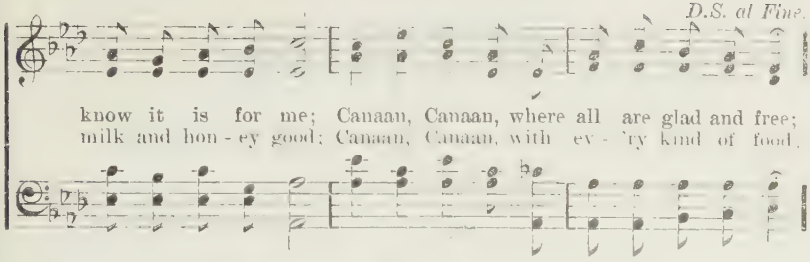
D.S.—There is per-fect rest and joy and love in Canaan.
D.S.—I am liv-ing in the bless-ed land of Canaan.

CHORUS.

1-2-3. Canaan, Canaan, its beau-ties now I see; Canaan, Canaan, I
4-5. Canaan, Canaan, with pom-e-gran-ates strew'd; Canaan, Canaan, with



D.S. al Fine.



101 With Him Alone.

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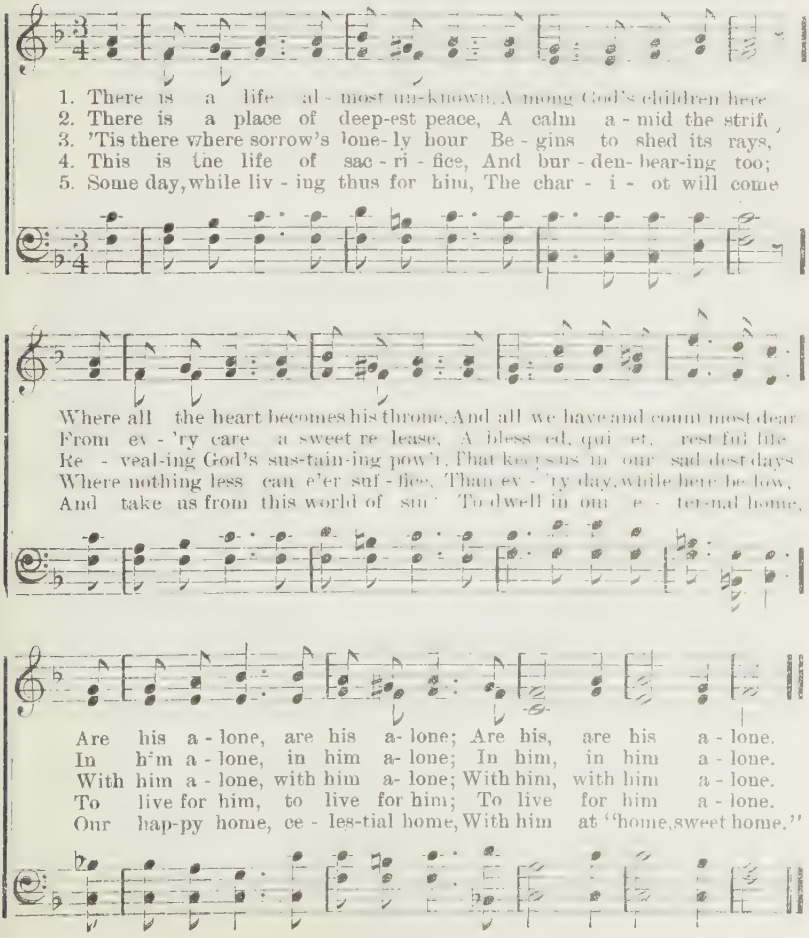
E. H. P. REV. E. HILTON POST.

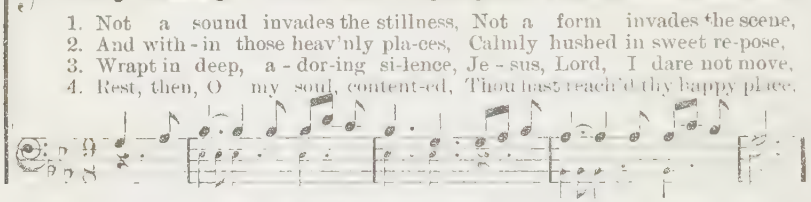

1. There is a life al - most un-known, A mong God's children here
2. There is a place of deep-est peace, A calm a - mid the strife,
3. 'Tis there where sorrow's lone-ly hour Be - gins to shed its rays,
4. This is the life of sac - ri - fice, And bur - den- bear-ing too;
5. Some day, while liv - ing thus for him, The char - i - ot will come
Where all the heart becomes his throne, And all we have and count most dear
From ev - 'ry care a sweet re lease, A bless ed, qui et, rest ful life
Re - veal-ing God's sus-tain-ing pow'r, That keeps us in our sad dest days
Where nothing less can e'er suf - fice, Than ev - 'ry day, while here be low,
And take us from this world of sin To dwell in our e - ter-nal home,
Are his a - lone, are his a- lone; Are his, are his a - lone.
In him a - lone, in him a- lone; In him, in him a - lone.
With him a - lone, with him a- lone; With him, with him a - lone.
To live for him, to live for him; To live for him a - lone.
Our hap-py home, ce - les-tial home, With him at "home, sweet home."

102 Whisperings of Jesus.

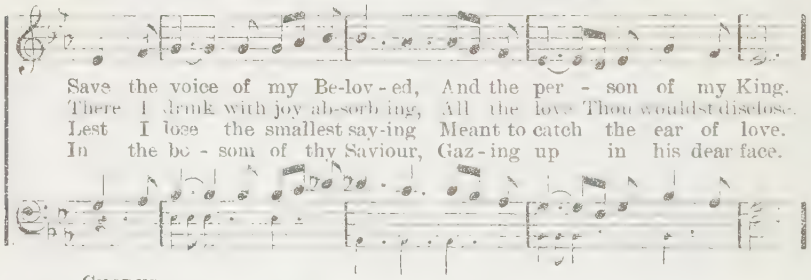
D. K. W. Hosea 2: 19. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

With expression.

1. Not a sound invades the stillness, Not a form invades the scene,
2. And with-in those heav'nly pla-ces, Calmly hushed in sweet re-pose,
3. Wrapt in deep, a-dor-ing si-lence, Je-sus, Lord, I dare not move,
4. Rest, then, O my soul, content-ed, Thou hast reach'd thy happy place.



Save the voice of my Be-lov-ed, And the per-son of my King.
There I drink with joy ab-sorb-ing, All the love Thou wouldst disclose.
Lest I lose the smallest say-ing Meant to catch the ear of love.
In the bo-som of thy Saviour, Gaz-ing up in his dear face.



CHORUS.

Precious, gen-tle, ho-ly Je-sus! Blessed Bridegroom of my heart.

Precious, Blessed,

In thy se-cret in-ner chamber Thou wilt whis-per what thou art.

In thy Thou wilt

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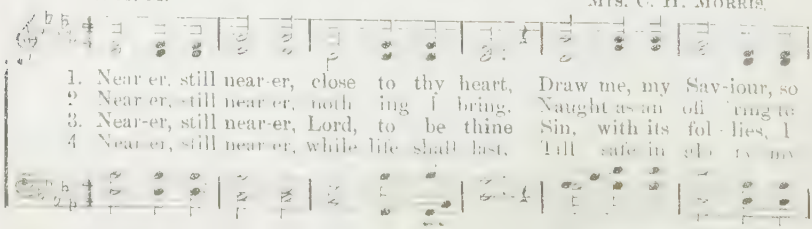
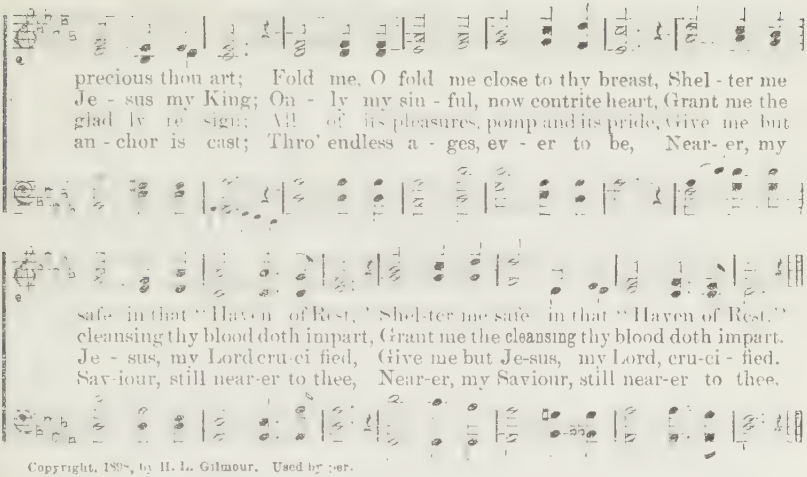
103 Nearer, Still Nearer.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. Near-er, still near-er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-iour, so
2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an off'ring to
3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be thine Sin, with its fol-lies, I
4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo-ry my

Nearer, Still Nearer.—Concluded.


precious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shel - ter me
Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges, ev - er to be, Near - er, my
safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shel-ter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
cleansing thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth impart.
Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci fied, Give me but Je-sus, my Lord, cru-ci - fied.
Sav-iour, still near-er to thee, Near-er, my Saviour, still near-er to thee.

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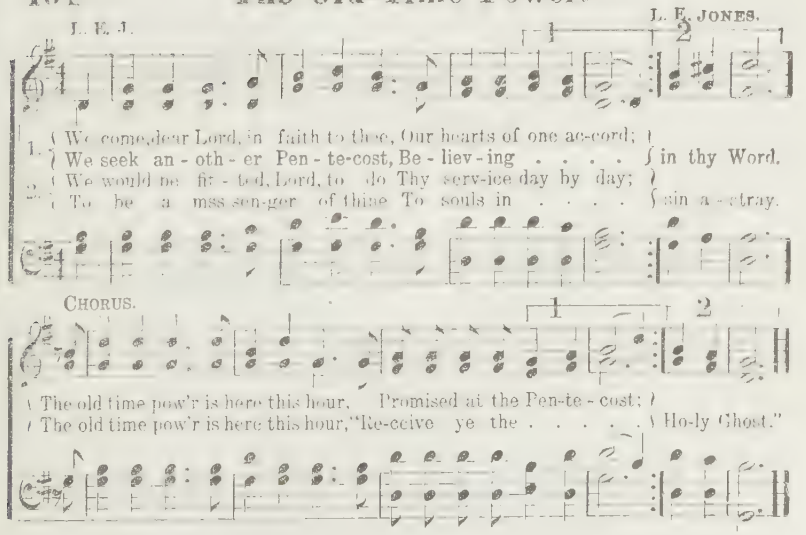
10. The Old-Time Power.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.


1. We come, dear Lord, in faith to thee, Our hearts of one ac-cord;
We seek an - oth - er Pen - te-cost, Be - liev - ing . . . . in thy Word.
2. We would be fit - ted, Lord, to do Thy serv-ice day by day;
To be a mess-sen-ger of thine To souls in . . . . sin a - stray.
CHORUS.
The old time pow'r is here this hour, Promised at the Pen-te - cost;
The old time pow'r is here this hour, "Re-ceive ye the . . . . Ho-ly Ghost."

3 O send the Holy Ghost divine
To cleanse our hearts from sin;
And give us pow'r, that we may go
The lost of earth to win.

4 Our Savior in the upper room
Breathed on his chosen few,
Saying, "Receive the Holy Ghost,
And pow'r will come to you."

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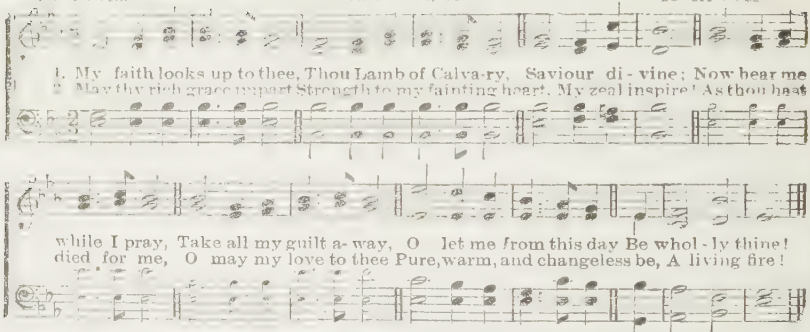
105 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

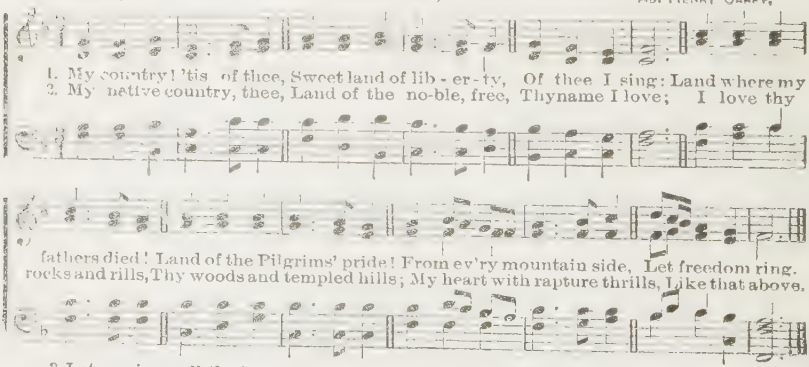
RAY PALMER. Olivet. 6s, 4s. LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calva-ry, Saviour di-vine; Now hear me
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As thou hast
while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly thine!
died for me, O may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

106 My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH, D. D. America. 6s, 4s. AD. HENRY CAREY.

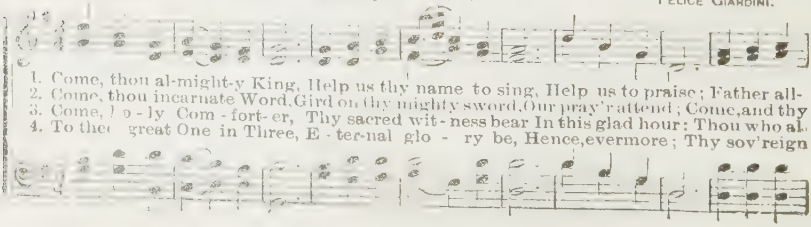

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
fathers died! Land of the Pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

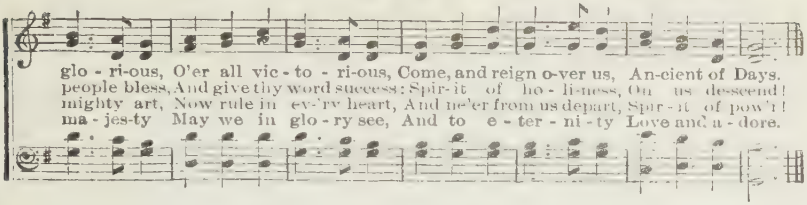
4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

107 Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s. FELICE GIARDINI.

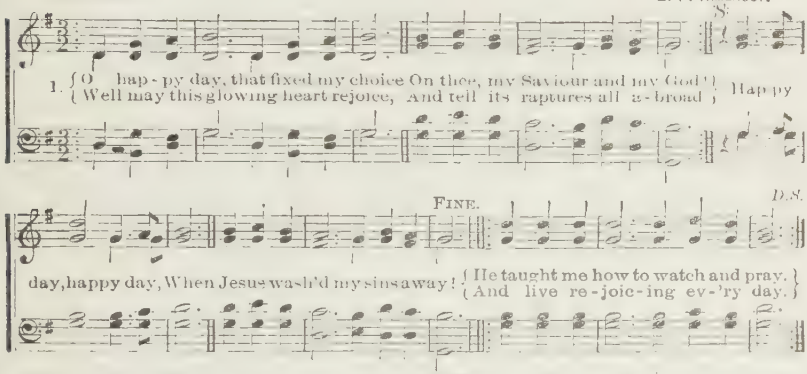

1. Come, thou al-might-y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all-
2. Come, thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend; Come, and thy
3. Come, ! o-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sacred wit-ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al-
4. To thee great One in Three, E-ter-nal glo-ry be, Hence, evermore; Thy sov'reign

Come, Thou Almighty King.—Concluded.


glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days.
people bless, And give thy word success: Spir-it of ho - li-ness, On us descend!
mighty art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'r!
ma - jes-ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

108 Happy Day.

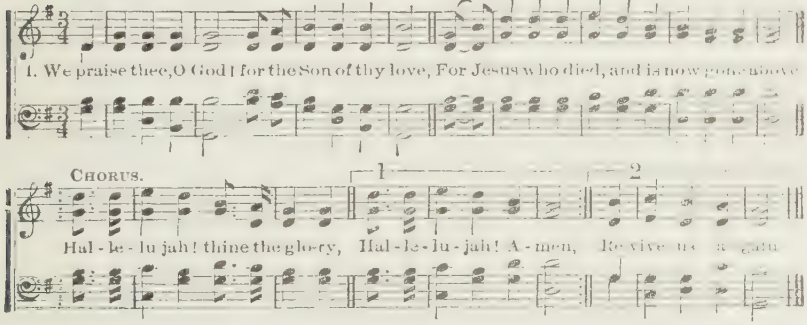
P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.


1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! } Happy
{ Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad }
FINE.
D.S.
day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray. }
{ And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day. }

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

109 Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above
CHORUS.
1
2
Hal - le - lu jah! thine the glo-ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Re vive us a gain

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

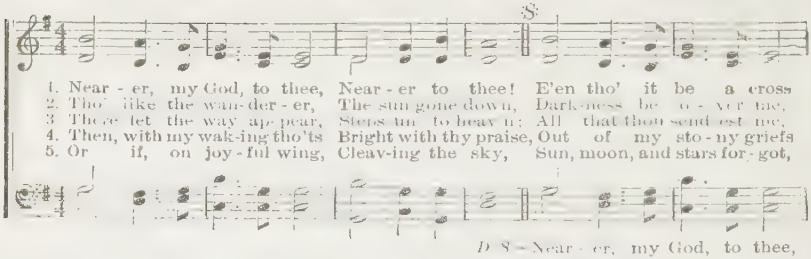
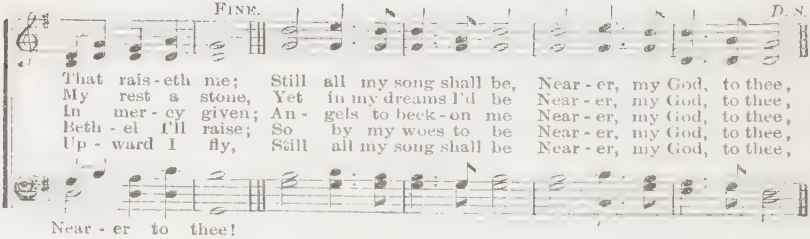
3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

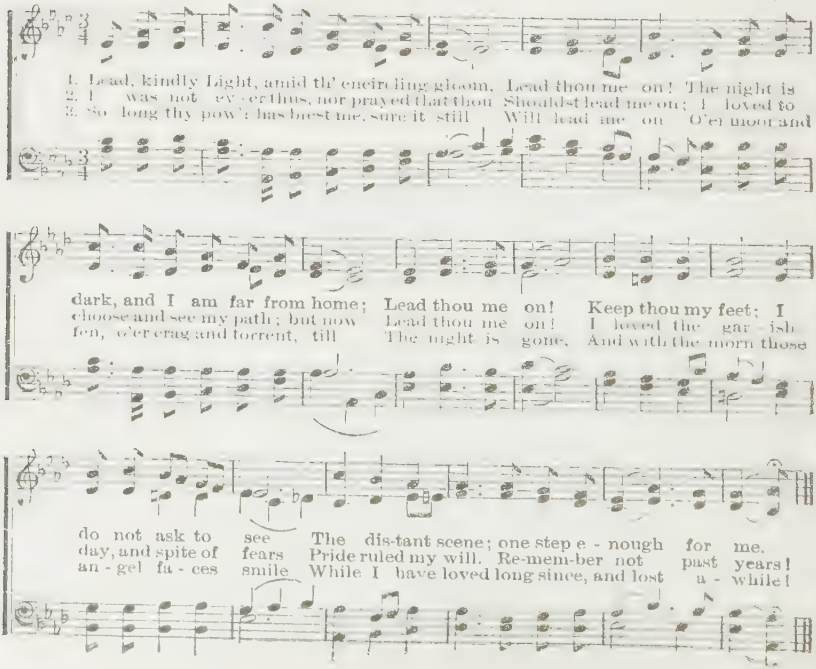
110 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. Bethany. 6s, 4s. DR. LOWELL MASON.


S.
1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou send-est me,
4. Then, with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,
D. S. – Near - er, my God, to thee,

FINE.
D. S.
That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to thee,
In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Near - er, my God, to thee,
Near - er to thee!

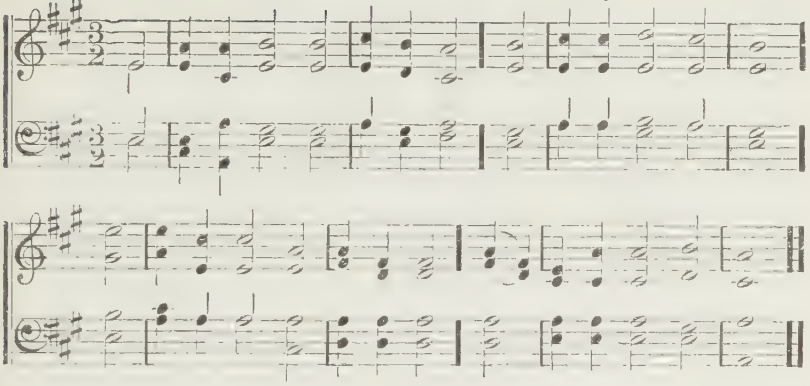
111 Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. Lux Benigna. 10s, 4s. JOHN B. DYKES.


1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encir-cling gloom, Lead thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on! Keep thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those
do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and spite of fears Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
an - gel fa - ces smile While I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

Azmon. C. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



112 Am I a Soldier?

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

—*Isaac Watts.*

113 Come, Holy Spirit.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

—*Isaac Watts.*

114 The World Overcome.

1 Let worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

—*John Newton.*

115 O for a Faith!

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

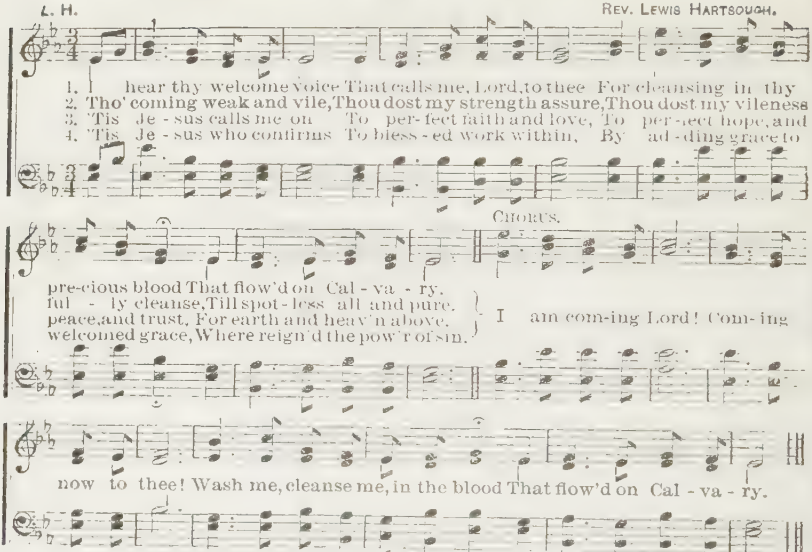
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear,
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot down,
Nor Satan's arts beguile.

—*Wm. H. Bathurst.*

116 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. REV. LEWIS HARTSOUGH.


1. I hear thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to thee For cleansing in thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure, Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
4. 'Tis Je - sus who confirms To bless-ed work within, By ad-ding grace to
Chorus.
pre-cious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above,
welcomed grace, Where reign'd the pow'r of sin.
I am com-ing Lord! Com-ing
now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

5 And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

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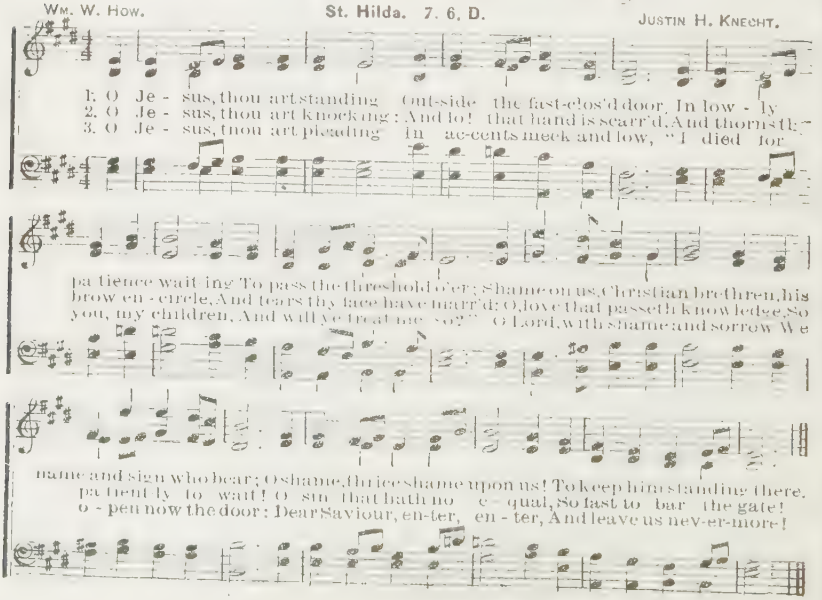
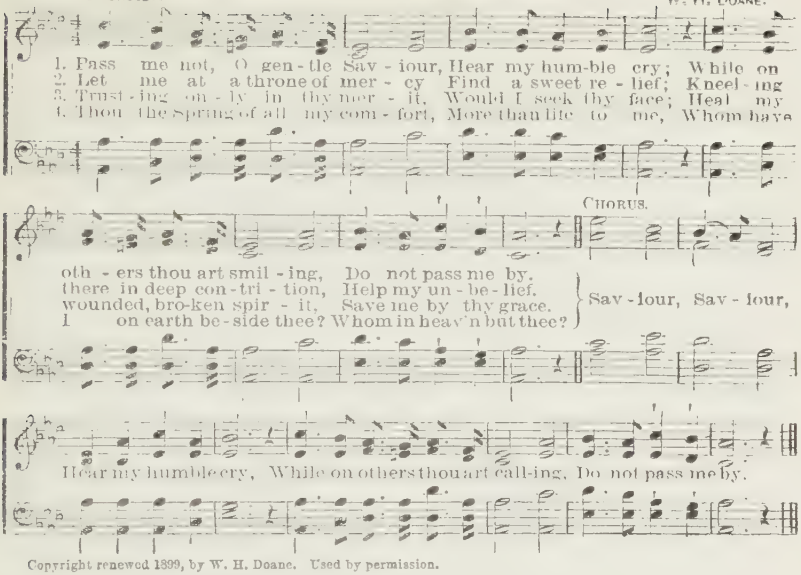
117 O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

WM. W. HOW. St. Hilda. 7. 6. D. JUSTIN H. KNECHT.


1. O Je - sus, thou art standing Outside the fast-clos'd door, In low - ly
2. O Je - sus, thou art knocking: And lo! that hand is scarr'd, And thorns the
3. O Je - sus, thou art pleading In ac-cents meek and low, "I died for
pa tience wait ing To pass the threshold o'er; Shame on us, Christian brethren, his
brow en - circle, And tears thy face have marr'd: O love that passeth knowledge, So
you, my children, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sorrow We
name and sign who bear; O shame, thrice shame upon us! To keep him standing there.
pa tient ly to wait! O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
o - pen now the door: Dear Saviour, en-ter, en - ter, And leave us nev-er-more!

118 Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust-ing on-ly in thy mer-it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have
CHORUS.
oth-ers thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief.
wounded, bro-ken spir-it, Save me by thy grace.
I on earth be-side thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?
Sav-iour, Sav-iour,
Hear my humble cry, While on others thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

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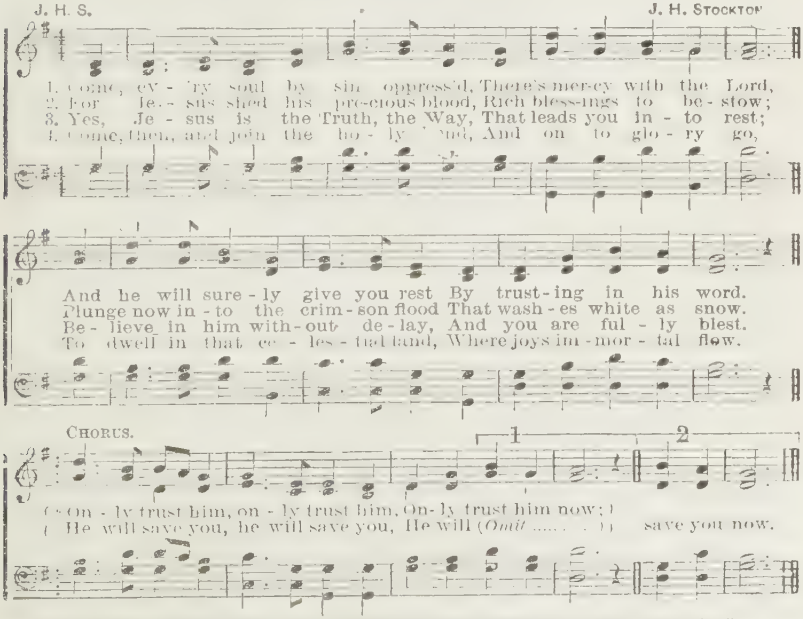
119 Only Trust Him.

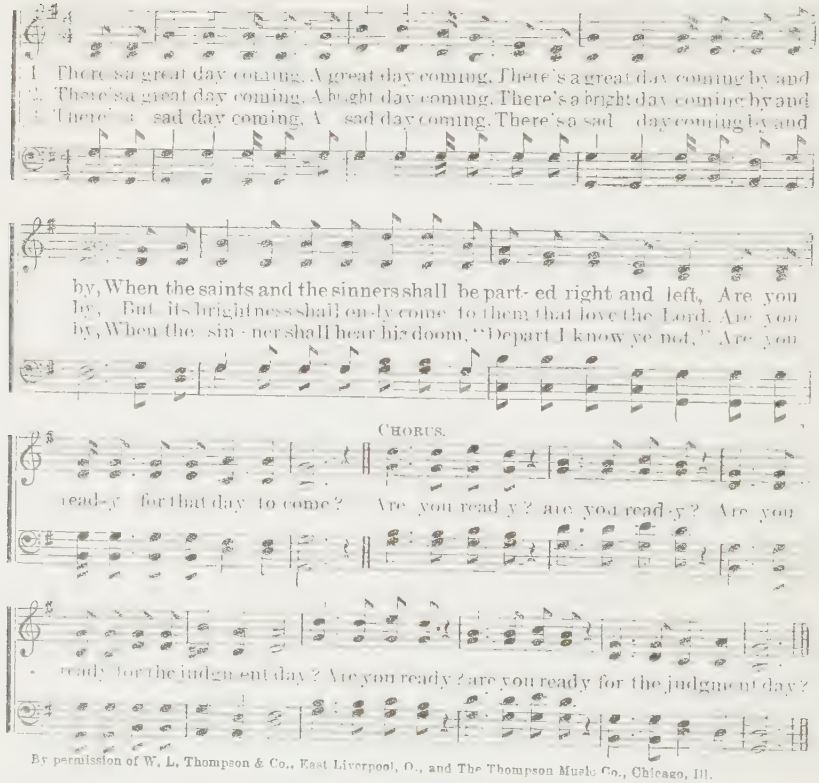
J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON


1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je-sus shed his pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest;
4. Come, then, and join the ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go,
And he will sure-ly give you rest By trust-ing in his word.
Plunge now in-to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.
Be-lieve in him with-out de-lay, And you are ful-ly blest.
To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.
CHORUS.
1 2
Only trust him, only trust him, Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you, He will (Omit .....) save you now.

* The words "Come to Jesus" may be used for chorus instead of "Only Trust Him."

120 There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.


1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day coming by and
2. There's a great day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day coming by and
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day coming by and
by, When the saints and the sinners shall be part- ed right and left, Are you
by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord. Are you
by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "Depart I know ye not," Are you
CHORUS.
read-y for that day to come? Are you read y? are you read-y? Are you
ready for the judgment day? Are you ready? are you ready for the judgment day?

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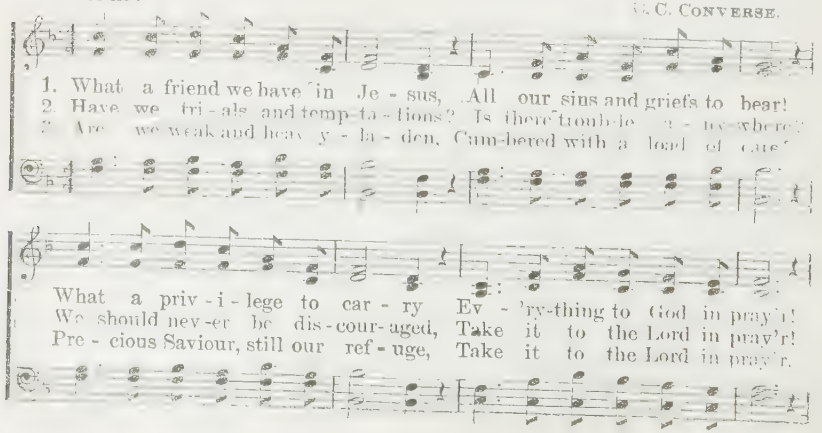
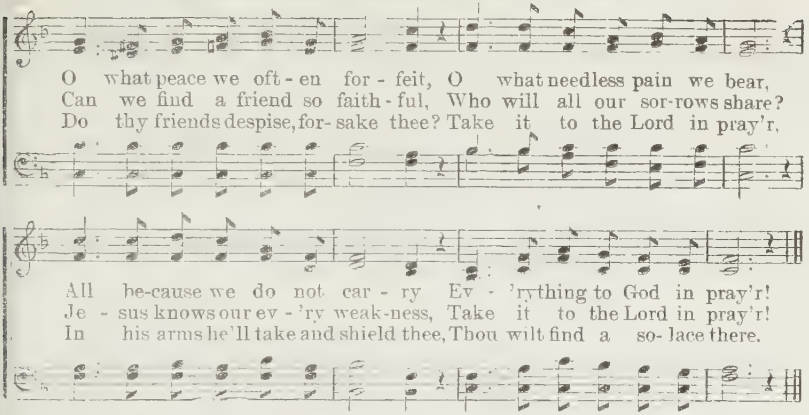
121 What a Friend.

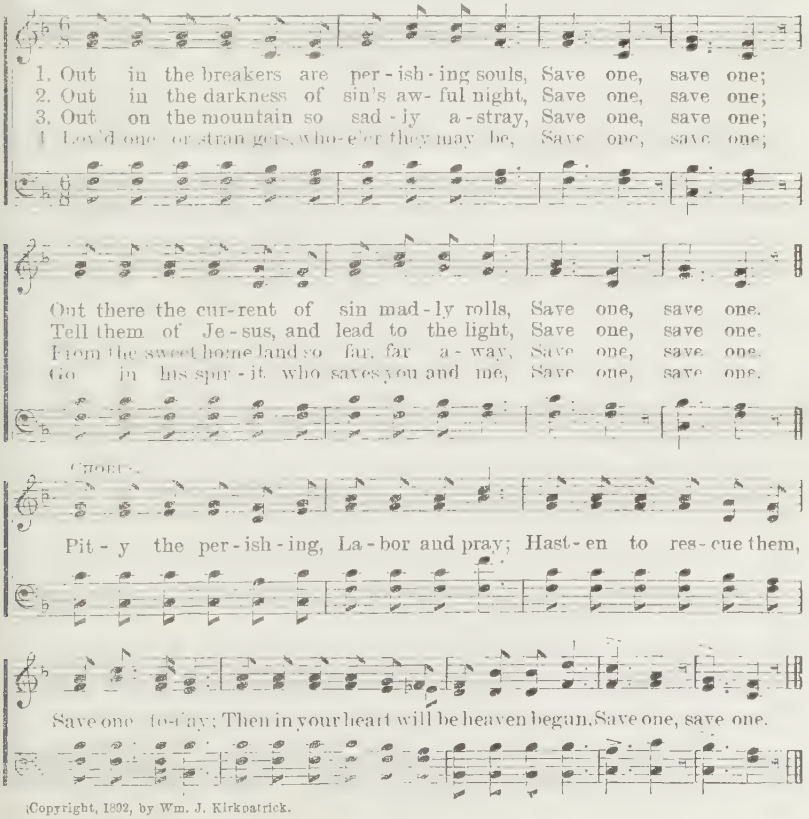
H. BONAR. C. C. CONVERSE.


1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trouble an - ywhere?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

What a Friend.—Concluded.


O what peace we oft-en for-feit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
All be-cause we do not car-ry Ev-'rything to God in pray'r!
Je-sus knows our ev-'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a so-lace there.

122 Save One.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Out in the breakers are per-ish-ing souls, Save one, save one;
2. Out in the darkness of sin's aw-ful night, Save one, save one;
3. Out on the mountain so sad-ly a-stray, Save one, save one;
4. Lov'd ones or stran-gers, who-e'er they may be, Save one, save one;
Out there the cur-rent of sin mad-ly rolls, Save one, save one.
Tell them of Je-sus, and lead to the light, Save one, save one.
From the sweet home land so far, far a-way, Save one, save one.
Go in his spir-it who saves you and me, Save one, save one.
CHORUS.
Pit-y the per-ish-ing, La-bor and pray; Hast-en to res-cue them,
Save one to-day; Then in your heart will be heaven begun, Save one, save one.

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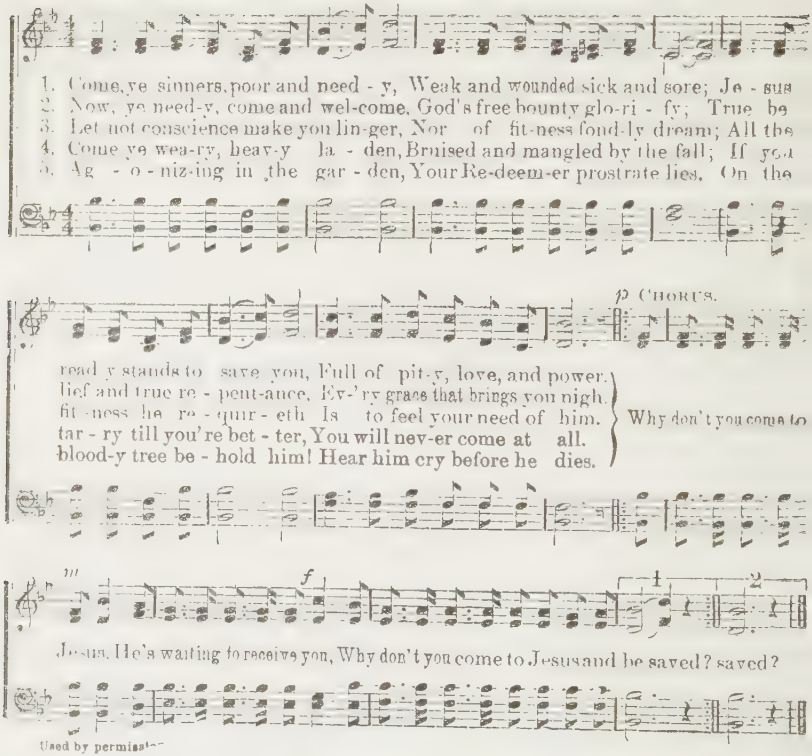
123 Why Don't You Come to Jesus?

JOSEPH HART. C. P. DUNBAR.


1. Come, ye sinners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded sick and sore; Je - sus
2. Now, ye need-y, come and wel-come, God's free bounty glo-ri - fy; True be
3. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream; All the
4. Come ye wea-ry, heav-y la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall; If you
5. Ag - o - niz-ing in the gar - den, Your Re-deem-er prostrate lies. On the
p CHORUS.
read y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and power.
lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
fit - ness he re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of him.
tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev-er come at all.
blood-y tree be - hold him! Hear him cry before he dies.
Why don't you come to
m
f
1
2
Jesus, He's waiting to receive you, Why don't you come to Jesus and be saved? saved?

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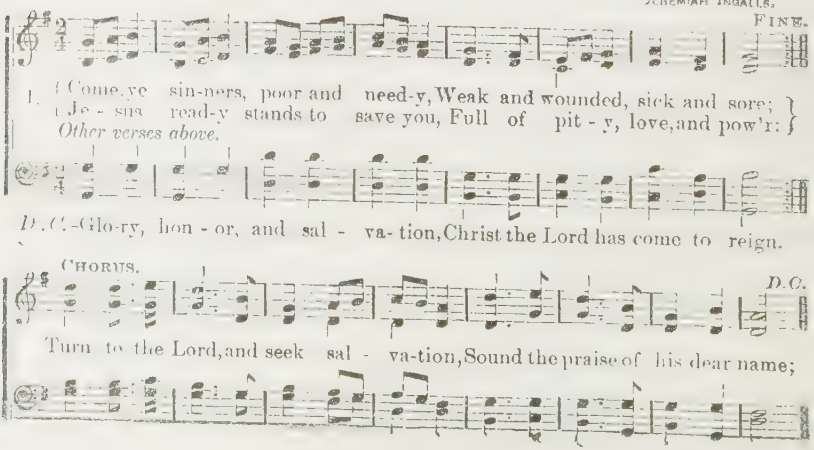
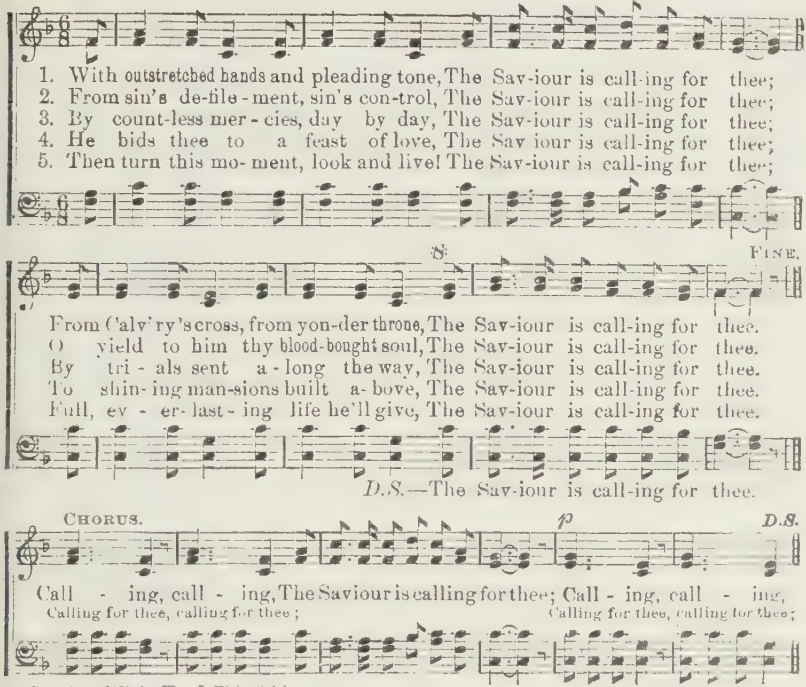
124 Turn to the Lord.

JOSEPH HART. JEREMIAH INGALLS.


FINE.
1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
{ Je - sus ready stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r:
Other verses above.
D.C. Glo-ry, hon - or, and sal - va- tion, Christ the Lord has come to reign.
CHORUS.
D.C.
Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va-tion, Sound the praise of his dear name;

125 The Saviour is Calling for Thee.

E. E. HEWITT. J. P. Arr. by W. J. K.


1. With outstretched hands and pleading tone, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;
2. From sin's de-file-ment, sin's con-trol, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;
3. By count-less mer-cies, day by day, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;
4. He bids thee to a feast of love, The Sav iour is call-ing for thee;
5. Then turn this mo-ment, look and live! The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee;
FINE.
From Calv'ry's cross, from yon-der throne, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.
O yield to him thy blood-bought soul, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.
By tri-als sent a-long the way, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.
To shin-ing man-sions built a-bove, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.
Full, ev-er-last-ing life he'll give, The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.
D.S.—The Sav-iour is call-ing for thee.
CHORUS.
p
D.S.
Call - ing, call - ing, The Saviour is calling for thee; Call - ing, call - ing,
Calling for thee, calling for thee; Calling for thee, calling for thee;

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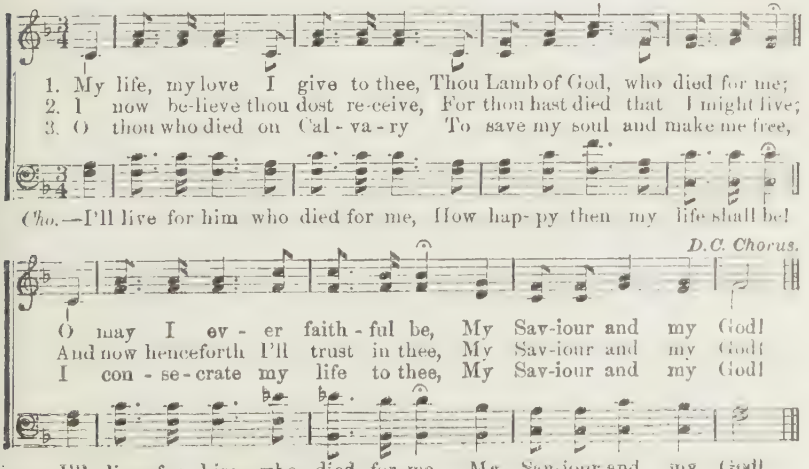
126 I'll Live for Him.

R. E. HUDSON. C. R. DUNBAR.


1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve thou dost re-ceive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. O thou who died on Cal-va-ry To save my soul and make me free,
Cho.—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!
D.C. Chorus.
O may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I con-se-crate my life to thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God!

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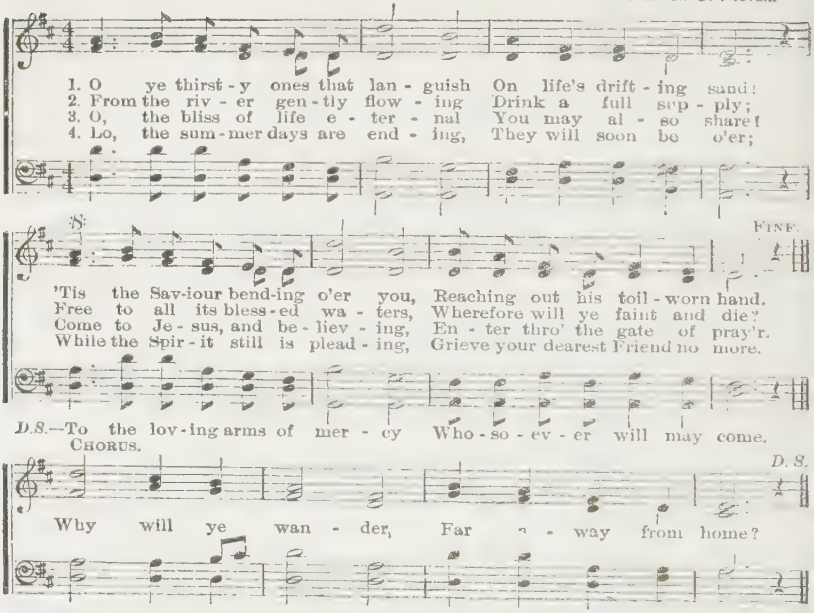
127 Why Will Ye Wander?

FANNY J. CROSBY. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.


1. O ye thirst-y ones that lan-guish On life's drift-ing sand!
2. From the riv-er gen-tly flow-ing Drink a full sup-ply;
3. O, the bliss of life e-ter-nal You may al-so share!
4. Lo, the sum-mer days are end-ing, They will soon be o'er;
'Tis the Sav-iour bend-ing o'er you, Reaching out his toil-worn hand.
Free to all its bless-ed wa-ters, Wherefore will ye faint and die?
Come to Je-sus, and be-liev-ing, En-ter thro' the gate of pray'r.
While the Spir-it still is plead-ing, Grieve your dearest Friend no more.
D.S.—To the lov-ing arms of mer-cy Who-so-ev-er will may come.
CHORUS.
Why will ye wan-der, Far a-way from home?

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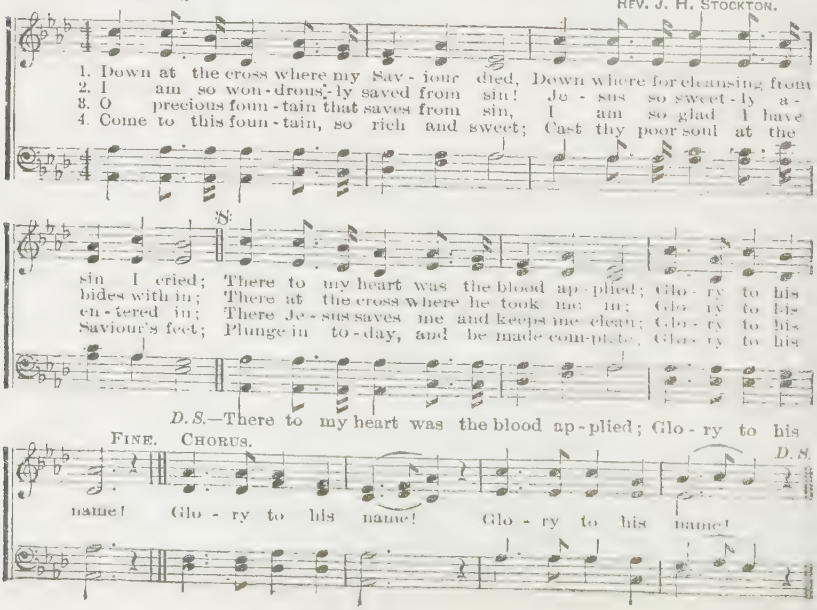
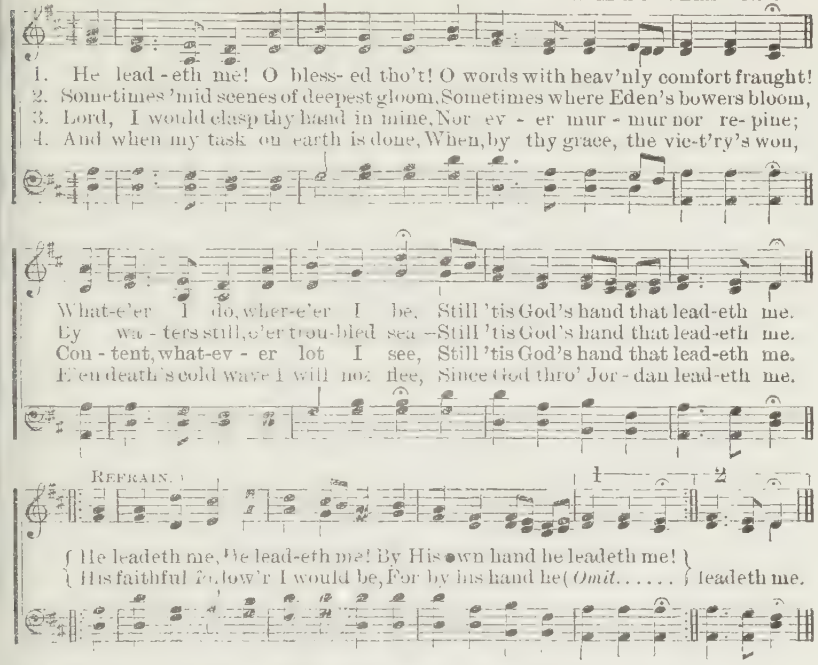
128 Glory to His Name.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.


1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin! Je-sus so sweet-ly a-
3. O precious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun-tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the
sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to his
bides with in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo-ry to his
en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to his
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete, Glo-ry to his
D.S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to his
FINE. CHORUS.
name! Glo-ry to his name! Glo-ry to his name!

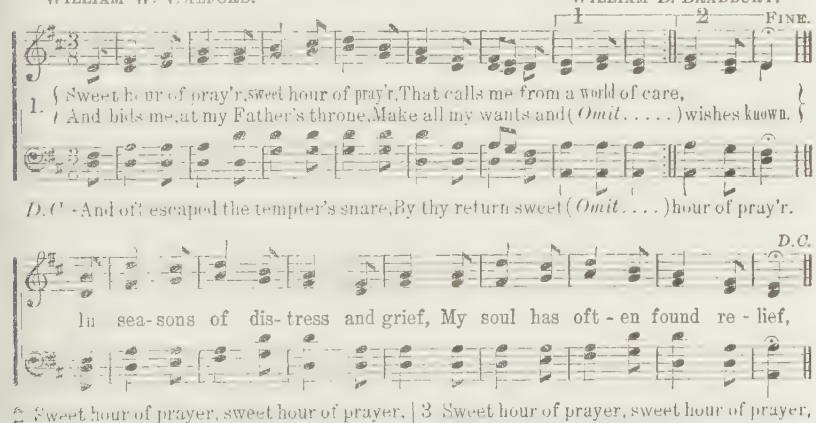
129 He Leadeth Me.

JOSEPH H. GILMORE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.


1. He lead - eth me! O bless- ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re- pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er trou-bled sea — Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.
REFRAIN.
1
2
He leadeth me, He lead-eth me! By His own hand he leadeth me!
His faithful fol-low'r I would be, For by his hand he (Omit.....) leadeth me.

130 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

WILLIAM W. WALFORD. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

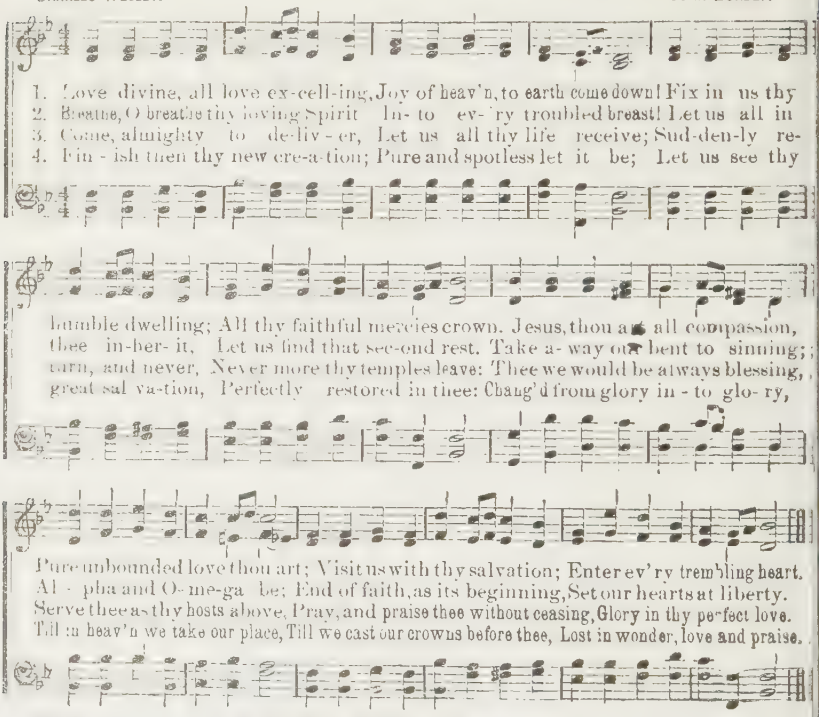

1
2
FINE.
1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and (Omit.....) wishes known.
D.C. - And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return sweet (Omit....) hour of pray'r.
D.C.
In sea-sons of dis- tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

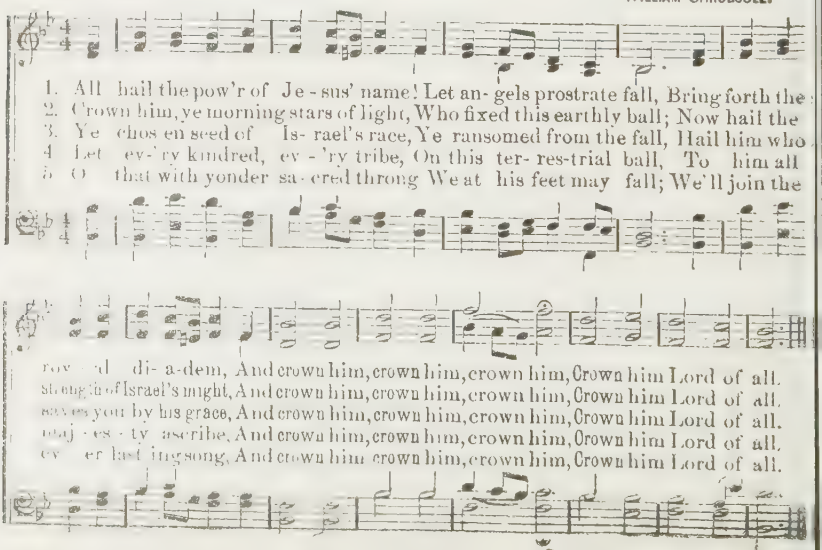
131 Love Divine, all Love Excelling.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.


1. Love divine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us thy
2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit In-to ev-'ry troubled breast! Let us all in
3. Come, almighty to de-liv-er, Let us all thy life receive; Sud-den-ly re-
4. Fin-ish then thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spotless let it be; Let us see thy
humble dwelling; All thy faithful mercies crown. Jesus, thou art all compassion,
thee in-her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest. Take a-way our bent to sinning;
turn, and never, Never more thy temples leave: Thee we would be always blessing,
great sal-va-tion, Perfectly restored in thee: Chang'd from glory in-to glo-ry,
Pure unbounded love thou art; Visit us with thy salvation; Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
Al-pha and O-me-ga be; End of faith, as its beginning, Set our hearts at liberty.
Serve thee as thy hosts above, Pray, and praise thee without ceasing, Glory in thy perfect love.
Till in heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in wonder, love and praise.

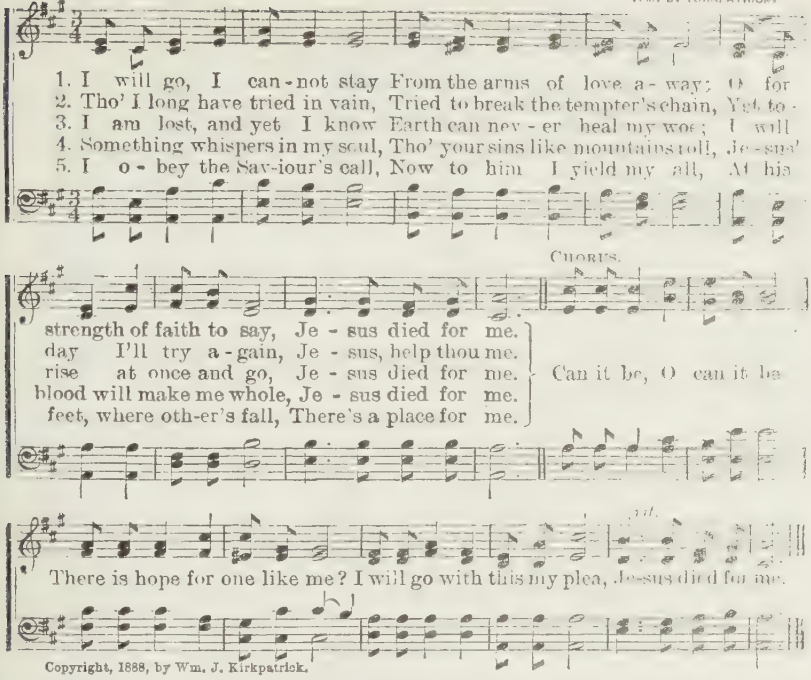
132 All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET. Miles Lane. C. M. WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the
2. Crown him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earthly ball; Now hail the
3. Ye chos-en seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who
4. Let ev-'ry kindred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To him all
5. O that with yonder sa-cred throng We at his feet may fall; We'll join the
row-al di-a-dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
strong-th of Israel's might, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
saves you by his grace, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
maj-es-ty ascribe, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
ev-'er last-ing song, And crown him crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.

133 I Will Go.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love a-way; O for
2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev-er heal my woe; I will
4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' your sins like mountains roll, Je-sus'
5. I o-bey the Sav-iour's call, Now to him I yield my all, All his
CHORUS.
strength of faith to say, Je-sus died for me.
day I'll try a-gain, Je-sus, help thou me.
rise at once and go, Je-sus died for me.
blood will make me whole, Je-sus died for me.
feet, where oth-er's fall, There's a place for me.
Can it be, O can it be
There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Jesus died for me.

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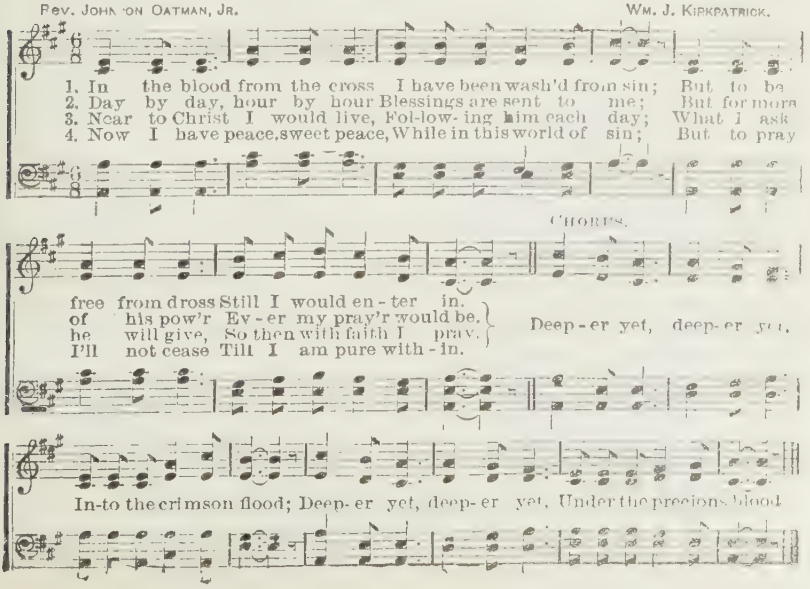
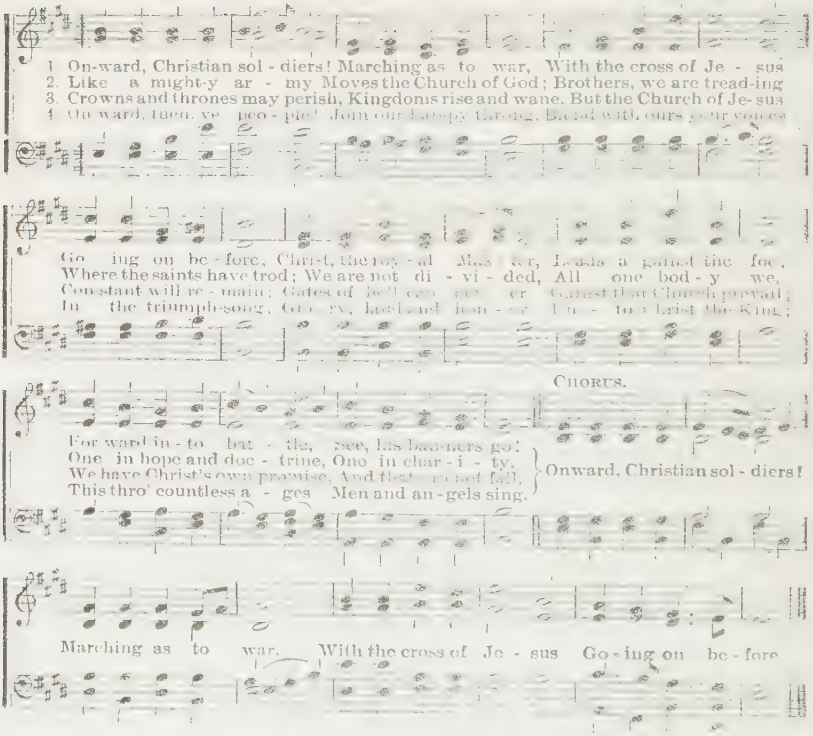
134 Deeper Yet.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low-ing him each day; What I ask
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray
CHORUS.
free from dross Still I would en-ter in.
of his pow'r Ev-er my pray'r would be.
be will give, So then with faith I pray.
I'll not cease Till I am pure with-in.
Deep-er yet, deep-er yet,
In-to the crimson flood; Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, Under the precious blood

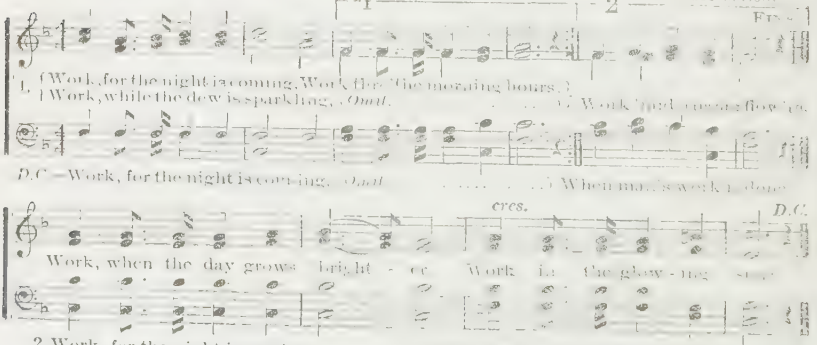
135 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. GOULD. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.


1 On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane. But the Church of Je-sus
4 On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices
Go ing on be - fore, Christ, the roy - al Mas ter, Leads a gainst the foe,
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vi - ded, All one bod - y we,
Constant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph-song, Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;
CHORUS.
For ward in - to bat - tle, see, His banners go!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
Onward, Christian sol - diers!
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore

136 Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER. LOWELL MASON.

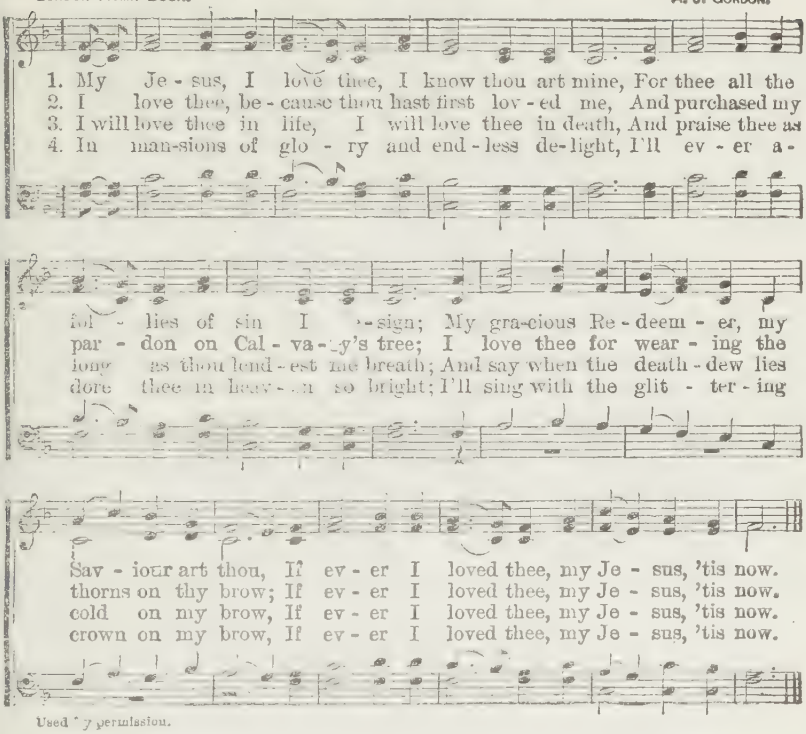

1 2
1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; } Work, while the dew is sparkling, Work
D.C.—Work, for the night is coming, Work
cres.
D.C.
Work, when the day grows bright - er Work in the glow - ing sun;

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill bright est hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

137 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

LONDON HYMN BOOK. A. J. GORDON.


1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a-
fol - lies of sin I re-sign; My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - iour art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on thy brow; If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

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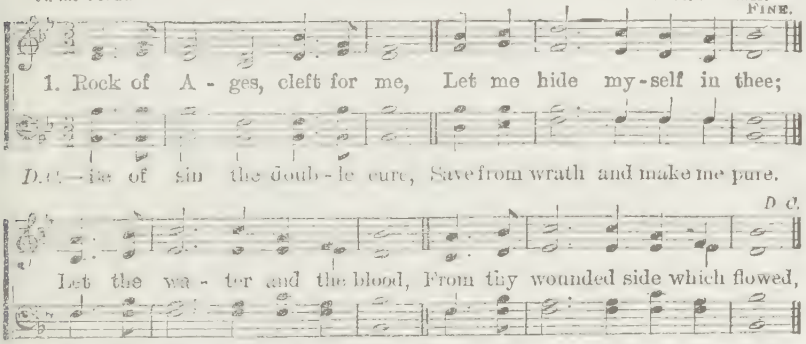
138 Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY THOS. HASTINGS.

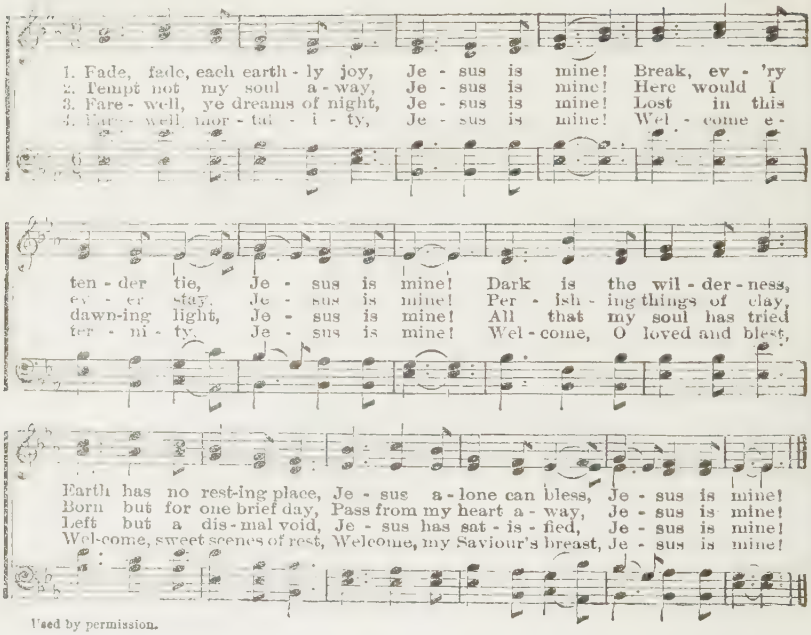

FINE.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
D.C. - ic of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
D.C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

139 Jesus is Mine!

MRS. CATHARINE J. BONAR. T. E. PERKINS.


1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e -
ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,
Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Wel-come, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

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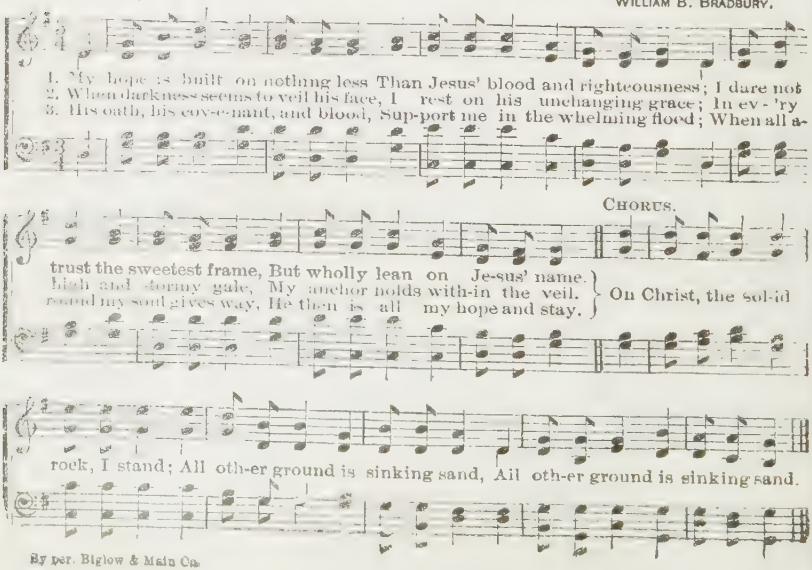
140 The Solid Rock.

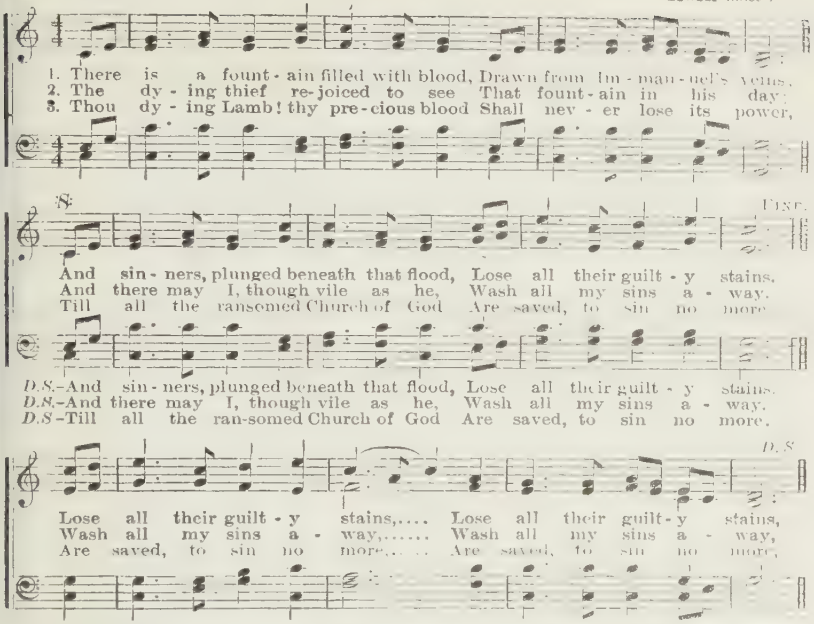
EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.


1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not
2. When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on his unchanging grace; In ev - 'ry
3. His oath, his cov-e-nant, and blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood; When all a-
CHORUS.
trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name.
high and stormy gale, My anchor holds with-in the veil.
round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
On Christ, the sol-id
rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sinking sand, All oth-er ground is sinking sand.

By per. Biglow & Main Co.

141 There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER. LOWELL MASON

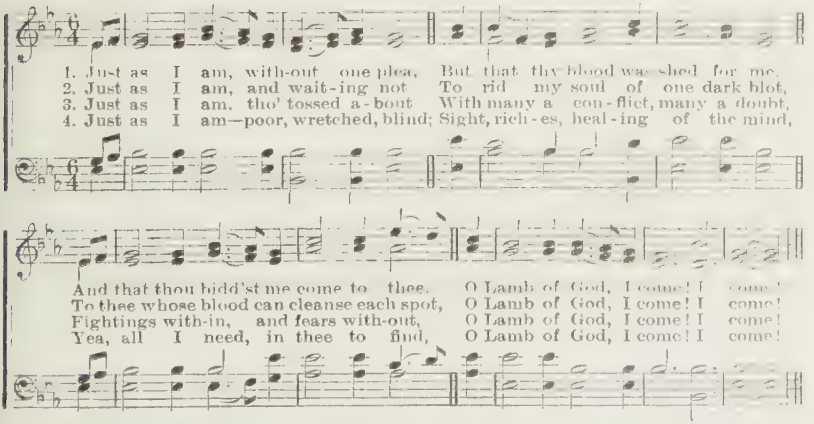

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day;
3. Thou dy-ing Lamb! thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its power,
And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more
D.S.
D.S.–And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
D.S.–And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
D.S.–Till all the ran-somed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.
D.S.
Lose all their guilt-y stains,.... Lose all their guilt-y stains,
Wash all my sins a-way,..... Wash all my sins a-way,
Are saved, to sin no more,.... Are saved, to sin no more,

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

142 Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Woodworth. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

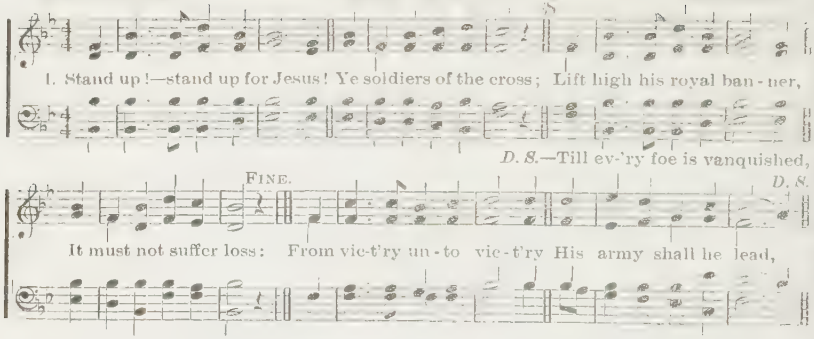
5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

D

143 Stand Up for Jesus.

G. Duffield, D. D. Webb. 7s, 6s. D. G. J. Webb


1. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his royal ban-ner,
D. S.—Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished,
FINE.
D. S.
It must not suffer loss: From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry His army shall he lead,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

144 The Morning Light.

S. F. Smith.

TUNE,—Webb. 7s, 6s. D.

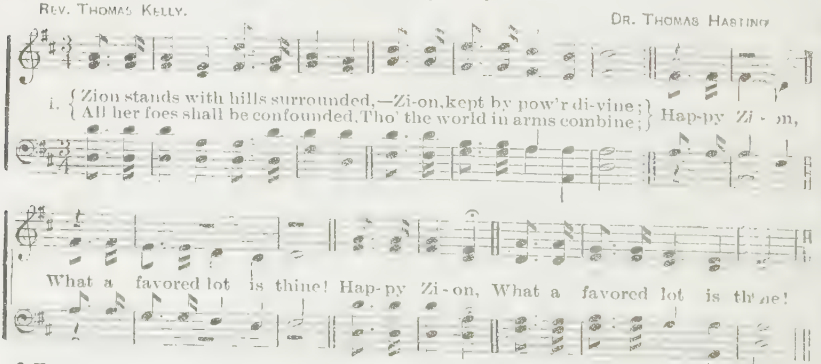
1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears:
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tiding from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

145 Zion. 8s, 7s, 4.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. Dr. Thomas Hastings

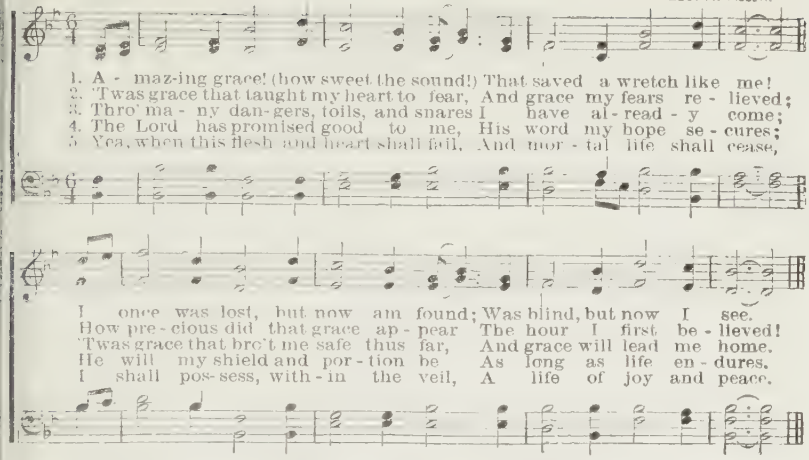

1. { Zion stands with hills surrounded,—Zi-on, kept by pow'r di-vine; } Hap-py Zi-on,
{ All her foes shall be confounded, Tho' the world in arms combine; }
What a favored lot is thine! Hap-py Zi-on, What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright
But can never cease to love thee:
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

146 Maitland. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. GEO. N. ALLEN.


1. A - maz-ing grace! (how sweet the sound!) That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan-gers, toils, and snares I have al-read - y come;
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,
I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!
'Twas grace that bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.
I shall pos-sess, with - in the veil, A life of joy and peace.

147 Must Jesus Bear? C. M.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

—*Thomas Shepherd. Alt.*

148 How Precious! C. M.

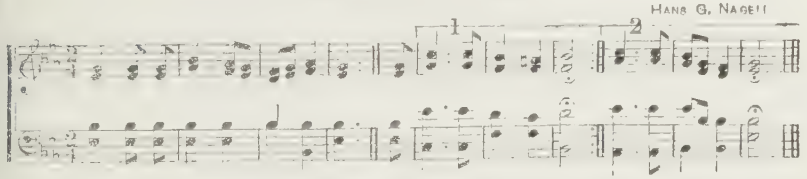
1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guard our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

—*John Fawcett.*

Naomi. C. M.

HANS G. NAGELI

149 Father, Whate'er C. M.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

—*Anne Ste[illegible]*

150 O Thou Who Driest! C. M.

1 O thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

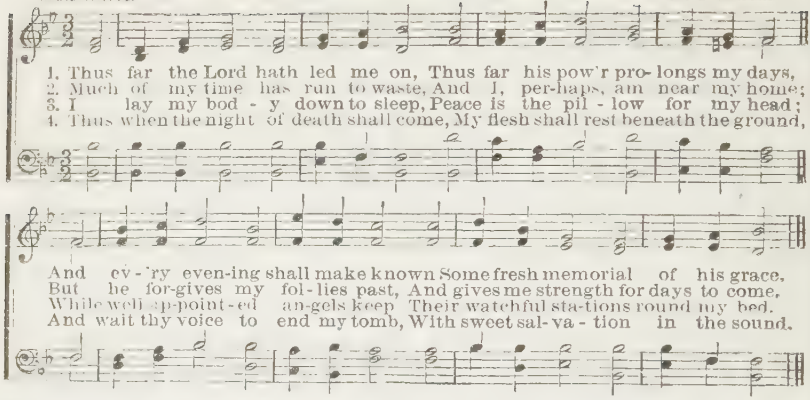
2 But thou wilt heal the broken heart
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

3 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows brigh
With more than rapture's ray;
The darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day

—*Thomas Moore*

No. 151. Hebron. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Dr. L. MASON.


1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his pow'r pro- longs my days,
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep, Peace is the pil - low for my head;
4. Thus when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And ev - 'ry even-ing shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.
But he for-gives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
While wel-ap-point-ed an-gels keep Their watchful sta-tions round my bed.
And wait thy voice to end my tomb, With sweet sal-va - tion in the sound.

No. 152. Show Pity, Lord. L. M.

1 Show pity, Lord; O Lord forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes, though great, can not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offenses pain mine eyes.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

—*Isaac Watts.*

No. 153. Glorying in the Cross. L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

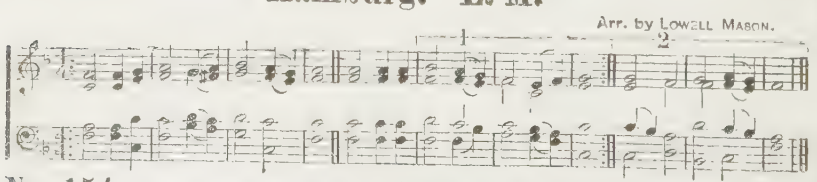
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine?
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

—*Isaac Watts.*

Hamburg. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



No. 154. Lord, I am Thine. L. M.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity!
The vow is past, beyon I repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

4 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

—*Samuel Davies.*

No. 155. Not Ashamed of Jesus. L.M.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

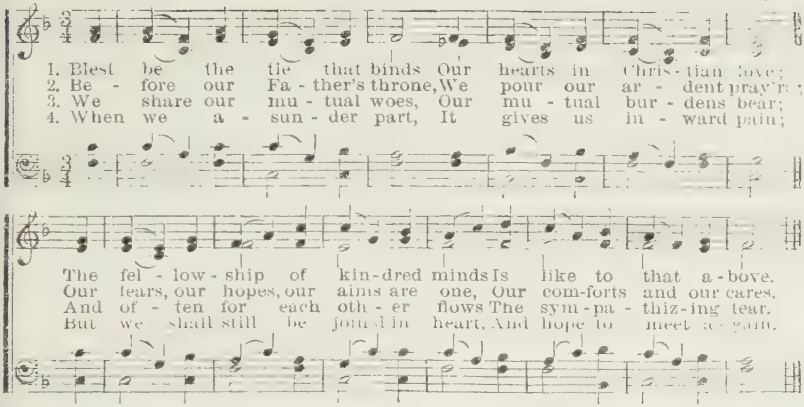
3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

—*Joseph Grigg.*

156 Dennis. S. M.

JOHN FAWCETT. HANS G. NAGELI.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayrs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel - low - ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And of - ten for each oth - er flows The sym-pa - thiz-ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

157 Welcome, Sweet Day.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

—*Isaac Watts.*

158 A Charge to Keep.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

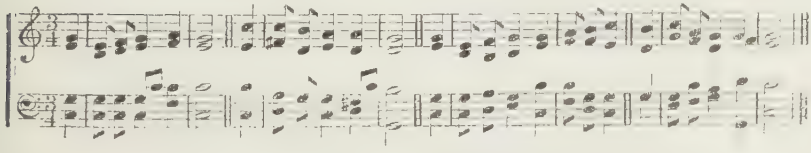
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

—*Chas. Wesley*

Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



159 And Can I Yet Delay.

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

—*Charles Wesley.*

160 Make Haste to Live.

1 Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die:
Time hurries past thee like the breeze
How swift its moments fly.

2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done:
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
The day will soon be gone.

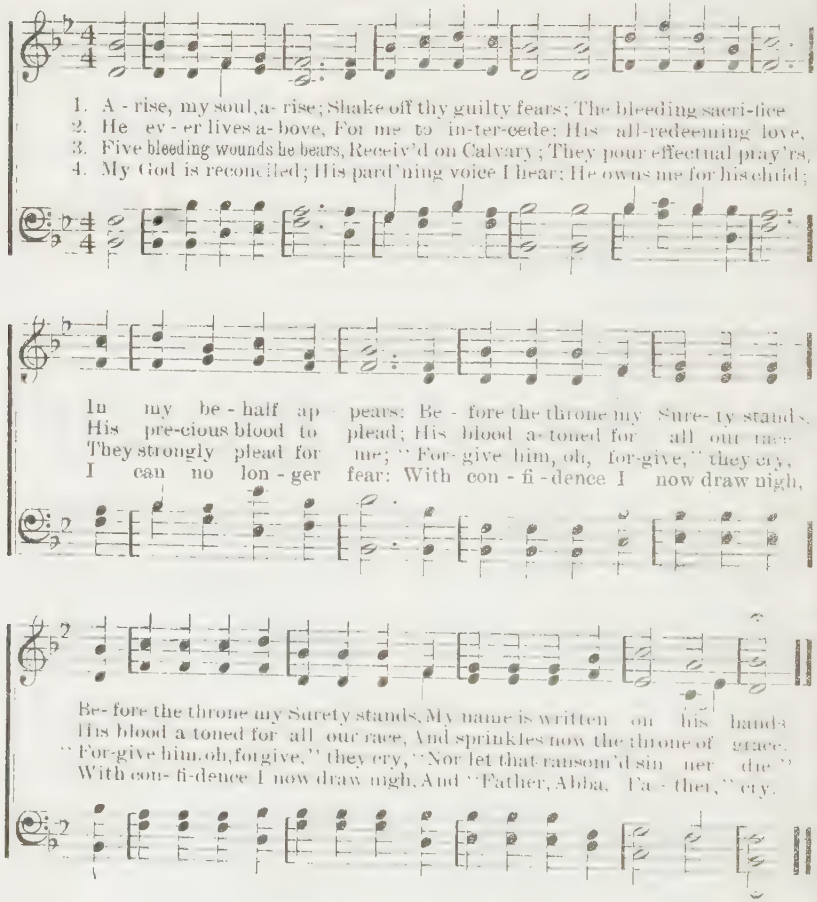
3 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away:
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

4 Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er,
O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door.

—*Horatius Bonar*

161 Arise, My Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.


1. A - rise, my soul, a- rise; Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding sacri-fice
2. He ev - er lives a- bove, For me to in-ter-cede; His all-redeeming love,
3. Five bleeding wounds he bears, Receiv'd on Calvary; They pour effectual pray'rs,
4. My God is reconciled; His pard'ning voice I hear; He owns me for his child;
In my be - half ap pears: Be - fore the throne my Sure- ty stands;
His pre-cious blood to plead; His blood a-toned for all our race:
They strongly plead for me; "For- give him, oh, for-give," they cry,
I can no lon - ger fear: With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,
Be- fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on his hands
His blood a toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
"For-give him, oh, for give," they cry, "Nor let that ransom'd sin - ner die"
With con- fi-dence I now draw nigh, And "Father, Abba, Fa - ther," cry.

162 Jesus Loves Every Sinner.

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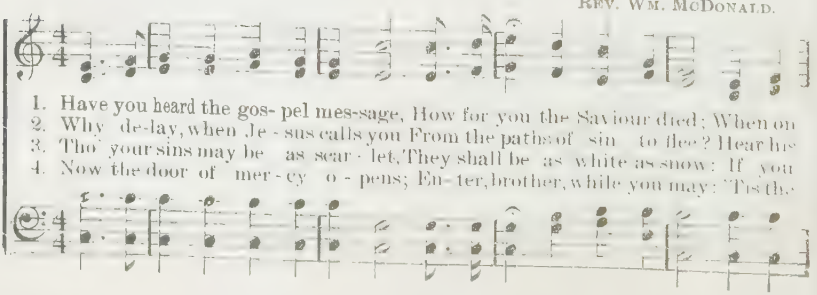
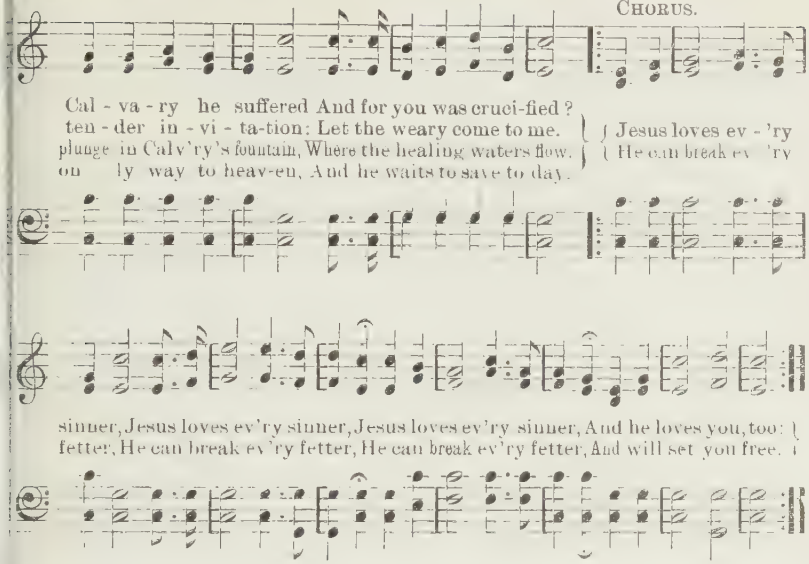
JOHN MACMILLAN. REV. WM. MCDONALD.

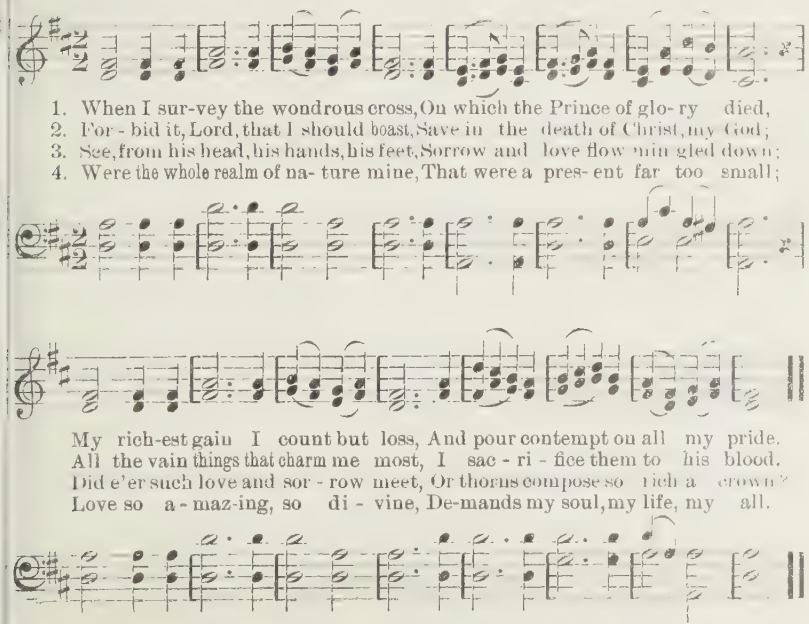

1. Have you heard the gos- pel mes-sage, How for you the Saviour died; When on
2. Why de-lay, when Je - sus calls you From the paths of sin to flee? Hear his
3. Tho' your sins may be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow: If you
4. Now the door of mer - cy o - pens; En- ter, brother, while you may: 'Tis the

Jesus Loves Every Sinner.—Concluded.


Chorus.
Cal - va - ry he suffered And for you was cruci-fied?
ten - der in - vi - ta-tion: Let the weary come to me.
plunge in Calv'ry's fountain, Where the healing waters flow.
on ly way to heav-en, And he waits to save to day.
Jesus loves ev - 'ry
He can break ev 'ry
sinner, Jesus loves ev'ry sinner, Jesus loves ev'ry sinner, And he loves you, too:
fetter, He can break ev'ry fetter, He can break ev'ry fetter, And will set you free.

163 When I Survey.

Isaac Watts. Isaac Baker Woodbury.


1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow min gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na- ture mine, That were a pres- ent far too small;
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

164 If It Had Not Been For Jesus.

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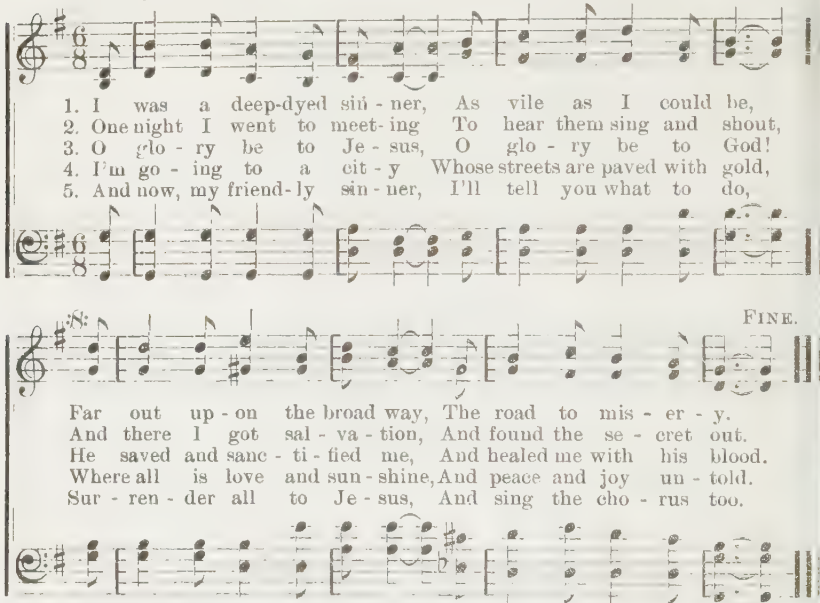
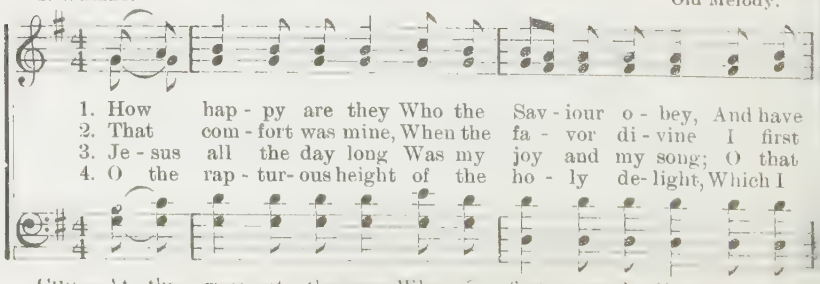
Furnished by C. H. C. Arranged by A. F. I.

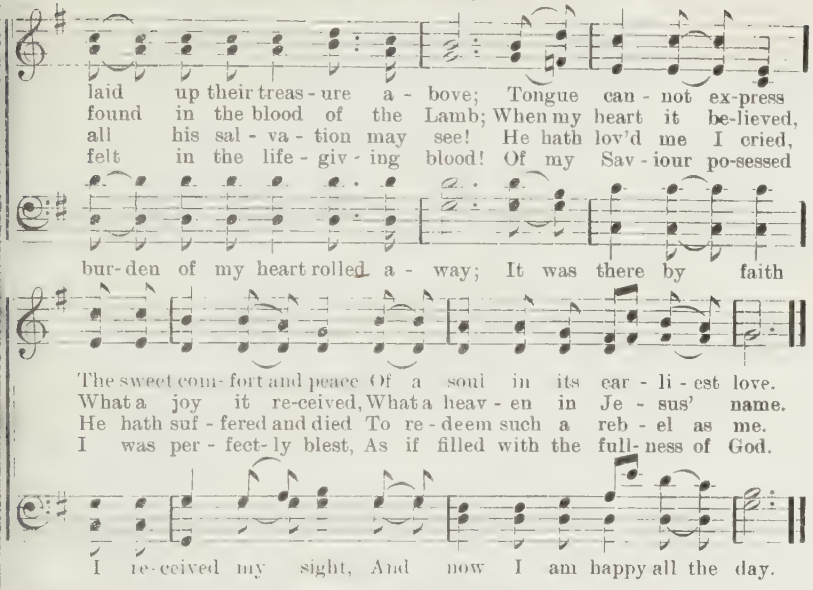

1. I was a deep-dyed sin - ner, As vile as I could be,
2. One night I went to meet - ing To hear them sing and shout,
3. O glo - ry be to Je - sus, O glo - ry be to God!
4. I'm go - ing to a cit - y Whose streets are paved with gold,
5. And now, my friend - ly sin - ner, I'll tell you what to do,
Far out up - on the broad way, The road to mis - er - y.
And there I got sal - va - tion, And found the se - cret out.
He saved and sanc - ti - fied me, And healed me with his blood.
Where all is love and sun - shine, And peace and joy un - told.
Sur - ren - der all to Je - sus, And sing the cho - rus too.
FINE.
D.S.—For he has ful - ly saved me, And washed my sins a - way.
REFRAIN.
D.S.
If it had not been for Je - sus, I would not be here to - day.

165 How Happy Are They.

C. WESLEY. Old Melody.


1. How hap - py are they Who the Sav - iour o - bey, And have
2. That com - fort was mine, When the fa - vor di - vine I first
3. Je - sus all the day long Was my joy and my song; O that
4. O the rap - tur - ous height of the ho - ly de - light, Which I
CHO. At the cross, at the cross, Where I first saw the light, And the

How Happy Are They—Concluded.


laid up their treas - ure a - bove; Tongue can - not ex-press
found in the blood of the Lamb; When my heart it be-lieved,
all his sal - va - tion may see! He hath lov'd me I cried,
felt in the life - giv - ing blood! Of my Sav - iour po-sessed
bur-den of my heart rolled a - way; It was there by faith
The sweet com-fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
What a joy it re-ceived, What a heav - en in Je - sus' name.
He hath suf - fered and died To re - deem such a reb - el as me.
I was per - fect - ly blest, As if filled with the full-ness of God.
I re-ceived my sight, And now I am happy all the day.

165 (a) Remember Me.

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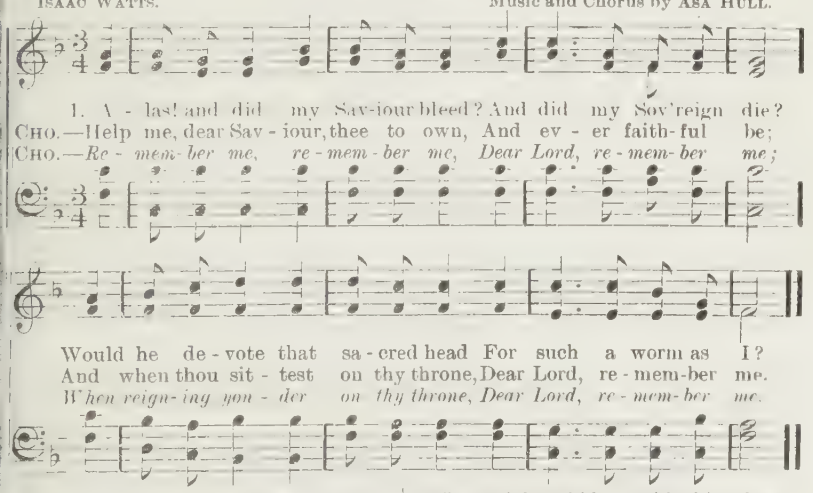
ISAAC WATTS. Music and Chorus by ASA HULL.


1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
CHO.—Help me, dear Sav - iour, thee to own, And ev - er faith-ful be;
CHO.—Re - mem-ber me, re - mem - ber me, Dear Lord, re - mem-ber me;
Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
And when thou sit - test on thy throne, Dear Lord, re - mem-ber me.
When reign-ing yon - der on thy throne, Dear Lord, re - mem-ber me.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

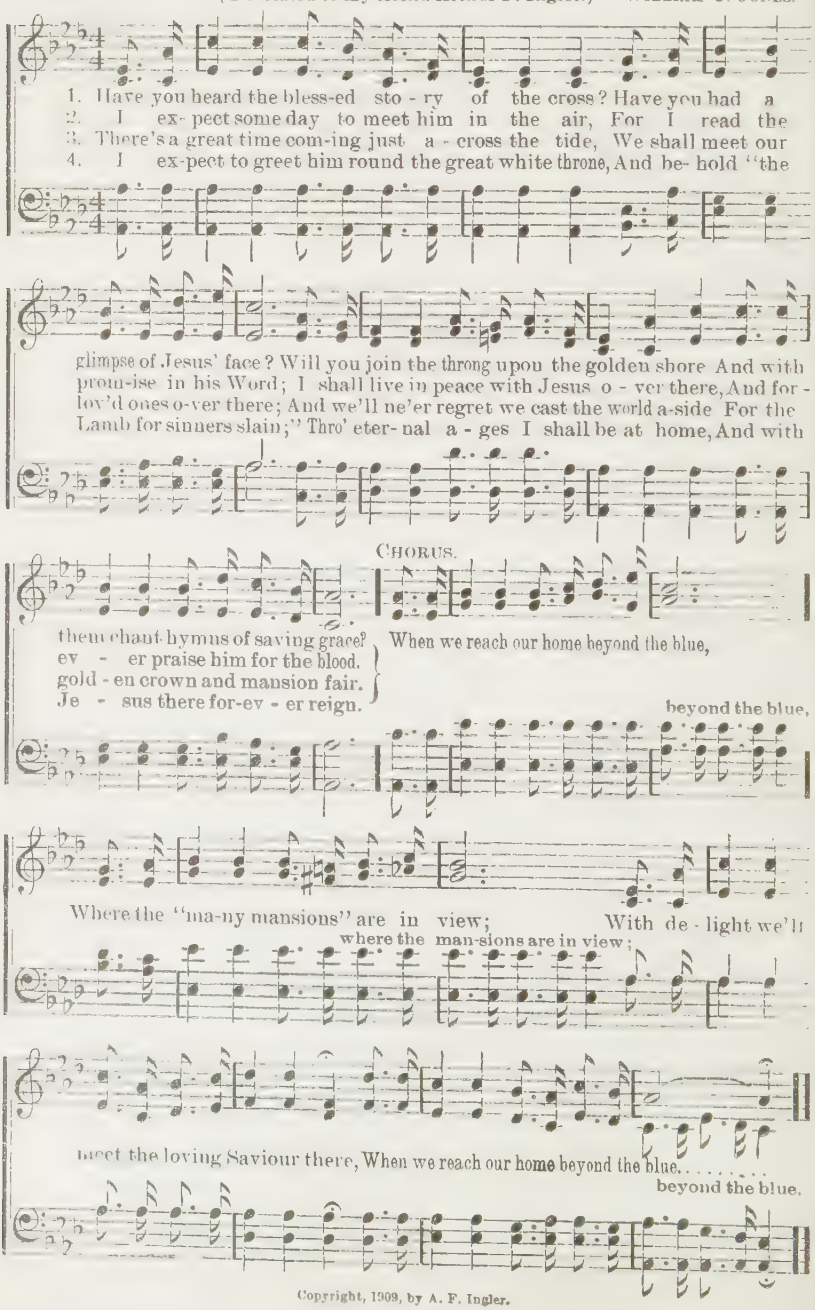
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

Beyond the Blue.

W. O. J. Alt. (Dedicated to my friend Arthur F. Ingler.) WILLIAM O. JONES.


1. Have you heard the bless-ed sto - ry of the cross? Have you had a
2. I ex- pect some day to meet him in the air, For I read the
3. There's a great time com-ing just a - cross the tide, We shall meet our
4. I ex-pect to greet him round the great white throne, And be- hold "the
glimpse of Jesus' face? Will you join the throng upon the golden shore And with
prom-ise in his Word; I shall live in peace with Jesus o - ver there, And for -
lov'd ones o-ver there; And we'll ne'er regret we cast the world a-side For the
Lamb for sinners slain;" Thro' eter- nal a - ges I shall be at home, And with
CHORUS.
them chant hymns of saving grace?
ev - er praise him for the blood.
gold - en crown and mansion fair.
Je - sus there for-ev - er reign.
When we reach our home beyond the blue,
beyond the blue,
Where the "ma-ny mansions" are in view;
With de - light we'll
where the man-sions are in view;
meet the loving Saviour there, When we reach our home beyond the blue.
beyond the blue.

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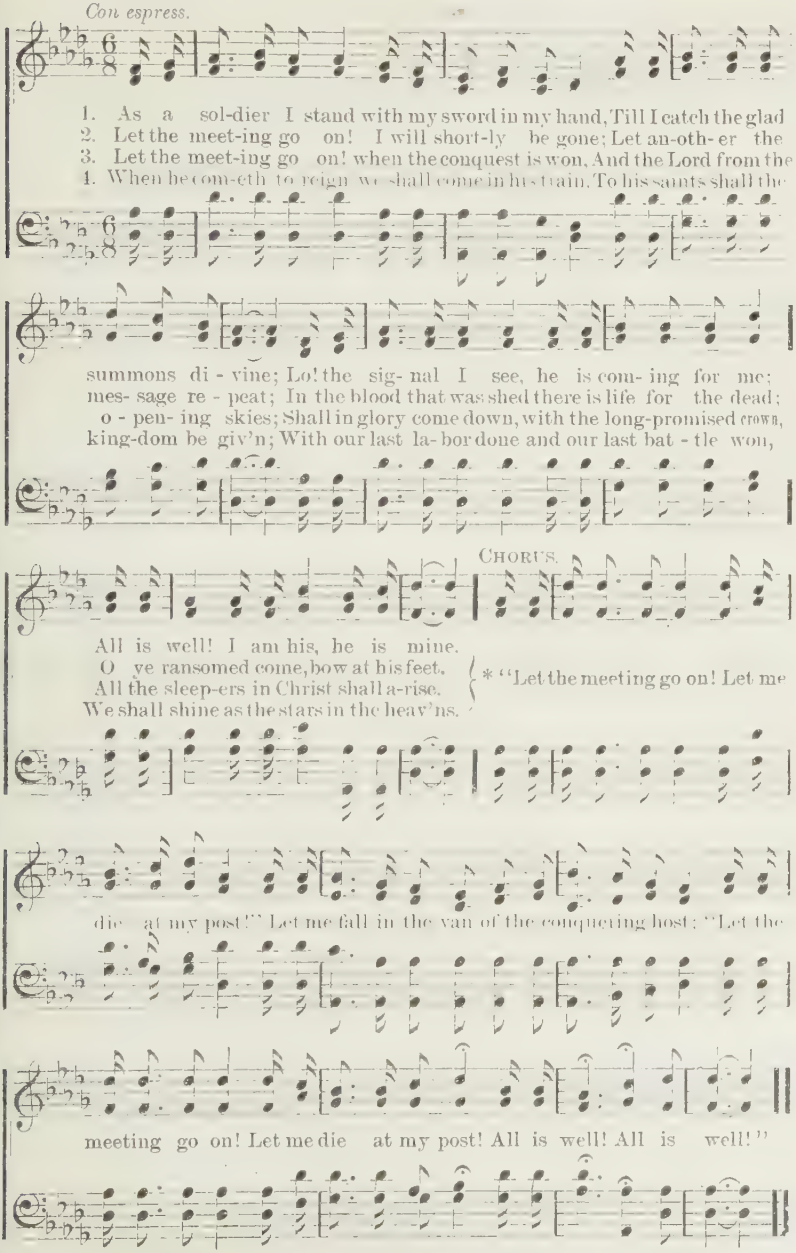
167 "Let the Meeting Go On."

Rev. W. Hunter, D. D. (Let me die at my post.) J. Harry Horner.

Con espress.

1. As a sol-dier I stand with my sword in my hand, Till I catch the glad
2. Let the meet-ing go on! I will short-ly be gone; Let an-oth-er the
3. Let the meet-ing go on! when the conquest is won, And the Lord from the
4. When he com-eth to reign we shall come in his train, To his saints shall the
summons di - vine; Lo! the sig-nal I see, he is com-ing for me;
mes- sage re - peat; In the blood that was shed there is life for the dead;
o - pen-ing skies; Shall in glory come down, with the long-promised crown,
king-dom be giv'n; With our last la-bor done and our last bat - tle won,
Chorus.
All is well! I am his, he is mine.
O ye ransomed come, bow at his feet.
All the sleep-ers in Christ shall a-rise.
We shall shine as the stars in the heav'ns.
* "Let the meeting go on! Let me
die at my post!" Let me fall in the van of the conquering host; "Let the
meeting go on! Let me die at my post! All is well! All is well!"

* Dying words of Rev. Gideon D. Kinnear, after preaching at Hollow Rock Campmeeting.

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The Inner Circle.

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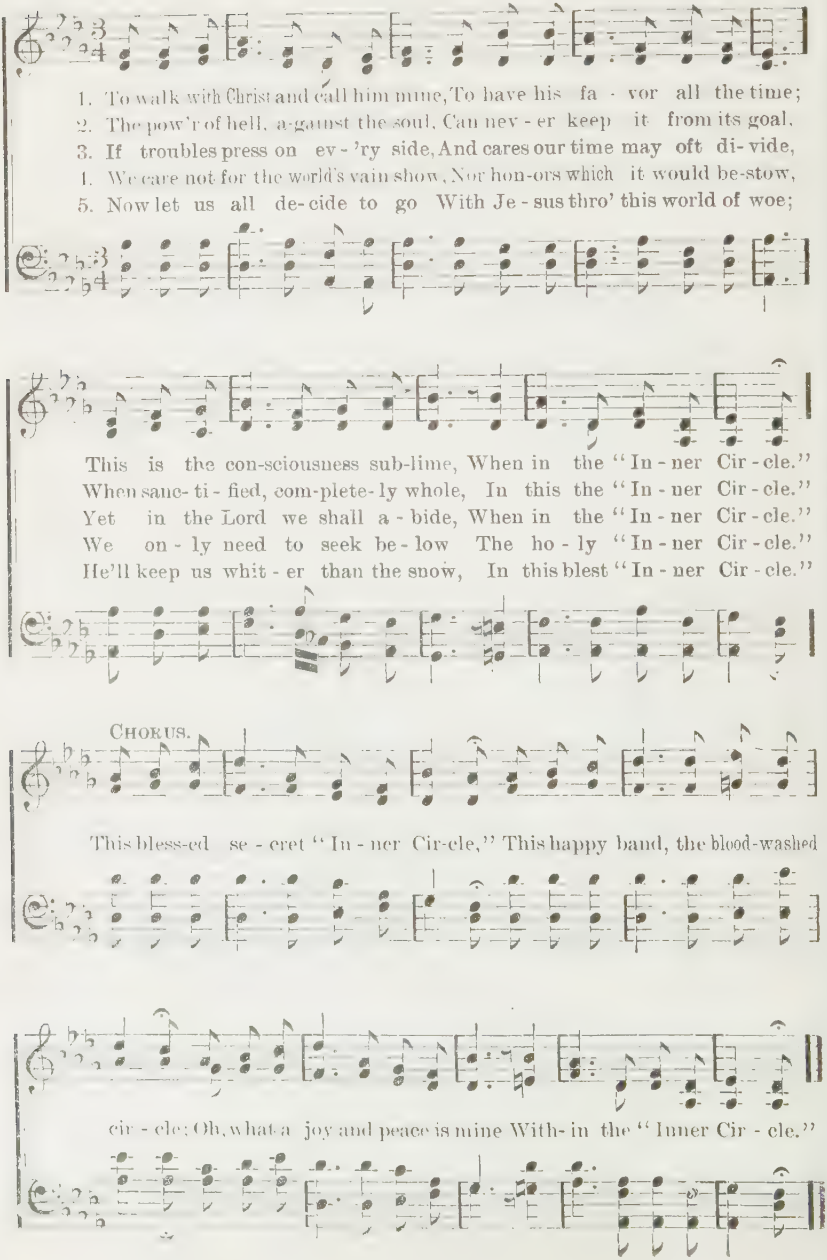
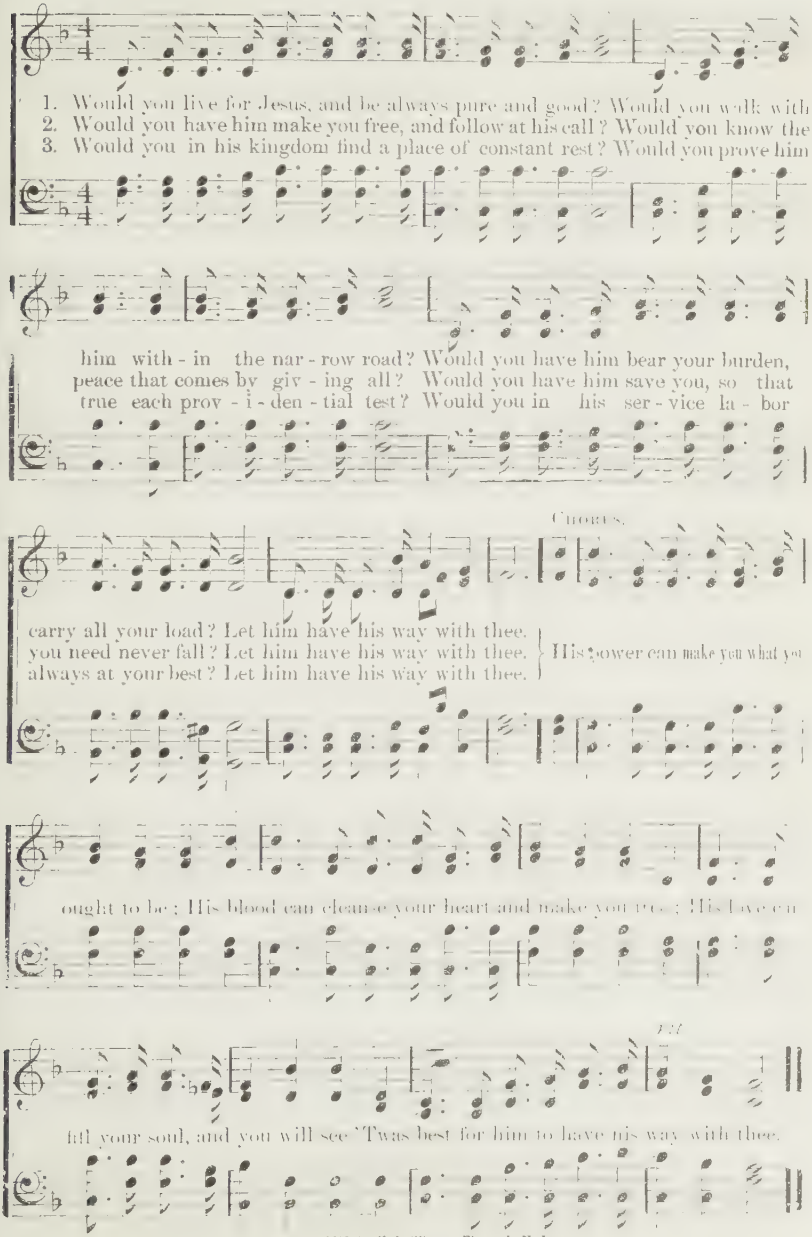

1. To walk with Christ and call him mine, To have his fa - vor all the time;
2. The pow'r of hell, a-gainst the soul, Can nev - er keep it from its goal.
3. If troubles press on ev - 'ry side, And cares our time may oft di-vide,
4. We care not for the world's vain show, Nor hon-ors which it would be-stow,
5. Now let us all de-cide to go With Je - sus thro' this world of woe;
This is the con-sciousness sub-lime, When in the "In - ner Cir - cle."
When sanc-ti - fied, com-plete-ly whole, In this the "In - ner Cir - cle."
Yet in the Lord we shall a - bide, When in the "In - ner Cir - cle."
We on - ly need to seek be - low The ho - ly "In - ner Cir - cle."
He'll keep us whit - er than the snow, In this blest "In - ner Cir - cle."
CHORUS.
This bless-ed se - cret "In - ner Cir-cle," This happy band, the blood-washed
cir - cle; Oh, what a joy and peace is mine With-in the "Inner Cir - cle."

169 HIS WAY WITH THEE.

C. S. N. Psalm 37: 5. Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

(Consecration.)


1. Would you live for Jesus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have him make you free, and follow at his call? Would you know the
3. Would you in his kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove him
him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have him bear your burden,
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have him save you, so that
true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in his ser - vice la - bor
Chorus.
carry all your load? Let him have his way with thee.
you need never fall? Let him have his way with thee.
always at your best? Let him have his way with thee.
His power can make you what you
ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can
fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for him to have his way with thee.

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170 On the Streets of Gold.

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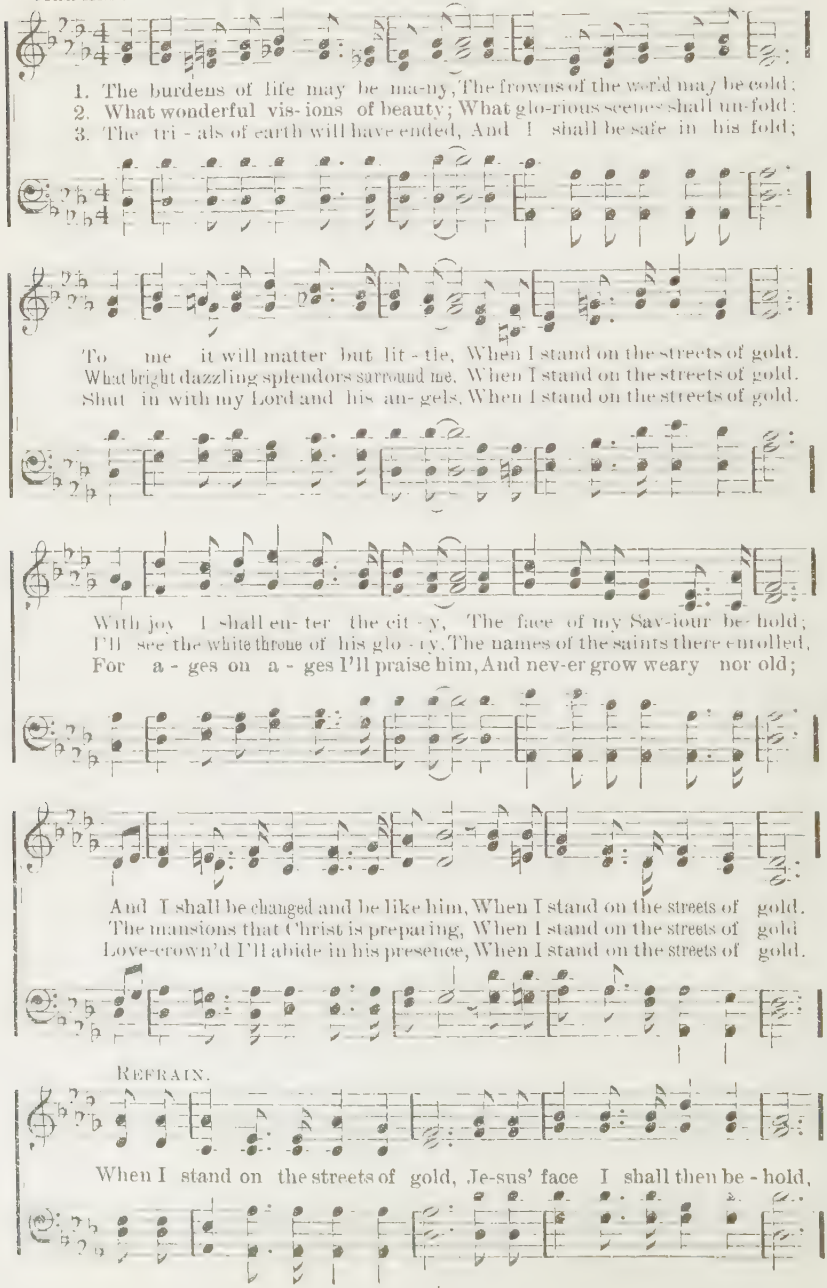
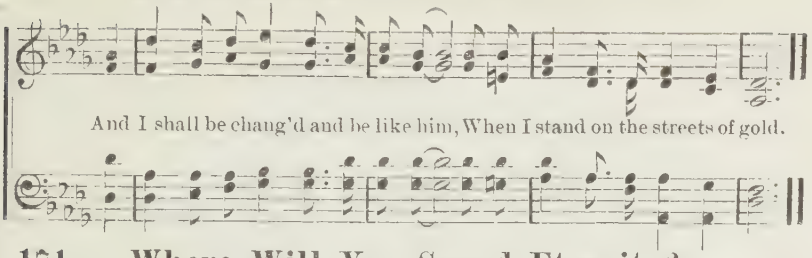
MRS. ANNIE WITTENMYER. ARTHUR F. INGLER.

1. The burdens of life may be ma-ny, The frowns of the world may be cold;
2. What wonderful vis-ions of beauty; What glo-rious scenes shall un-fold;
3. The tri-als of earth will have ended, And I shall be safe in his fold;
To me it will matter but lit-tle, When I stand on the streets of gold.
What bright dazzling splendors surround me, When I stand on the streets of gold.
Shut in with my Lord and his an-gels, When I stand on the streets of gold.
With joy I shall en-ter the cit-y, The face of my Sav-iour be-hold;
I'll see the white throne of his glo-ry, The names of the saints there enrolled,
For a-ges on a-ges I'll praise him, And nev-er grow weary nor old;
And I shall be changed and be like him, When I stand on the streets of gold.
The mansions that Christ is preparing, When I stand on the streets of gold
Love-crown'd I'll abide in his presence, When I stand on the streets of gold.
REFRAIN.
When I stand on the streets of gold, Je-sus' face I shall then be-hold,

On the Streets of Gold.—Concluded.



171 Where Will You Spend Eternity?

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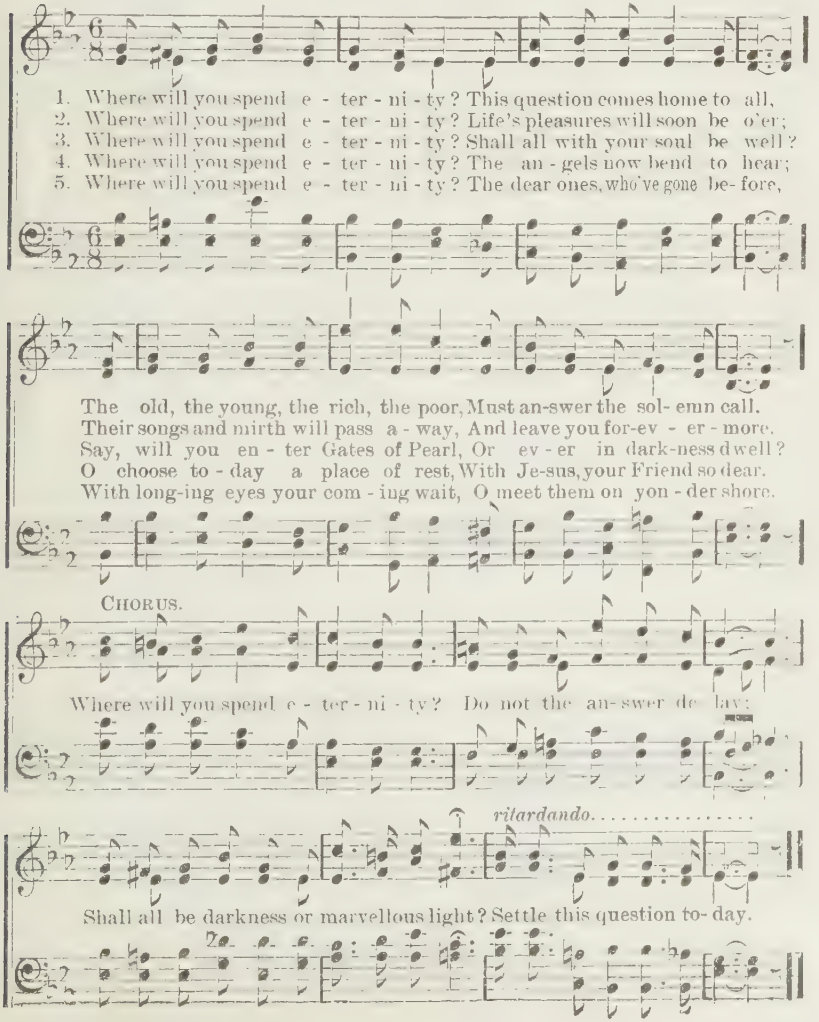
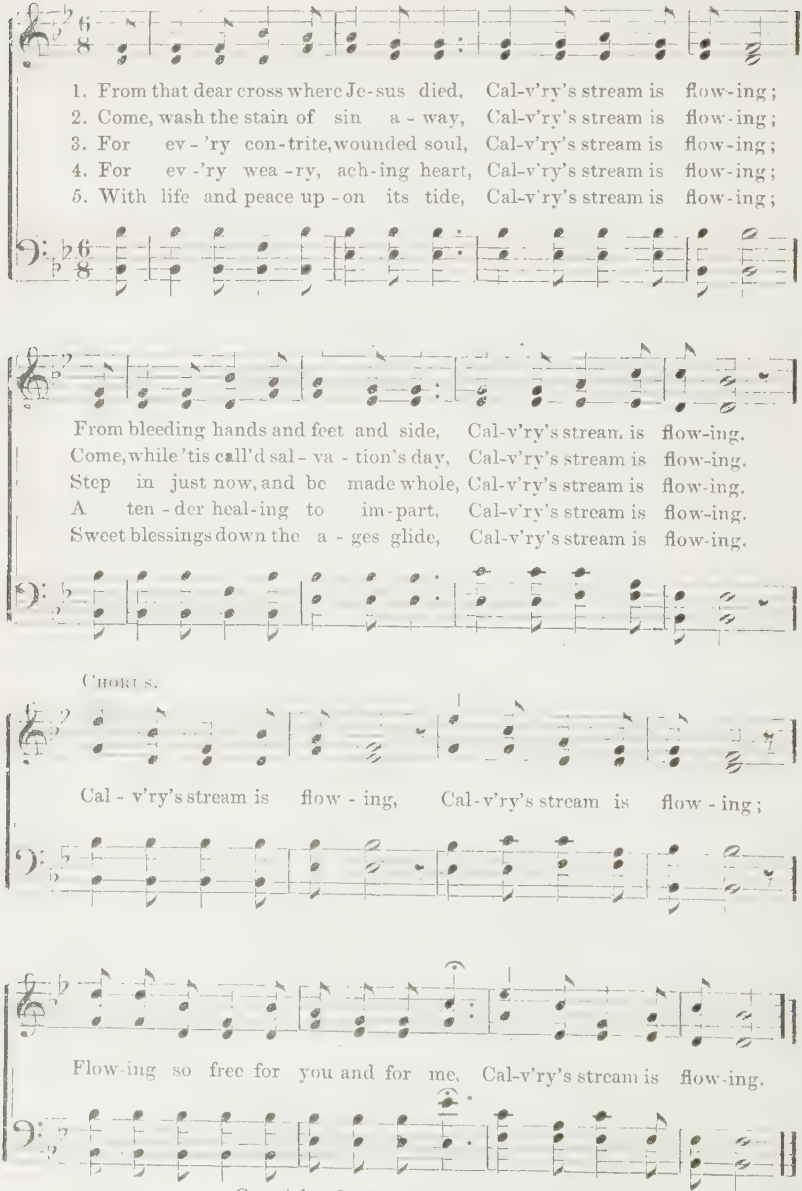
M. H. M. MARY HUBBERT MUMFORD.


1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? This question comes home to all,
2. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? Life's pleasures will soon be o'er;
3. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? Shall all with your soul be well?
4. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? The an - gels now bend to hear;
5. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? The dear ones, who've gone be- fore,
The old, the young, the rich, the poor, Must an-swer the sol- emn call.
Their songs and mirth will pass a - way, And leave you for-ev - er - more.
Say, will you en - ter Gates of Pearl, Or ev - er in dark-ness dwell?
O choose to - day a place of rest, With Je-sus, your Friend so dear.
With long-ing eyes your com - ing wait, O meet them on yon - der shore.
CHORUS.
Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? Do not the an- swer de lay;
ritardando.
Shall all be darkness or marvellous light? Settle this question to- day.

172 Calvary's Stream is Flowing.

LIDIE H. EDMUNDS. Adapted and Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. From that dear cross where Je-sus died, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
2. Come, wash the stain of sin a-way, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
3. For ev-'ry con-trite, wounded soul, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
4. For ev-'ry wea-ry, ach-ing heart, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
5. With life and peace up-on its tide, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
From bleeding hands and feet and side, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
Come, while 'tis call'd sal-va-tion's day, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
Step in just now, and be made whole, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
A ten-der heal-ing to im-part, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
Sweet blessings down the a-ges glide, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
CHORUS.
Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
Flow-ing so free for you and for me, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.

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I Believe the Bible.

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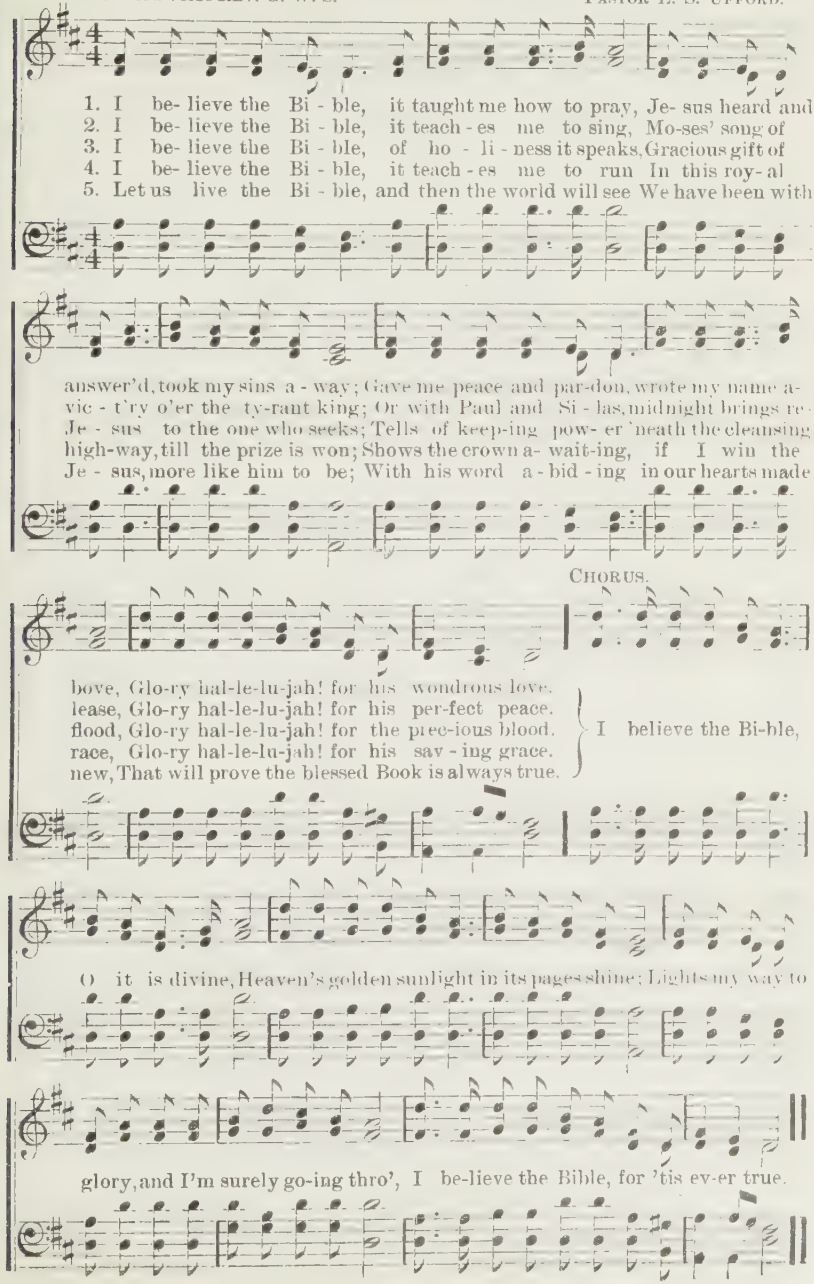
To Rev. G. W. Schurman, Pastor of Pentecostal Church, Lynn, Mass.

E. S. U. 3rd verse Rev. G. W. S. Pastor E. S. Ufford.


1. I be- lieve the Bi - ble, it taught me how to pray, Je- sus heard and
2. I be- lieve the Bi - ble, it teach - es me to sing, Mo-ses' song of
3. I be- lieve the Bi - ble, of ho - li - ness it speaks, Gracious gift of
4. I be- lieve the Bi - ble, it teach - es me to run In this roy- al
5. Let us live the Bi - ble, and then the world will see We have been with
answer'd, took my sins a - way; Gave me peace and par-don, wrote my name a-
vic - t'ry o'er the ty-rant king; Or with Paul and Si - las, midnight brings re-
Je - sus to the one who seeks; Tells of keep-ing pow- er 'neath the cleansing
high-way, till the prize is won; Shows the crown a- wait-ing, if I win the
Je - sus, more like him to be; With his word a - bid - ing in our hearts made
Chorus.
bove, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! for his wondrous love.
lease, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! for his per-fect peace.
flood, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! for the pre-cious blood.
race, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! for his sav - ing grace.
new, That will prove the blessed Book is always true.
I believe the Bi-ble,
O it is divine, Heaven's golden sunlight in its pages shine; Lights my way to
glory, and I'm surely go-ing thro', I be-lieve the Bible, for 'tis ev-er true.

Kept By Power Divine.

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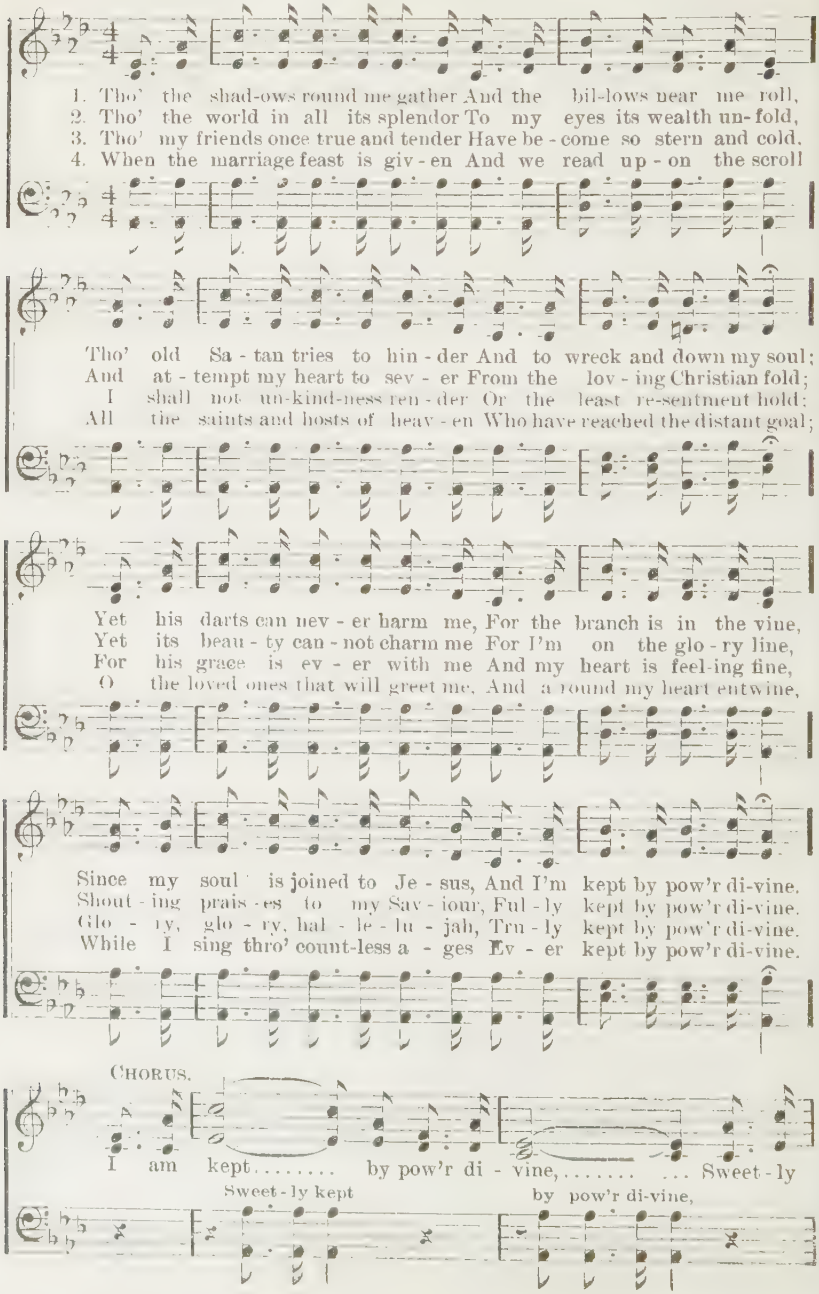
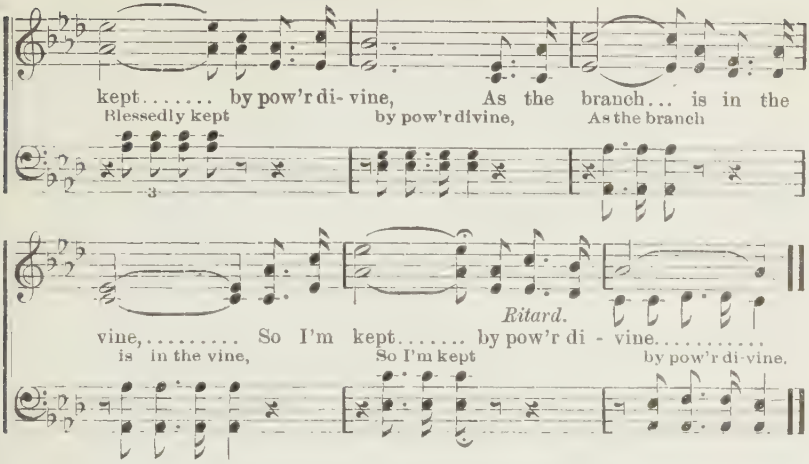
REV. ANDREW JOHNSON. I. G. MARTIN.

1. Tho' the shad-ows round me gather And the bil-lows near me roll,
2. Tho' the world in all its splendor To my eyes its wealth un-fold,
3. Tho' my friends once true and tender Have be-come so stern and cold.
4. When the marriage feast is giv-en And we read up-on the scroll
Tho' old Sa-tan tries to hin-der And to wreck and down my soul;
And at-tempt my heart to sev-er From the lov-ing Christian fold;
I shall not un-kind-ness ren-der Or the least re-sentment hold;
All the saints and hosts of heav-en Who have reached the distant goal;
Yet his darts can nev-er harm me, For the branch is in the vine,
Yet its beau-ty can-not charm me For I'm on the glo-ry line,
For his grace is ev-er with me And my heart is feel-ing fine,
O the loved ones that will greet me, And a round my heart entwine,
Since my soul is joined to Je-sus, And I'm kept by pow'r di-vine.
Shout-ing prais-es to my Sav-iour, Ful-ly kept by pow'r di-vine.
Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah, Tru-ly kept by pow'r di-vine.
While I sing thro' count-less a-ges Ev-er kept by pow'r di-vine.
CHORUS.
I am kept..... by pow'r di-vine,..... ...Sweet-ly
Sweet-ly kept
by pow'r di-vine,

Kept by Power Divine.—Concluded.

kept..... by pow'r di- vine, As the branch... is in the
Blessedly kept by pow'r divine, As the branch
Ritard.
vine,..... So I'm kept..... by pow'r di - vine.....
is in the vine, So I'm kept by pow'r di-vine.

175 Great is the Love of Jesus.

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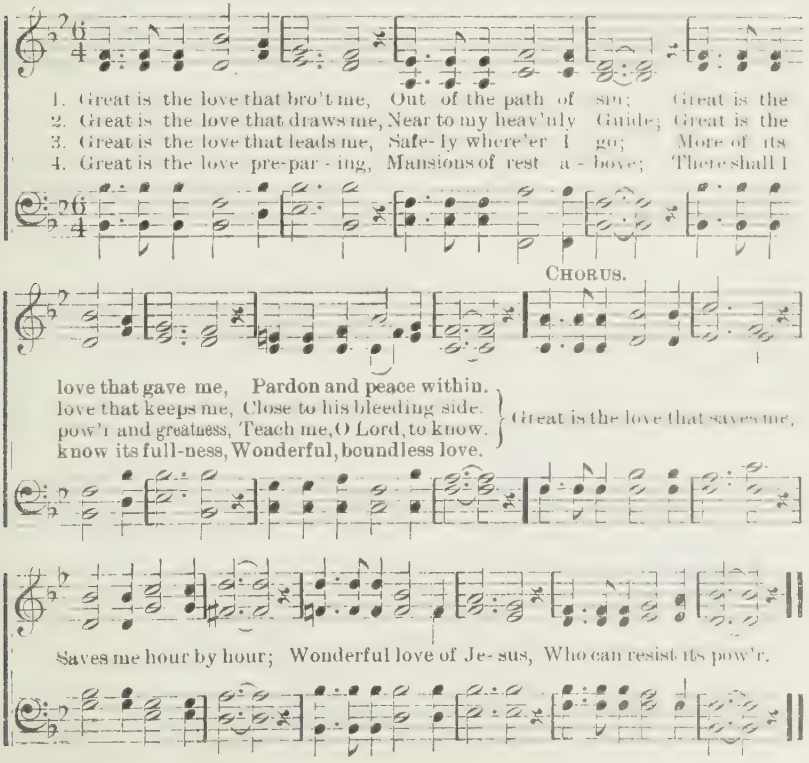
FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

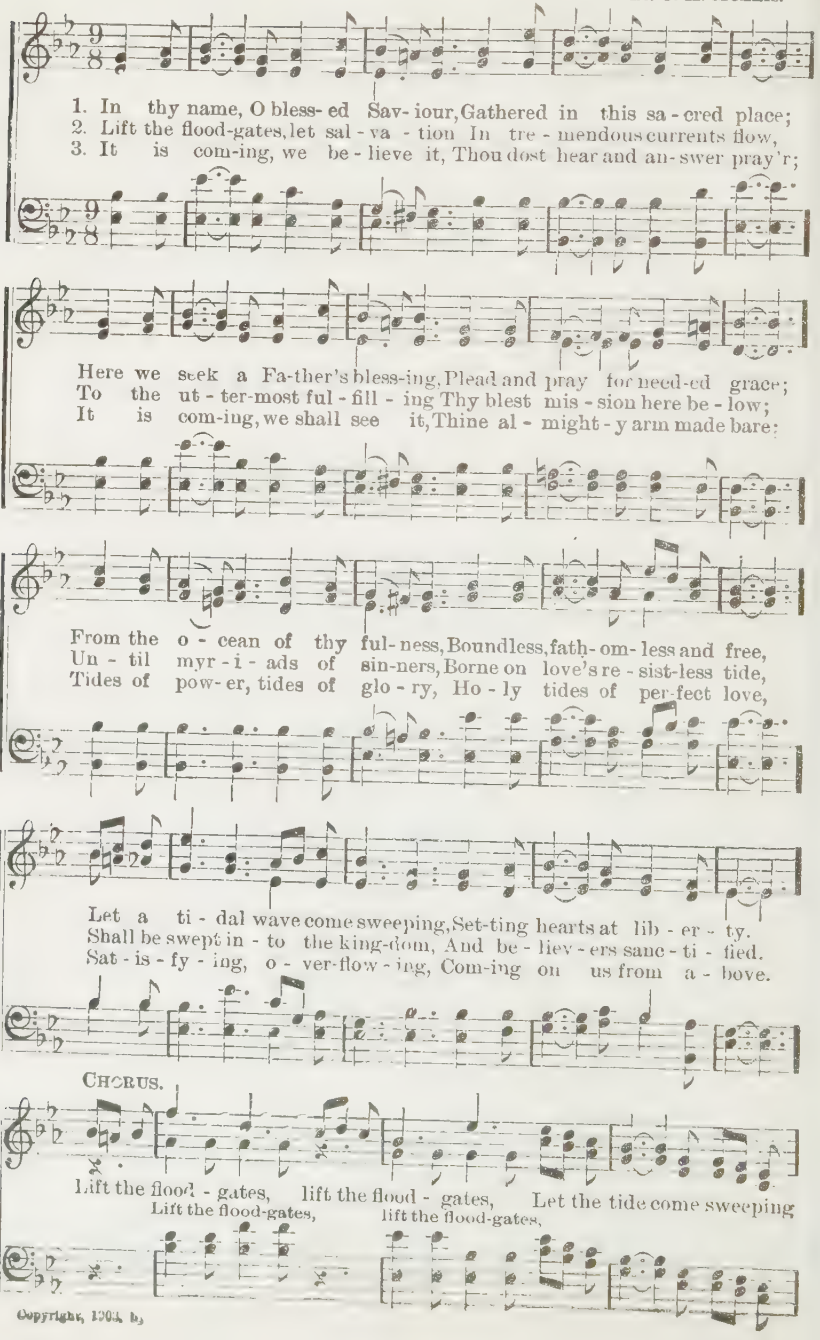

1. Great is the love that bro't me, Out of the path of sin; Great is the
2. Great is the love that draws me, Near to my heav'nly Guide; Great is the
3. Great is the love that leads me, Safe- ly where'er I go; More of its
4. Great is the love pre-par - ing, Mansions of rest a - bove; There shall I
CHORUS.
love that gave me, Pardon and peace within.
love that keeps me, Close to his bleeding side.
pow'r and greatness, Teach me, O Lord, to know.
know its full-ness, Wonderful, boundless love.
Great is the love that saves me,
Saves me hour by hour; Wonderful love of Je- sus, Who can resist its pow'r.

176

Lift the Flood-gates.

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.


1. In thy name, O bless- ed Sav- iour, Gathered in this sa - cred place;
2. Lift the flood-gates, let sal - va - tion In tre - mendous currents flow,
3. It is com-ing, we be - lieve it, Thou dost hear and an- swer pray'r;
Here we seek a Fa-ther's bless-ing, Plead and pray for need-ed grace;
To the ut - ter-most ful - fill - ing Thy blest mis - sion here be - low;
It is com-ing, we shall see it, Thine al - might - y arm made bare:
From the o - cean of thy ful-ness, Boundless, fath- om- less and free,
Un - til myr - i - ads of sin-ners, Borne on love's re - sist-less tide,
Tides of pow- er, tides of glo - ry, Ho - ly tides of per-fect love,
Let a ti - dal wave come sweeping, Set-ting hearts at lib - er - ty.
Shall be swept in - to the king-dom, And be - liev - ers sanc - ti - fied.
Sat - is - fy - ing, o - ver-flow - ing, Com-ing on us from a - bove.
CHORUS.
Lift the flood - gates, lift the flood - gates, Let the tide come sweeping
Lift the flood-gates, lift the flood-gates,

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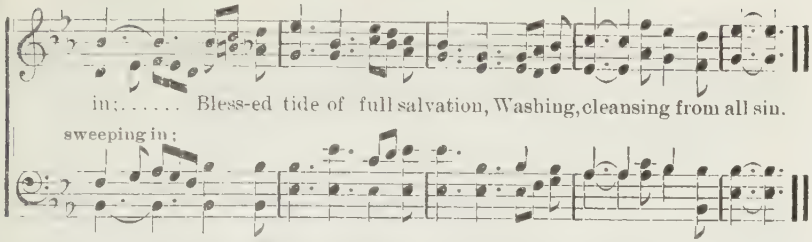
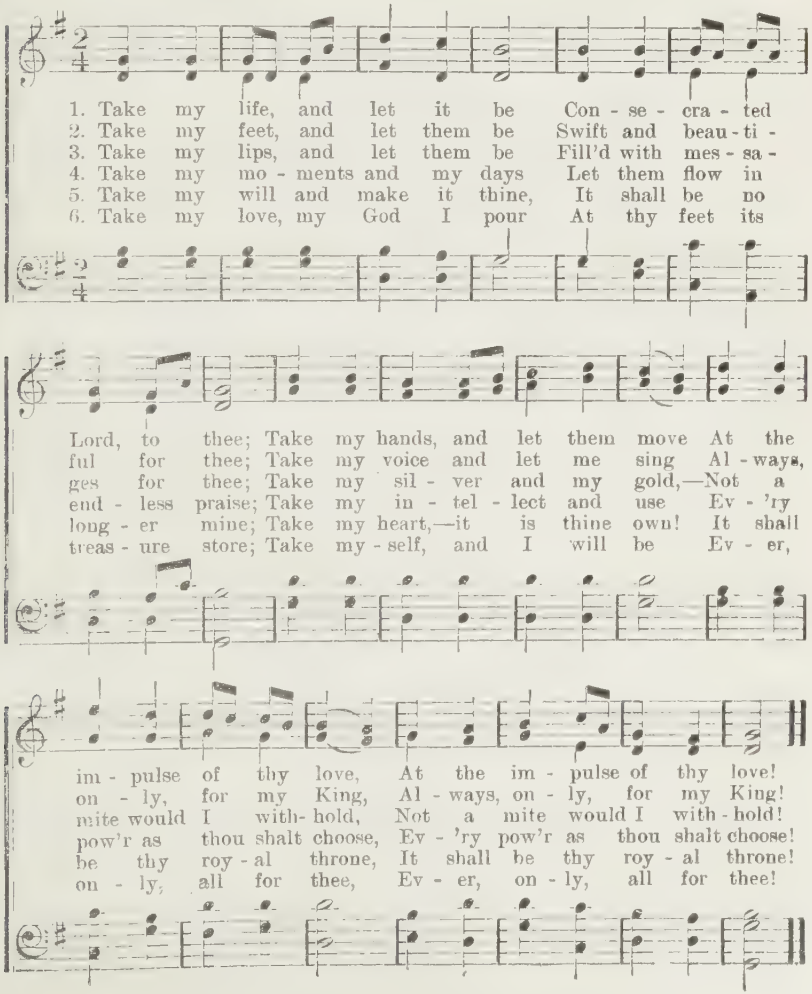
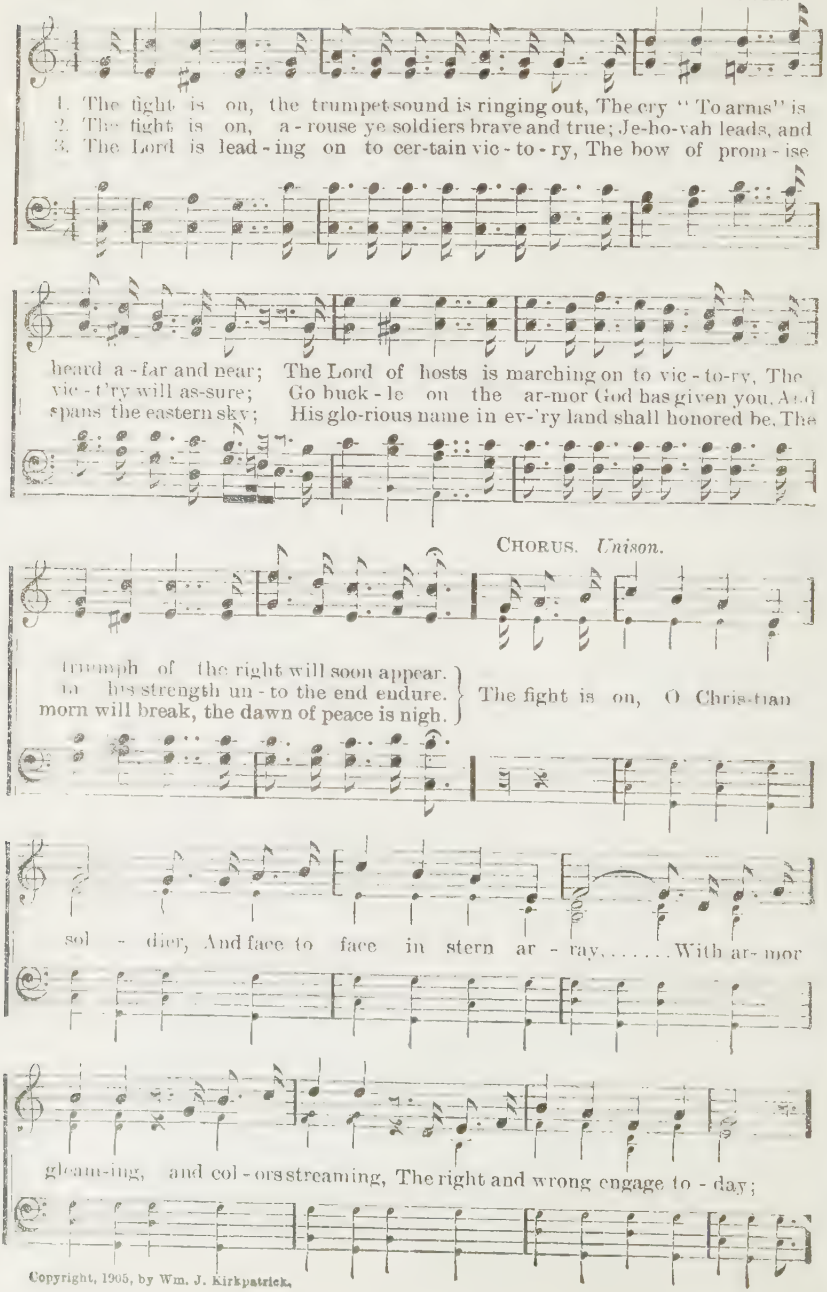


177 Take My Life, and Let it Be!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. H. C. MALAN.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti -
3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes - sa -
4. Take my mo - ments and my days Let them flow in
5. Take my will and make it thine, It shall be no
6. Take my love, my God I pour At thy feet its
Lord, to thee; Take my hands, and let them move At the
ful for thee; Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways,
ges for thee; Take my sil - ver and my gold,—Not a
end - less praise; Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev - 'ry
long - er mine; Take my heart,—it is thine own! It shall
treas - ure store; Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er,
im - pulse of thy love, At the im - pulse of thy love!
on - ly, for my King, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King!
mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I with - hold!
pow'r as thou shalt choose, Ev - 'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose!
be thy roy - al throne, It shall be thy roy - al throne!
on - ly, all for thee, Ev - er, on - ly, all for thee!

The Fight Is On.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ringing out, The cry "To arms" is
2. The fight is on, a - rouse ye soldiers brave and true; Je-ho-vah leads, and
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer-tain vic - to - ry, The bow of prom - ise
heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic - to-ry, The
vic - t'ry will as-sure; Go buck - le on the ar-mor God has given you, And
spans the eastern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry land shall honored be, The
CHORUS. Unison.
triumph of the right will soon appear.
to his strength un - to the end endure.
morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
The fight is on, O Chris-tian
sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar - ray..... With ar- mor
gleam-ing, and col - ors streaming, The right and wrong engage to - day;

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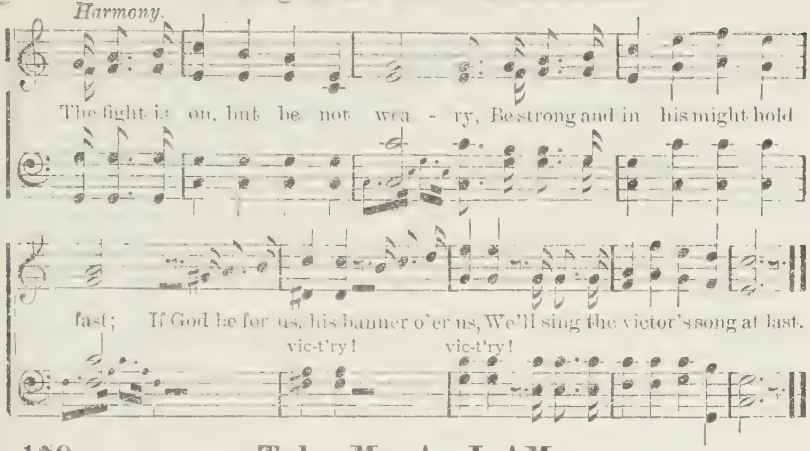
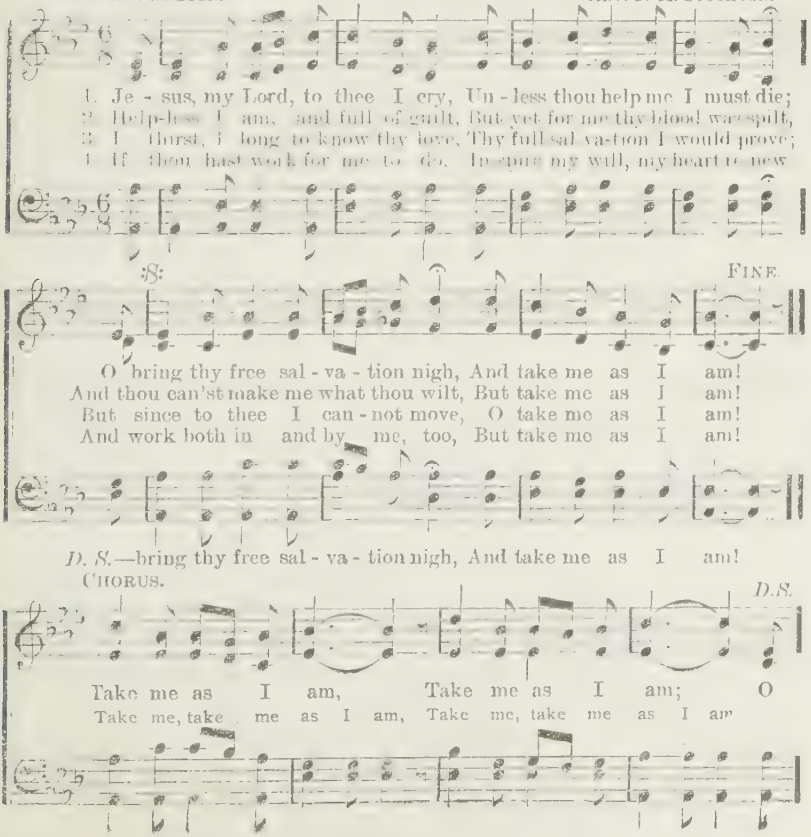
The Fight Is On.—Concluded.

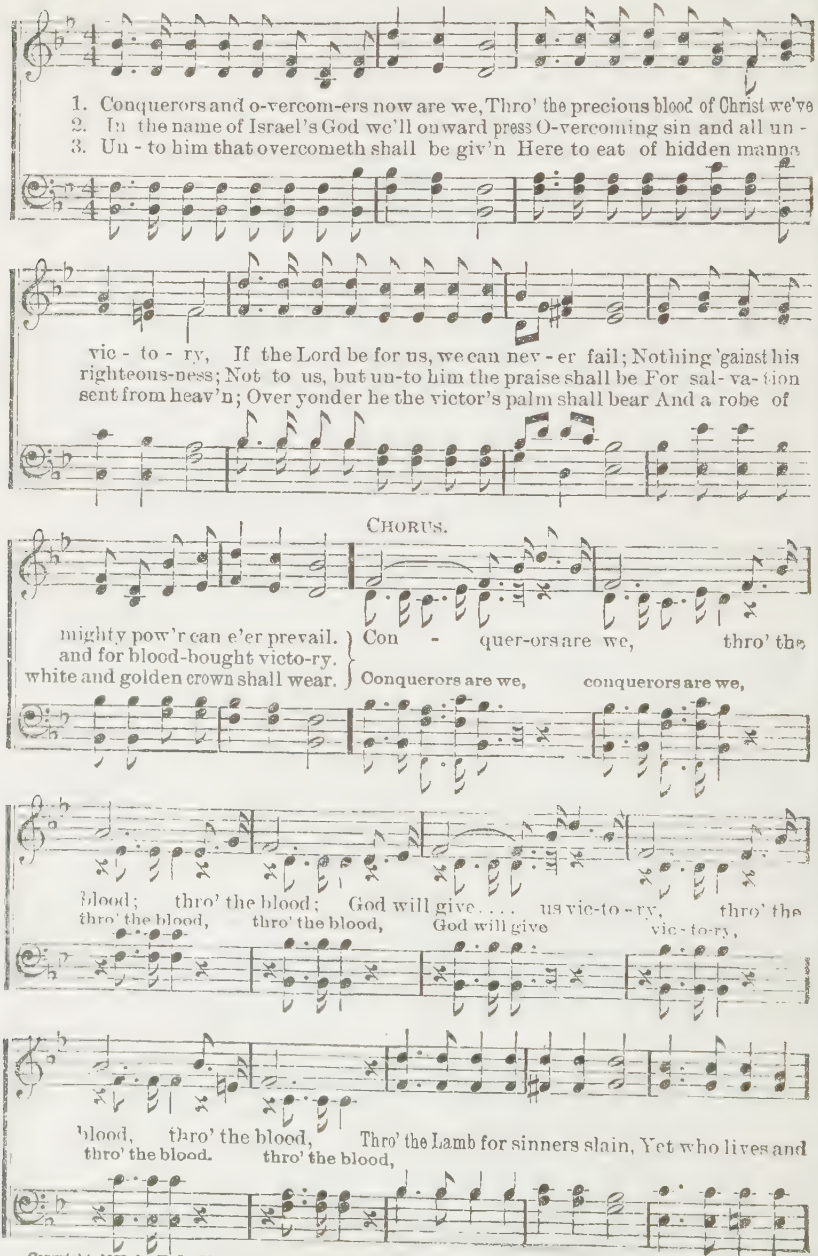

Harmony.
The fight is on, but be not wea - ry, Be strong and in his might hold
fast; If God be for us, his banner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last.
vic-t'ry! vic-t'ry!

179 Take Me As I AM.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un - less thou help me I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal-va-tion I would prove;
4. If thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart re-new
Fine.
O bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And thou can'st make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!
But since to thee I can - not move, O take me as I am!
And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!
D. S.—bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
CHORUS.
D.S.
Take me as I am, Take me as I am; O
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am

Conquerors Through the Blood.

MRS. C. H. M. Rom. 8: 37. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.


1. Conquerors and o-vercom-ers now are we, Thro' the precious blood of Christ we've
2. In the name of Israel's God we'll onward press O-vercoming sin and all un -
3. Un - to him that overcometh shall be giv'n Here to eat of hidden manna
vic - to - ry, If the Lord be for us, we can nev - er fail; Nothing 'gainst his
righteous-ness; Not to us, but un-to him the praise shall be For sal- va- tion
sent from heav'n; Over yonder he the victor's palm shall bear And a robe of
CHORUS.
mighty pow'r can e'er prevail.
and for blood-bought victo-ry.
white and golden crown shall wear.
Con - quer-ors are we, thro' the
Conquerors are we, conquerors are we,
blood; thro' the blood; God will give . . . . us vic-to-ry, thro' the
thro' the blood, thro' the blood, God will give vic-to-ry,
blood, thro' the blood, Thro' the Lamb for sinners slain, Yet who lives and
thro' the blood. thro' the blood,

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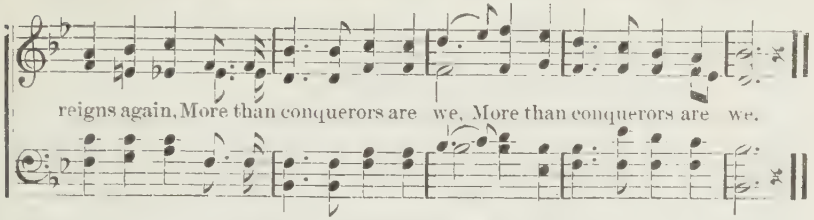

181 The Penitent's Plea.

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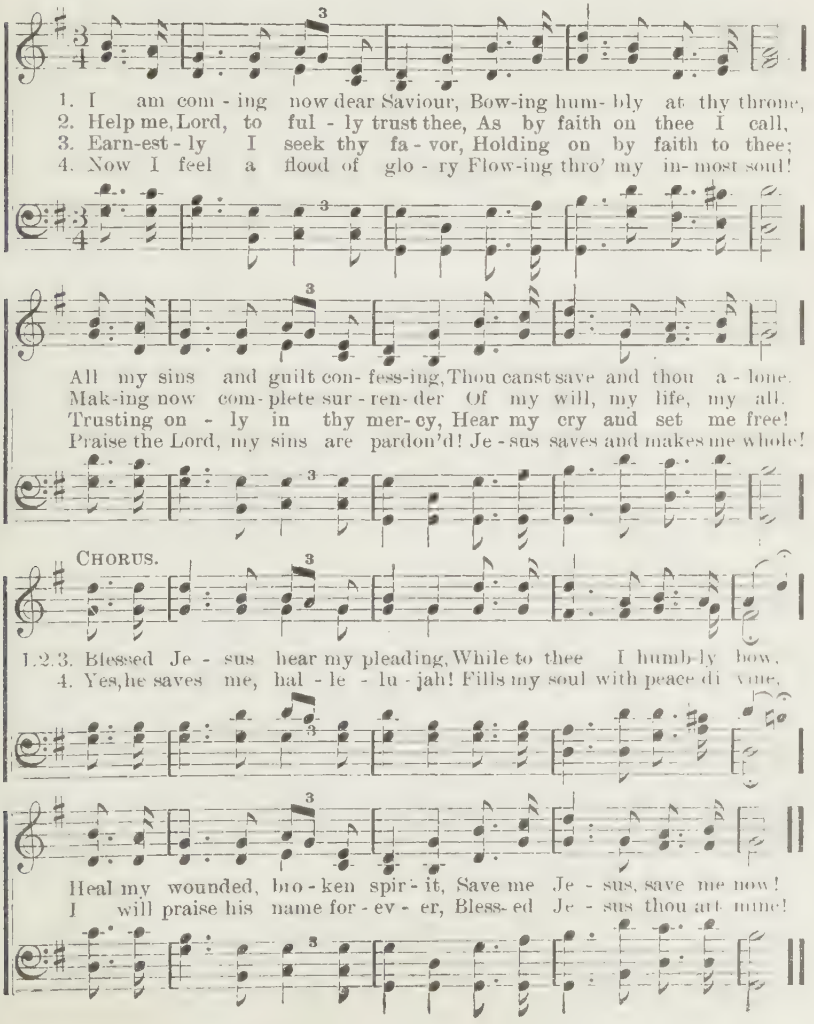
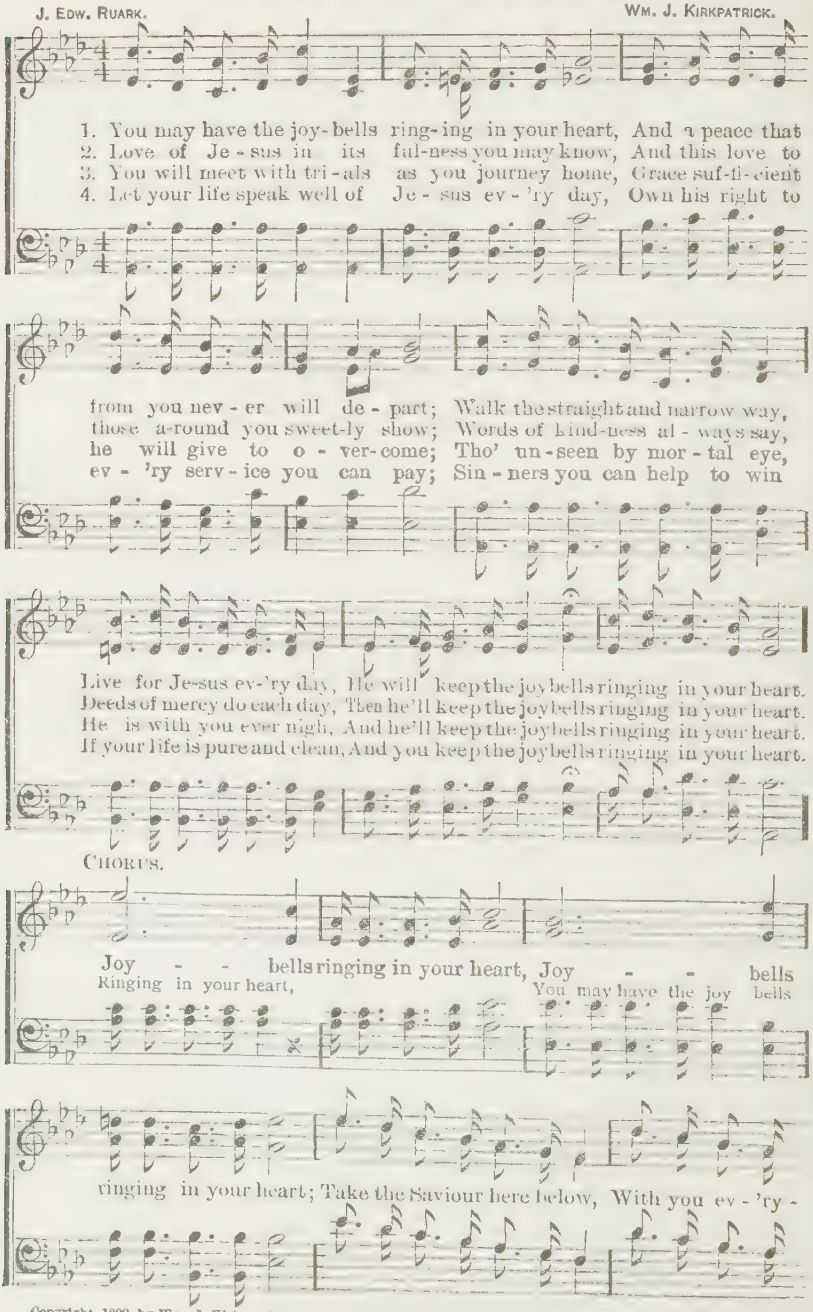
R. C. W. R. C. WARD.


1. I am com - ing now dear Saviour, Bow-ing hum- bly at thy throne,
2. Help me, Lord, to ful - ly trust thee, As by faith on thee I call,
3. Earn-est - ly I seek thy fa - vor, Holding on by faith to thee;
4. Now I feel a flood of glo - ry Flow-ing thro' my in- most soul!
All my sins and guilt con- fess-ing, Thou canst save and thou a - lone.
Mak-ing now com- plete sur - ren- der Of my will, my life, my all.
Trusting on - ly in thy mer-cy, Hear my cry and set me free!
Praise the Lord, my sins are pardon'd! Je - sus saves and makes me whole!
CHORUS.
1. 2. 3. Blessed Je - sus hear my pleading, While to thee I humb-ly bow,
4. Yes, he saves me, hal - le - lu - jah! Fills my soul with peace di vine,
Heal my wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me Je - sus, save me now!
I will praise his name for - ev - er, Bless-ed Je - sus thou art mine!

You May Have the Joybells.

J. Edw. Ruark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je-sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you journey home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-'ry day, Own his right to
from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and narrow way,
those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kind-ness al-ways say,
he will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye,
ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win
Live for Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joy bells ringing in your heart.
Deeds of mercy do each day, Then he'll keep the joy bells ringing in your heart.
He is with you ever nigh, And he'll keep the joy bells ringing in your heart.
If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy bells ringing in your heart.
Chorus.
Joy - - bells ringing in your heart, Joy - - bells
Ringing in your heart,
You may have the joy bells
ringing in your heart; Take the Saviour here below, With you ev-'ry-

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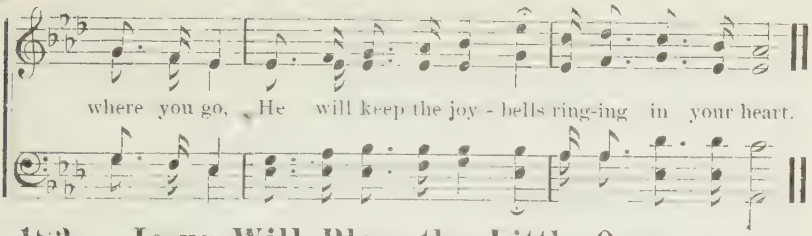
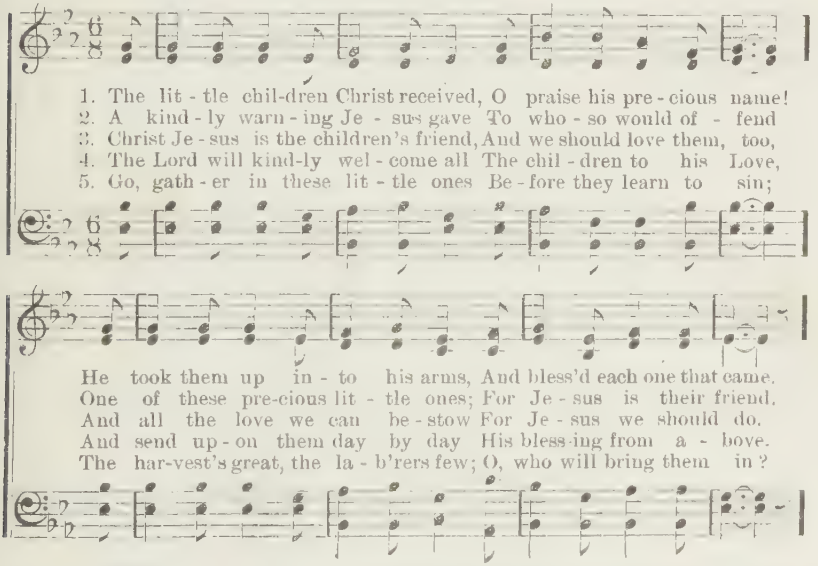
You May Have the Joy Bells.—Concluded.



183 Jesus Will Bless the Little Ones.

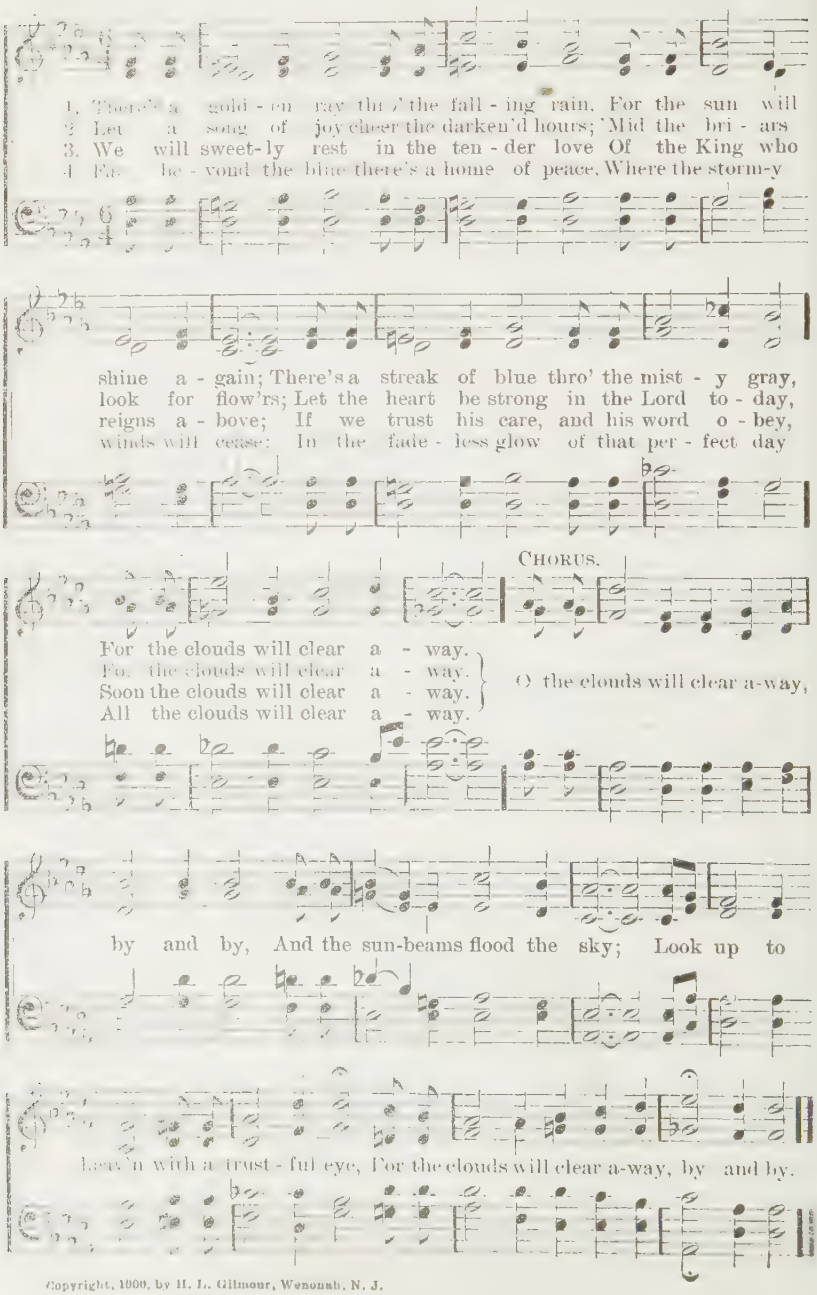
"He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them."

JOHN. J. G. F.


1. The lit - tle chil-dren Christ received, O praise his pre - cious name!
2. A kind - ly warn - ing Je - sus gave To who - so would of - fend
3. Christ Je - sus is the children's friend, And we should love them, too,
4. The Lord will kind-ly wel - come all The chil - dren to his Love,
5. Go, gath - er in these lit - tle ones Be - fore they learn to sin;
He took them up in - to his arms, And bless'd each one that came.
One of these pre-cious lit - tle ones; For Je - sus is their friend.
And all the love we can be - stow For Je - sus we should do.
And send up - on them day by day His bless-ing from a - bove.
The har-vest's great, the la - b'rers few; O, who will bring them in?
CHORUS.
Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones, Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones,
Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones, O praise his pre-cious name!

This hymn is *free* to be used for the glory of God.

The Clouds Will Clear Away.

E. E. Hewitt. M. Pauline Gilmour Hatch.

1. There's a gold - en ray thro' the fall - ing rain, For the sun will shine a - gain; There's a streak of blue thro' the mist - y gray,
2. Let a song of joy cheer the darken'd hours; 'Mid the bri - ars look for flow'rs; Let the heart be strong in the Lord to - day,
3. We will sweet-ly rest in the ten - der love Of the King who reigns a - bove; If we trust his care, and his word o - bey,
4. Far be - yond the blue there's a home of peace, Where the storm-y winds will cease: In the fade - less glow of that per - fect day
Chorus.
For the clouds will clear a - way.
For the clouds will clear a - way.
Soon the clouds will clear a - way.
All the clouds will clear a - way.
O the clouds will clear a-way,
by and by, And the sun-beams flood the sky; Look up to
Look in with a trust - ful eye, For the clouds will clear a-way, by and by.

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Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. PALMER.

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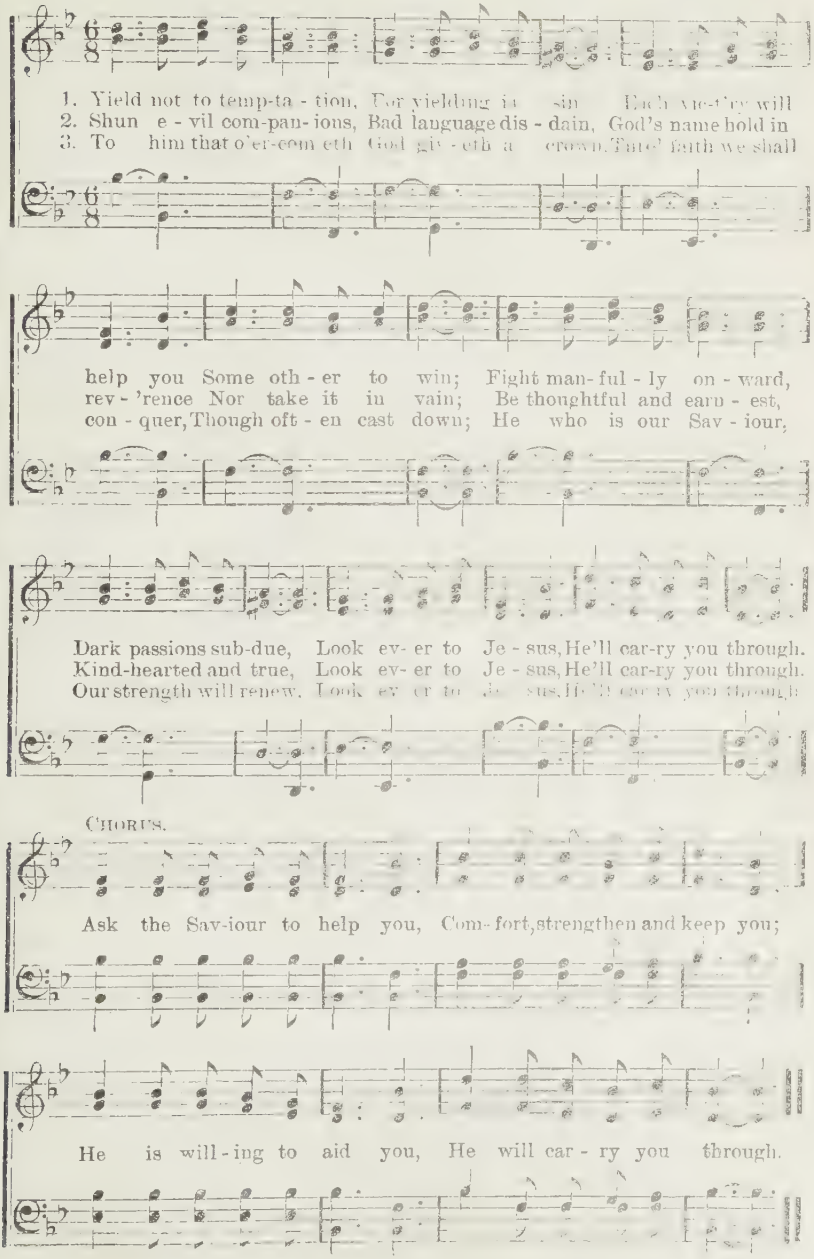
H. R. PALMER.


1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yielding is sin Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil com-pan- ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall
help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man- ful - ly on - ward,
rev - 'rence Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est,
con - quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,
Dark passions sub-due, Look ev- er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-hearted and true, Look ev- er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will renew. Look ev er to Je sus, He'll car-ry you through.
CHORUS.
Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com- fort, strengthen and keep you;
He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

I'm in This Way to Stay.

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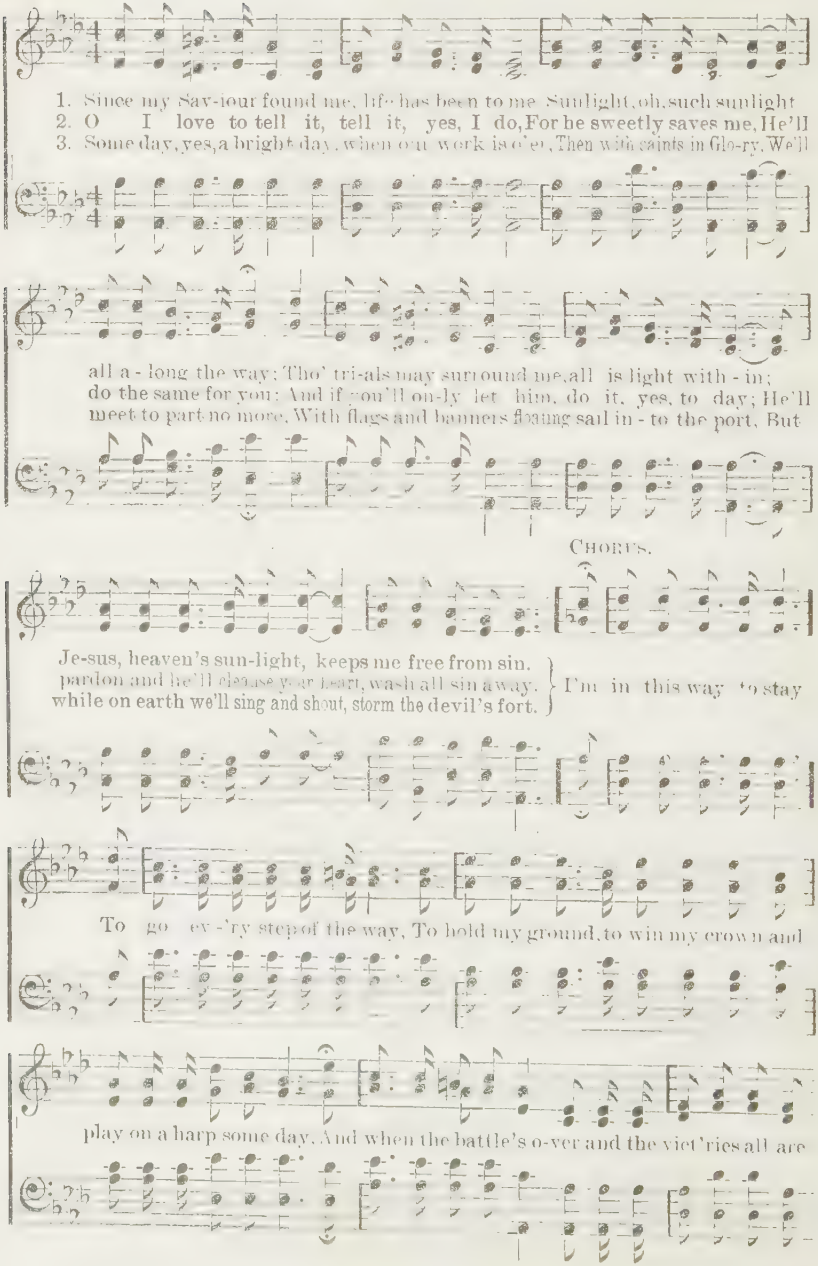
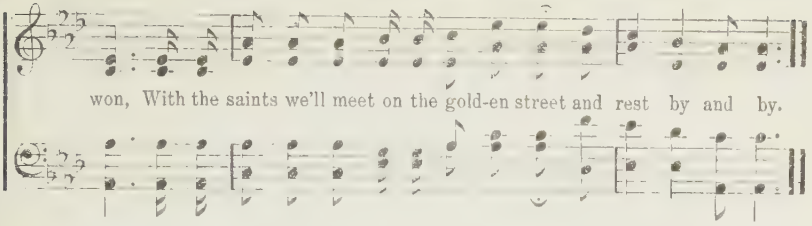
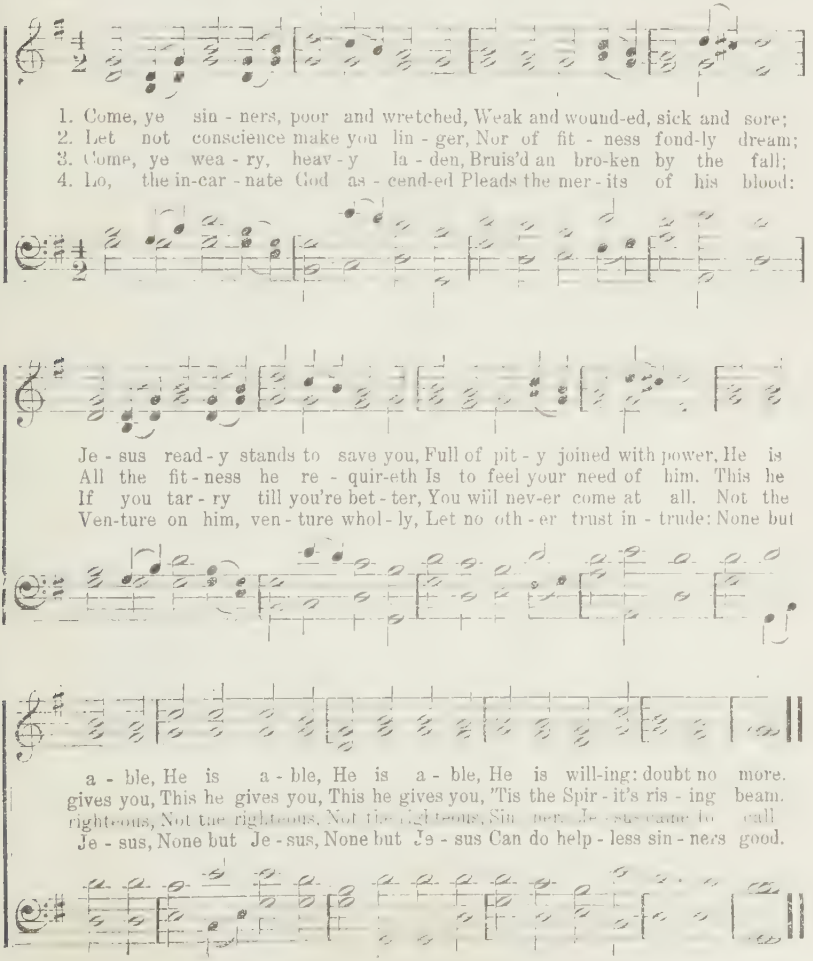
T. O. B. T. O. BECK.

1. Since my Sav-iour found me, life has been to me Sunlight, oh, such sunlight
2. O I love to tell it, tell it, yes, I do, For he sweetly saves me, He'll
3. Some day, yes, a bright day, when our work is o'er, Then with saints in Glo-ry, We'll
all a - long the way; Tho' tri-als may surround me, all is light with - in;
do the same for you; And if you'll on-ly let him, do it, yes, to day; He'll
meet to part no more. With flags and banners floating sail in - to the port, But
CHORUS.
Je-sus, heaven's sun-light, keeps me free from sin.
pardon and he'll cleanse your heart, wash all sin a way.
while on earth we'll sing and shout, storm the devil's fort.
I'm in this way to stay
To go ev - 'ry step of the way, To hold my ground, to win my crown and
play on a harp some day, And when the battle's o-ver and the vict'ries all are



187 Come, Ye Sinners.

Tune.—"CAERSALEM."

J. HART. Arr. D. EMLYN EVANS.


1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and wretched, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream;
3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Bruis'd an bro-ken by the fall;
4. Lo, the in-car - nate God as - cend-ed Pleads the mer - its of his blood:
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y joined with power. He is
All the fit - ness he re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of him. This he
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev-er come at all. Not the
Ven-ture on him, ven - ture whol - ly, Let no oth - er trust in - trude: None but
a - ble, He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will-ing: doubt no more.
gives you, This he gives you, This he gives you, 'Tis the Spir - it's ris - ing beam.
righteous, Not the righteous, Not the righteous, Sin - ners Je - sus came to call
Je - sus, None but Je - sus, None but Je - sus Can do help - less sin - ners good.

Bring Your Sin to Jesus.

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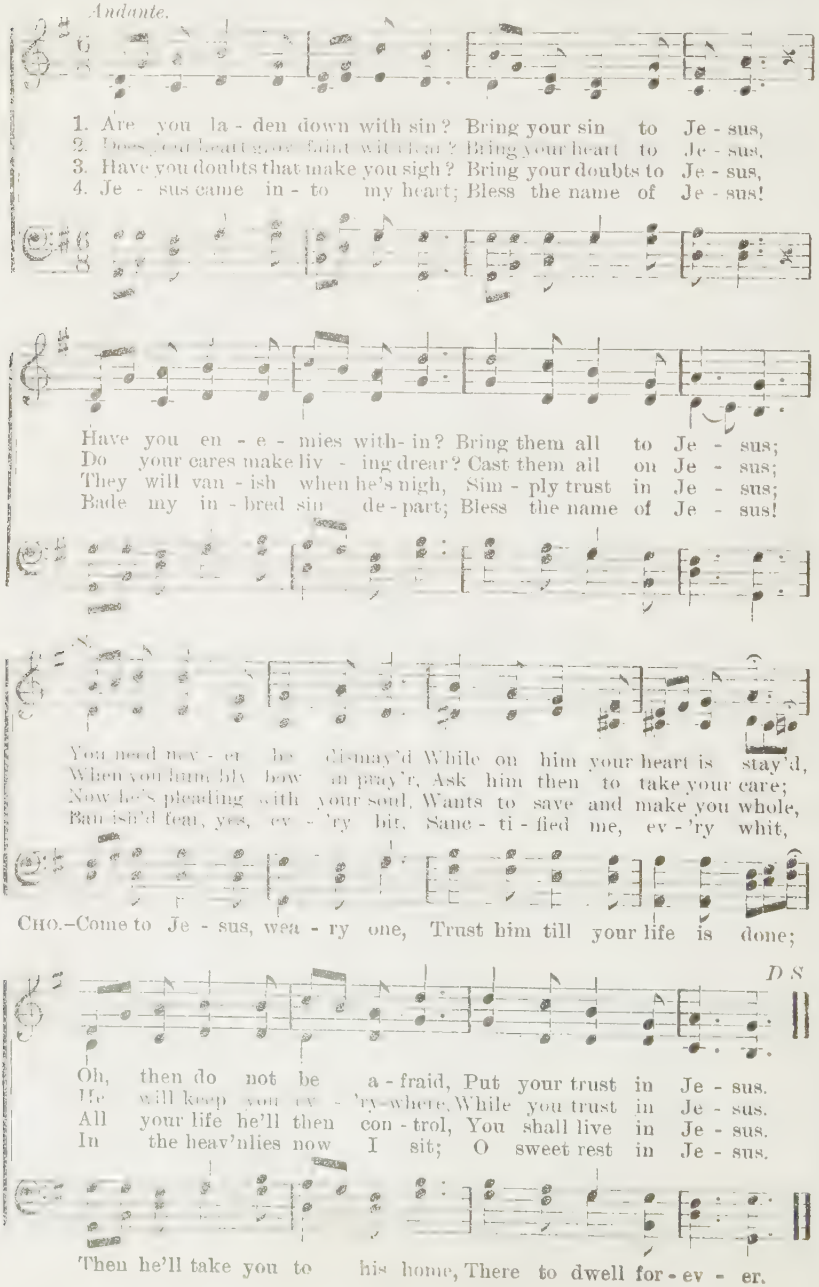
ARTHUR F. INGLER. MRS. ELIZABETH PETERS.

Andante.


1. Are you la - den down with sin? Bring your sin to Je - sus,
2. Does your heart grow faint with fear? Bring your heart to Je - sus,
3. Have you doubts that make you sigh? Bring your doubts to Je - sus,
4. Je - sus came in - to my heart; Bless the name of Je - sus!
Have you en - e - mies with- in? Bring them all to Je - sus;
Do your cares make liv - ing drear? Cast them all on Je - sus;
They will van - ish when he's nigh, Sim - ply trust in Je - sus;
Bade my in - bred sin de - part; Bless the name of Je - sus!
You need nev - er be dismay'd While on him your heart is stay'd,
When you hum-bly bow in pray'r, Ask him then to take your care;
Now he's pleading with your soul, Wants to save and make you whole,
Banish'd fear, yes, ev - 'ry bit, Sanc - ti - fied me, ev - 'ry whit,
CHO.–Come to Je - sus, wea - ry one, Trust him till your life is done;
D S
Oh, then do not be a - fraid, Put your trust in Je - sus.
He will keep you ev - 'ry-where, While you trust in Je - sus.
All your life he'll then con - trol, You shall live in Je - sus.
In the heav'nlies now I sit; O sweet rest in Je - sus.
Then he'll take you to his home, There to dwell for - ev - er.

189 The Old-Time Religion.

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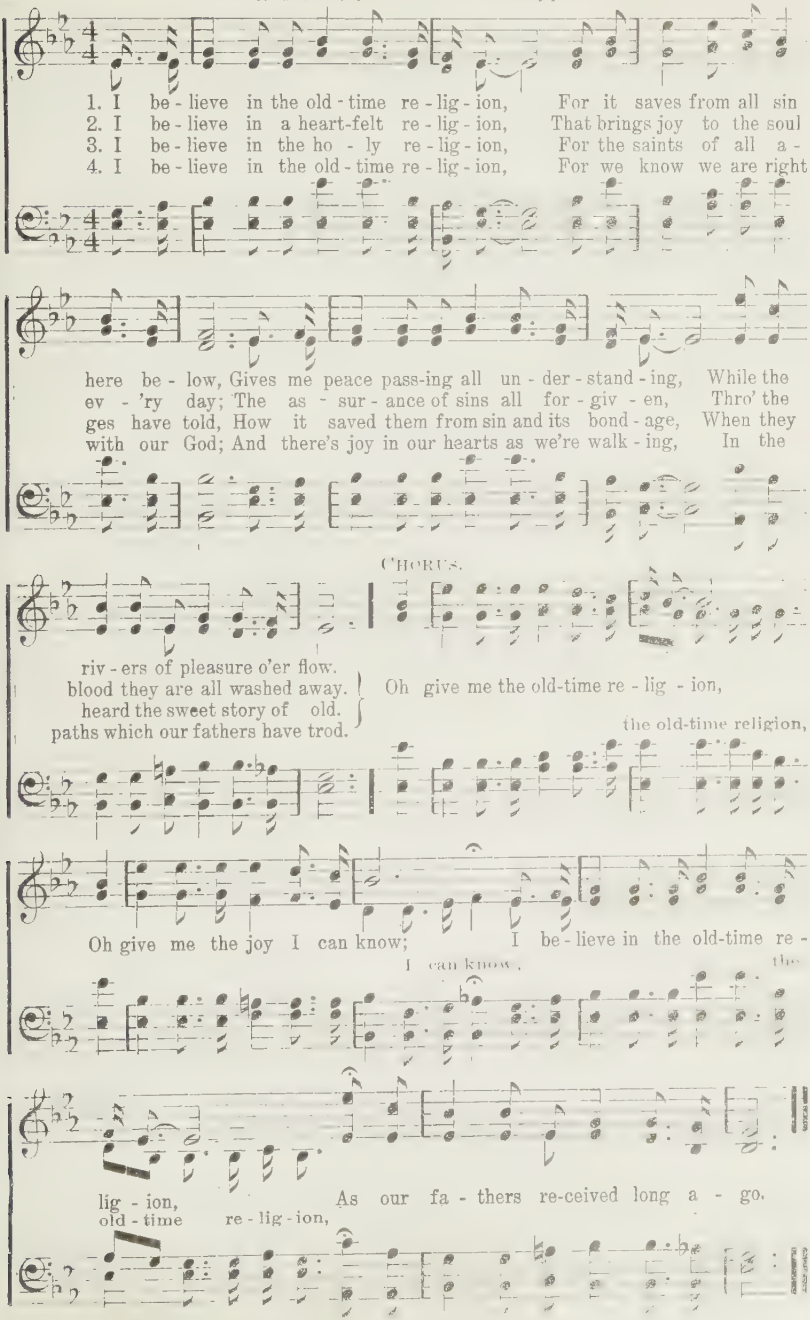
1. I be - lieve in the old - time re - lig - ion, For it saves from all sin
2. I be - lieve in a heart-felt re - lig - ion, That brings joy to the soul
3. I be - lieve in the ho - ly re - lig - ion, For the saints of all a -
4. I be - lieve in the old - time re - lig - ion, For we know we are right
here be - low, Gives me peace pass-ing all un - der - stand - ing, While the
ev - 'ry day; The as - sur - ance of sins all for - giv - en, Thro' the
ges have told, How it saved them from sin and its bond - age, When they
with our God; And there's joy in our hearts as we're walk - ing, In the
CHORUS.
riv - ers of pleasure o'er flow.
blood they are all washed away.
heard the sweet story of old.
paths which our fathers have trod.
Oh give me the old-time re - lig - ion,
the old-time religion,
Oh give me the joy I can know;
I be - lieve in the old-time re -
I can know,
the
lig - ion,
old - time re - lig - ion,
As our fa - thers re-ceived long a - go.

The Way is Narrow.

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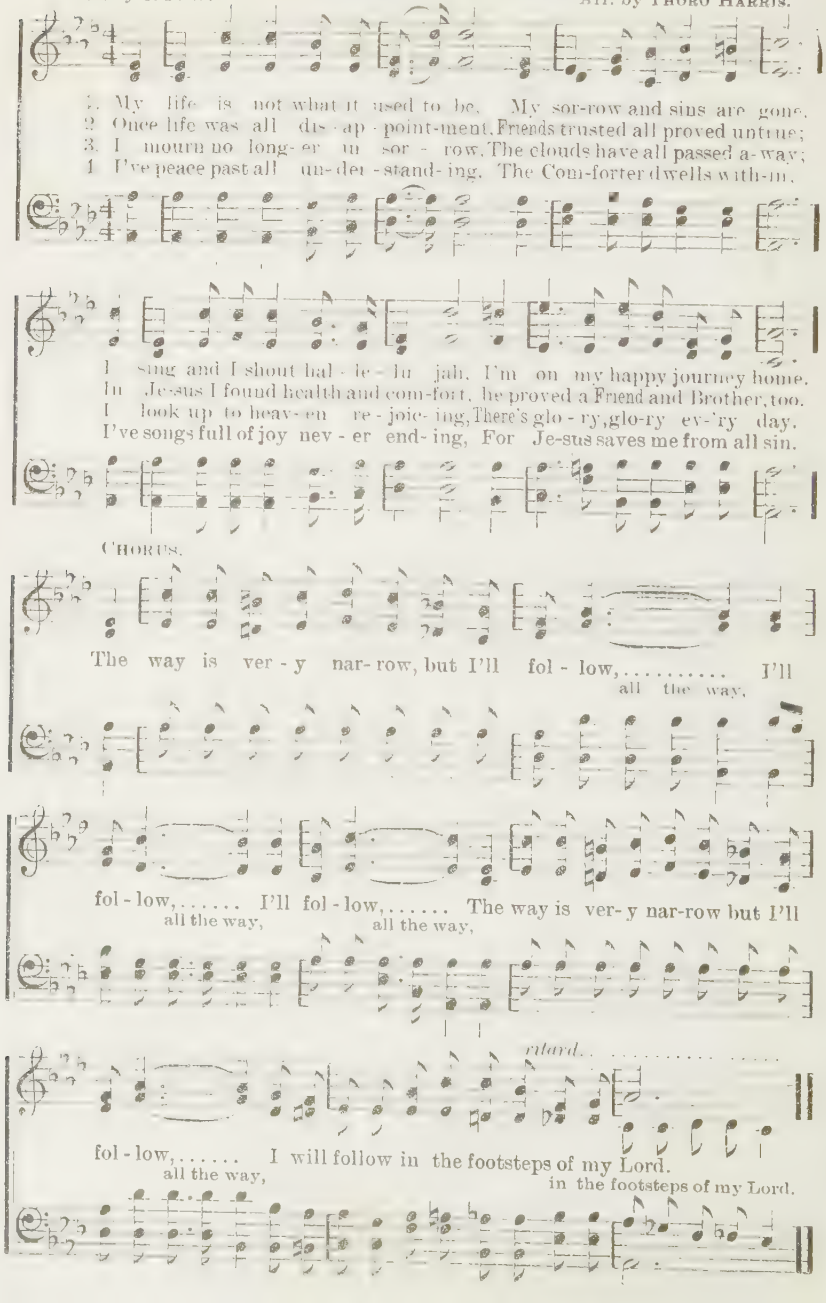
Verses by C. F. W. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. My life is not what it used to be, My sor-row and sins are gone.
2. Once life was all dis - ap - point-ment, Friends trusted all proved untrue;
3. I mourn no long-er in sor - row, The clouds have all passed a-way;
4. I've peace past all un-der - stand-ing, The Com-forter dwells with-in.
I sing and I shout hal - le - lu jah, I'm on my happy journey home.
In Je-sus I found health and com-fort, he proved a Friend and Brother, too.
I look up to heav-en re - joic-ing, There's glo - ry, glo-ry ev-'ry day.
I've songs full of joy nev - er end-ing, For Je-sus saves me from all sin.
CHORUS.
The way is ver - y nar-row, but I'll fol - low, ... I'll
all the way,
fol - low, ... I'll fol - low, ... The way is ver-y nar-row but I'll
all the way, all the way,
ritard. . . . . .
fol - low, ... I will follow in the footsteps of my Lord.
all the way, in the footsteps of my Lord.

Lord, I Believe.

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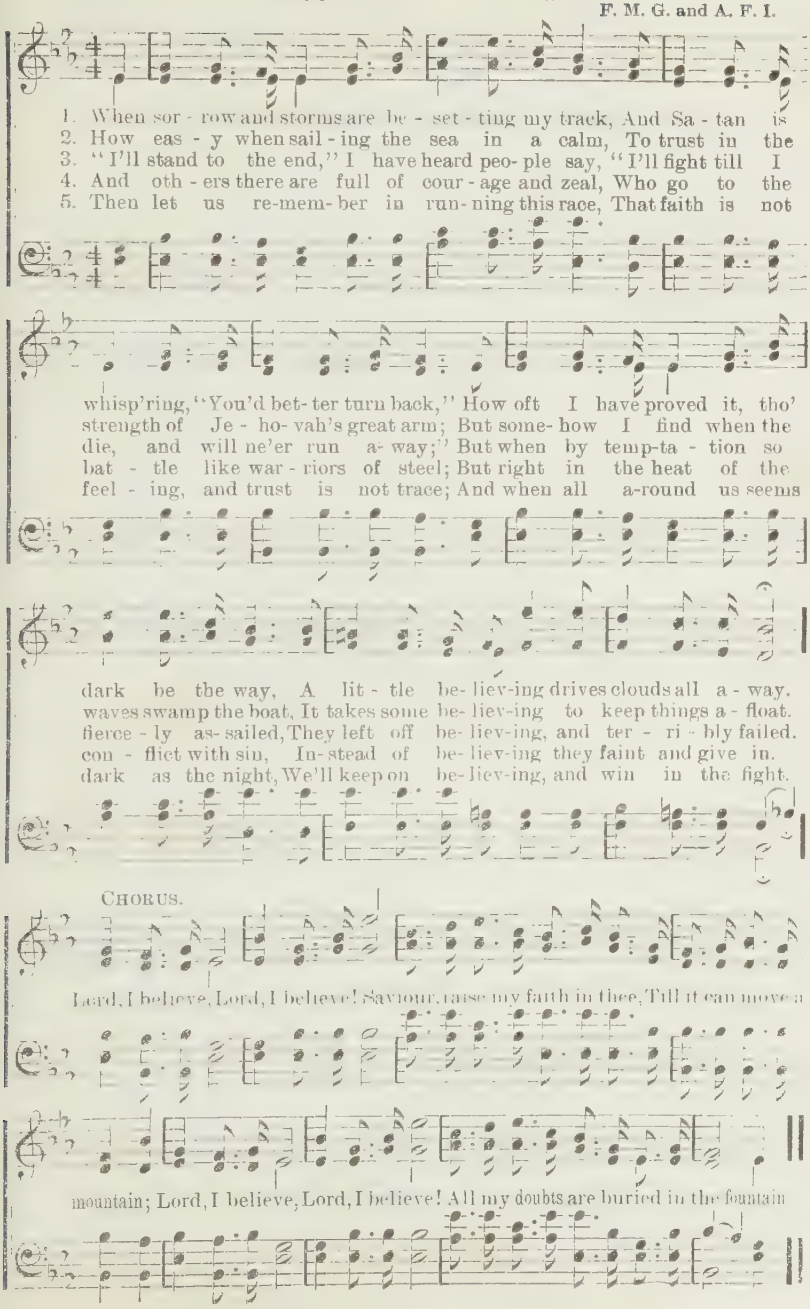
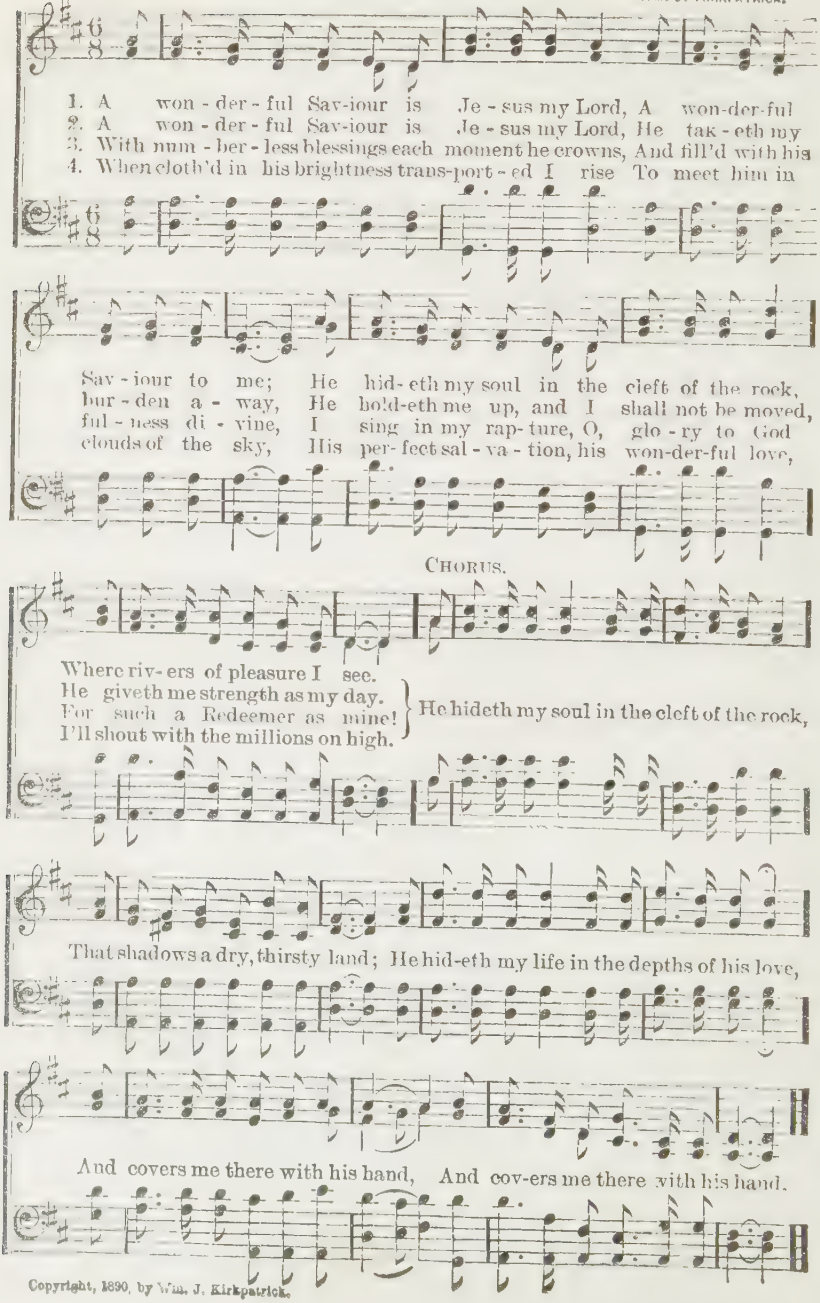

1. When sor - row and storms are be - set - ting my track, And Sa - tan is whisp'ring, "You'd bet - ter turn back," How oft I have proved it, tho' dark be the way, A lit - tle be-liev-ing drives clouds all a - way.
2. How eas - y when sail - ing the sea in a calm, To trust in the strength of Je - ho- vah's great arm; But some- how I find when the waves swamp the boat, It takes some be-liev-ing to keep things a - float.
3. "I'll stand to the end," I have heard peo- ple say, "I'll fight till I die, and will ne'er run a- way;" But when by temp-ta - tion so fierce - ly as- sailed, They left off be-liev-ing, and ter - ri - bly failed.
4. And oth - ers there are full of cour - age and zeal, Who go to the bat - tle like war - riors of steel; But right in the heat of the con - flict with sin, In- stead of be-liev-ing they faint and give in.
5. Then let us re-mem- ber in run- ning this race, That faith is not feel - ing, and trust is not trace; And when all a-round us seems dark as the night, We'll keep on be-liev-ing, and win in the fight.
CHORUS.
Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! Saviour, raise my faith in thee, Till it can move a mountain; Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! All my doubts are buried in the fountain

He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won-der-ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num - ber - less blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his
4. When cloth'd in his brightness trans-port - ed I rise To meet him in
Sav - iour to me; He hid- eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
bur - den a - way, He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved,
ful - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap- ture, O, glo - ry to God
clouds of the sky, His per- fect sal - va - tion, his won-der-ful love,
CHORUS.
Where riv- ers of pleasure I see.
He giveth me strength as my day.
For such a Redeemer as mine!
I'll shout with the millions on high.
He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of his love,
And covers me there with his hand, And cov-ers me there with his hand.

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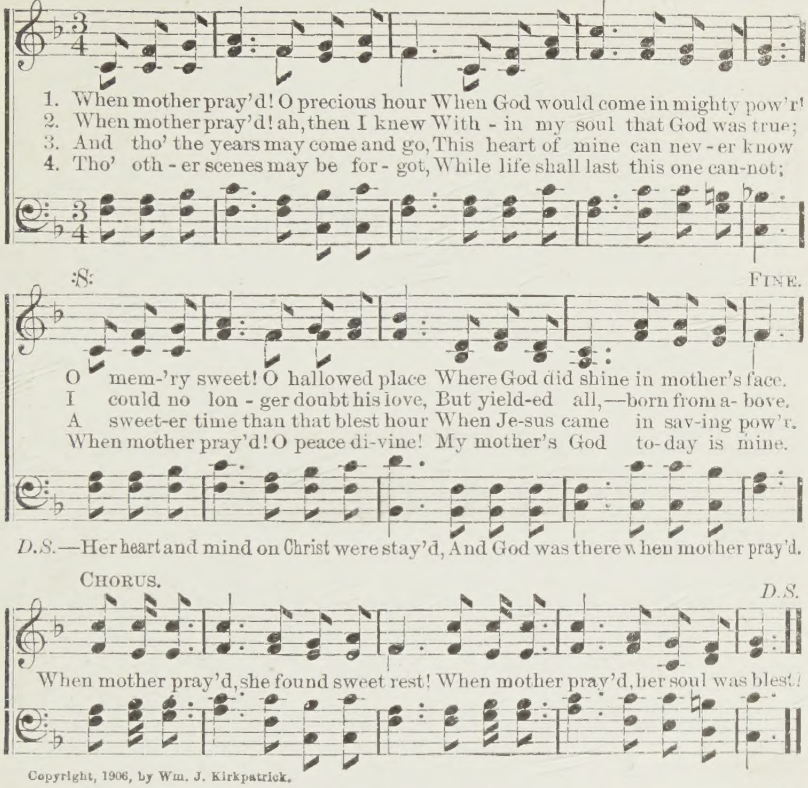
When Mother Prayed.

C. F. O. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. When mother pray'd! O precious hour When God would come in mighty pow'r!
2. When mother pray'd! ah, then I knew With - in my soul that God was true;
3. And tho' the years may come and go, This heart of mine can nev - er know
4. Tho' oth - er scenes may be for - got, While life shall last this one can-not;
:8:
Fine.
O mem-'ry sweet! O hallowed place Where God did shine in mother's face.
I could no lon - ger doubt his love, But yield-ed all,—born from a- bove.
A sweet-er time than that blest hour When Je-sus came in sav-ing pow'r.
When mother pray'd! O peace di-vine! My mother's God to-day is mine.
D.S.—Her heart and mind on Christ were stay'd, And God was there when mother pray'd.
Chorus.
D.S.
When mother pray'd, she found sweet rest! When mother pray'd, her soul was blest!

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INDEX

A charge to keep.....	158	Bless the Lord, my	23	Father whate', C. M.	149
All hail the power...	132	Blest be the tie.....	156	Fight the good fight	9
Alone with God.....	91	Boylston.....	159	Friendship with Jesu	79
Amazing grace! how	146	Bring your sins to Je	188	Full Redemption.....	39
Am I a soldier of the	112	Calvary stream is flo	172	Get right with God..	56
A moment for God...	95	Canaan.....	100	Glorying in the, L. M	153
Anchored at last.....	10	Come, Holy Spirit...	113	Glory to his name.....	128
And can I yet delay..	159	Come, thou Almighty	107	Glory to Jesus.....	84
Arise, my soul, arise	161	Come ye sinners.....	187	God is for us.....	22
A sinner, saved by	24	Conquerors through	180	God's grace imparted	11
A Vesper Song.....	45	Conscious of his pres	83	Going Through the	95
At any cost.....	3	Consecration.....	71	Great is the love of	175
At the battle's front..	8	Dear to the heart of	34	Hamburg.....	154
Azmon, C. M.....	112	Deeper yet.....	134	Happy day.....	108
Beulah Land.....	82	Dennis, S. M.....	156	Heavenly sunlight...	67
Beyond the blue.....	166	Elijah's God still live	5	Hebron, L. M.....	151

He brought me out... 33
He has come to abide 14
He hideth my soul... 192
He is mine and I am 32
He is not a disappoin 74
He leadeth me..... 129
He rolled the sea aw 41
He's coming some da 43
His way with thee... 169
How happy are they 165
How precious, C. M. 148
I believe the Bible... 173
If it had not been for 164
I hear thy welcome 116
I know God's promise 19
I'll live for him..... 126
I'll wait for you..... 78
I love Him..... 81
I'm glad I came home 16
I'm in this way to sta 186
I surrender all..... 93
It just suits me..... 13
It's all gone now..... 17
I've been redeemed. 29
I've the victory in 68
I want my Saviour 4
I will go..... 133
I will praise him..... 37
I will trust Jesus..... 2
I would not be denied 99
Jesus' blood covers 96
Jesus is all the world 90
Jesus is mine..... 139
Jesus, lover Divine... 35
Jesus loves every sinn 162
Jesus understands.... 77
Jesus will bless the 183
Just as I am..... 142
Keep straight on..... 21
Kept by power divin 174
Lead kindly light..... 111
Lean on his arms..... 86
Let Jesus come into 54
Let the fire fall on me 12
Let the meeting go 167
Let your light shine 49
Lift the flood-gates... 176
Like a mighty sea... 89
Lord, I am thine..... 154
Lord, I believe..... 191
Lord I'm coming ho 55
Love divine, all love 131
Maitland, C. M..... 146
Make haste to live... 160
My country, 'tis of th 106
My faith looks up to 105
My Jesus, I love thee 137
My Shepherd..... 75
Must Jesus bear?..... 147
Naomi, C. M..... 149
Nearer my God to th 110
Nearer, still nearer.. 103
Not ashamed of Jesus 155
No wishful glances... 36
O don't you remem 98
O for a faith..... 115
O Jesus thou art stan 117
Only trust Him..... 119
On the streets of gold 170
Onward Christian Sol 135
O sweet rest..... 65
O thou who, C. M.... 150
Pass me not..... 118
Pearly-white city..... 28
Pray on..... 31
Purchased with the.. 64
Remember me.....165A
Revive us again..... 109
Rock of ages..... 138
Sanctified by power 85
Save one..... 122
Shall we meet..... 7
Show pity, Lord..... 152
Somebody cares..... 58
Some mother' child.. 53
Stand up for Jesus... 143
Sweet hour of prayer 130
Sweet peace..... 6
Take me as I am..... 179
Take my life and let 177
That grand word "wh 97
The anchors of the 94
The blood has never 40
The church is march 38
The clouds will clear 184
The end is not yet... 30
The fight is on..... 178
The fullness of bless 44
The glory song..... 73
The gospel ship Zion 60
The greatest thing is 92
The inner circle..... 168
The King's own..... 72
The mansion bright 42
The morning light... 144
The old time power.. 104
The old time religion 189
The penitent's plea.. 181
There is a fountain... 141
There is power in the 87
There's a glittering 80
There's a great day 120
There's time enough 70
The resurrection..... 63
The river of life..... 46
The Saviour is callin 125
The secret of the Lor 15
The solid rock..... 140
The sweet old story.. 1
The way is narrow... 190
The world overcome 114
When Mother Prayed 195
Thus far the Lord ha 151
'Tis burning in my 66
Trust and obey..... 25
Trusting Jesus..... 76
Turn to the Lord..... 124
Under his wings..... 50
Victory ahead..... 27
Wake them up..... 26
Walking on the wate 59
Welcome sweet day 157
What a friend..... 121
When I survey..... 163
When love shines in 20
When Mother Praye 193
When the night is pa 88
When we hear the an 47
Where are thy sins? 51
Where Jesus is there is 57
Where will ye spend 171
Whisperings of Jesus 102
White robes..... 69
Whiter than snow.... 18
Why don't you come 123
Why will ye wander? 127
With him alone..... 101
Work for the night is 136
Write a letter home 52
Yes, dear Lord..... 62
Ye shall be holy..... 65
Yield not to tempta 188
You may have the joy 181
You will shine..... 42
Zion, 8s, 7s, 4..... 145
Zion stands with hills 145

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